Class 42 Accession

q 974.4 M382:3 34934

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY

Form 37 3M 12.1.08

COLLECTIONS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Committee of Publication.

CHARLES DEANE.
CHANDLER ROBBINS.
WILLIAM G. BROOKS.

COLLECTIONS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

VOL. II. — FIFTH SERIES.

Published at the Charge of the Appleton Fund.

N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
M.DCCC.LXXVII.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY

*q974.4 M382:3 42

34934

BELKNAP PAPERS.

PART I.

REISSUE WITH APPENDIX OF BELKNAP LETTERS.

1882.

PREFATORY NOTE.

This correspondence between Dr. Jeremy Belknap and Ebenezer Hazard covers a period of about twenty years. It is quite probable that we have here the earliest letters that passed between them; and we may conjecture, in the absence of more trustworthy information, that their acquaintance was made at the time Mr. Hazard was visiting New Hampshire in the pursuit of materials for the great work he was engaged in, of which two volumes only were finally published, — the "Historical Collections," — in 1792 and 1794.

Mr. Hazard's letters were part of the Belknap donation to this Society, in 1858, and are referred to in a report on that valuable gift in the "Proceedings" for March of that year, at page 295, in which it was said that "it would be desirable to receive Dr. Belknap's part of that correspondence, which is in possession of some member of the family of Mr. Hazard."

Application for Dr. Belknap's letters had been made to Mr. Samuel Hazard, the eldest son of Ebenezer Hazard, by Miss Jane Belknap, now Mrs. Marcou, at the time she was preparing the excellent Life of her grandfather, published in 1847. But Mr. Samuel Hazard was not aware of the existence of the letters. He supposed they had been destroyed by his father. It appears that the letters were then in the possession of the Rev. Richard Webster, the historian of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, who lived at Mauch Chunk, Pa., and who

died there, 19th May, 1856. In a letter from him to Mr. John Langdon Sibley, written about two months before his death, he says: "The Belknap letters are the property of Erskine Hazard, Esq., No. 1 Clinton Street, Philadelphia. His brother Samuel, an antiquarian, who has published, under the direction of the State, several volumes of Pennsylvania Archives, supposed his father had destroyed them. . . . I am transcribing all that is serviceable for my purpose, in a large volume, to be deposited with the Presbyterian Historical Society." Our associate, the Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., who had been commissioned by the Historical Society, with the concurrence of Miss Elizabeth Belknap, to procure these letters for the Society, then opened a correspondence with Mr. Webster, and continued it with Mr. Samuel Hazard, which fortunately resulted, after some delay, in securing the letters. They were sent to Miss Belknap in 1860, and were in the following year presented by her to the Society, as reported by Dr. Ellis at the meeting in January, 1861. In a letter to him from Mr. Samuel Hazard, dated 6th July, 1860, he says: "I am now happy to learn that she [Miss Belknap] presented her father's papers to the Society; and to carry out her good designs, by adding, as a part of her donation, the letters to my father lately come into my hands from Mr. Webster's estate, they are sent, as you request, by express," &c. In this letter, he refers to the great intimacy which existed between his father and Dr. Belknap, and to the unreserved character of the correspondence. "The Doctor," he says, "was one of the most agreeable letter-writers I ever read."

The freedom with which this correspondence was conducted on both sides, after the acquaintance of the parties to it had ripened into friendship and intimacy, would have operated as an obstacle to its publication at a much earlier period; but time disposes of all such questions. There is much relating to Dr. Belknap's private and per-

sonal affairs, but it all serves to give a picture of the time; and every thing relating to him who was the principal founder of this Society must be regarded with interest by its members for all time. The details of the preparation and publication of the History of New Hampshire, a work which placed its author in the front rank of our native writers, will not be without interest and value.

In printing these letters, the spelling of the original has been preserved, but abbreviated words have usually been spelled out at length. In the few instances where a sentence or part of a sentence has been omitted, such omission is indicated by asterisks or dots. It will be noticed, in this correspondence, that letters are occasionally acknowledged to have been received, on both sides, which are here wanting. The fact that so many of the letters are preserved is an indication of the respect which each party to the correspondence cherished for the other, and for the products of his pen.

The principal facts in Dr. Belknap's life are too well known to be enumerated here at length. He was the eldest child of Jeremiah Belknap, and was born in Boston, 4th June, 1744. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1762, at the age of 18 years. During the time he was preparing for the ministry, he taught school at different places. On the 18th February, 1767, in his 23d year, he was settled over the parish in Dover, N. H. The salary agreed upon was £100 ($333.33) per annum; and the sum of £150 was voted in addition, with which to provide for himself a house. On the 15th June, 1767, he married Miss Ruth Eliot, daughter of Mr. Samuel Eliot, bookseller in Cornhill, Boston, and sister of the Mr. Samuel Eliot mentioned in this correspondence, an eminent merchant, and benefactor of Harvard College. Dr. Belknap remained with this parish in Dover for twenty years, a faithful and honored minister, through a most

trying period in the history of the country, oftentimes subjected to the most serious inconveniences. His salary, pittance that it was, could not be collected; and he was often obliged to labor in the field to keep his family from want. To his most intimate friends only would he ever after allow himself to utter a word of complaint; but some of his letters to his friend Hazard, dated not long before he left Dover, were written from the depths of his experience, sometimes almost with a wail, in contemplating his own needs and those of his family for a more enlarged sympathy, and for the society of friends of a more generous culture. In the autumn of 1786, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Hazard, he visited Philadelphia, and made the acquaintance of many distinguished men in that city, some of whom were desirous that he should take up his residence there; and Dr. Belknap seems himself to have seriously entertained the thought. But the call to the church in Long Lane, Boston, opening to him the prospect of a home in his native city, of the enjoyment of the society of his kindred and friends, and of a wider field for the exercise of his talents, was a temptation not to be resisted; and the negotiations of Mr. Hazard in his behalf were broken off.

His salary here, at first, was small; but, unlike his experience in his former pastorate, he would be likely to receive the sum which was settled upon him. He was offered 2*l.* 8*s.* 0*d.* per week, or about $416 per annum, with the stipulation for an increase, if the society should increase. "The Boston clergymen at that time, with few exceptions, were obliged, by the inadequacy of their salaries, to resort to other means of support for their families; and for this object Mr. Belknap received at his house a few young men to instruct in higher branches than were taught in the public schools." (*Life*, pp. 146, 147.) His installation took place on the 4th of April, 1787.

A person of Dr. Belknap's learning and character could not fail, in a community like Boston, to command unqualified respect and confidence. His active mind led him to take an interest largely in public affairs. He became Overseer of the College, was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of other associations, clerical and lay. He had published the first volume of the History of New Hampshire during his residence in Dover, and it had been printed by Robert Aitken, of Philadelphia. The second and third volumes were prepared and printed in Boston. He now wrote the Foresters, and the Lives contained in the two volumes of American Biography, some of which, as well as the Foresters, had been originally published in the "Columbian Magazine," at Philadelphia.

In August, 1790, a plan was drawn up by Dr. Belknap as a basis for an Historical Society, or rather "an Antiquarian Society," as the "plan" was labelled, which he submitted to a few gentlemen. A heliotype *fac-simile* of this plan, in his own handwriting, is given at page 231 of Vol. II. Out of this grew the Massachusetts Historical Society, the first recorded meeting of which was held at the house of Mr. William Tudor, in Court Street, 24th January, 1791. The number of Resident Members, and also that of Corresponding Members, was limited to *thirty* each. The Society was incorporated in 1794, and the limit then fixed was *sixty* for Resident Members, with no limit for Honorary Members. In 1857, the Society was authorized by the Legislature to elect *one hundred* Resident Members.

The latter part of Dr. Belknap's correspondence shows that he had had serious warnings as to his health, which admonished him to set his house in order. "On the morning of the 20th June, 1798, at four o'clock, he was attacked with apoplexy, which deprived him of the powers of speech and motion, and he died before eleven."

Dr. Belknap left a large number of manuscripts. Those in his own handwriting were principally note-books, with

extracts, a continuation of his American Biography, and interleaved almanacs. He kept copies of but few of his own letters. A great number of miscellaneous letters addressed to him are preserved among his papers. These include many written in answer to inquiries made by him of persons principally living in New Hampshire, when he was writing the History of that State. Much of this correspondence will well repay perusal and publication.

The Committee on the Belknap Papers felt that it would be desirable to print a volume of Dr. Belknap's own letters; and they were enabled to do this by the recovery of his correspondence with Mr. Hazard. It seemed to them, also, that an additional value would be given to these letters by placing before the reader, at the same time, the letters of Mr. Hazard, which were counterparts of Dr. Belknap's letters. Besides, Hazard's letters are admirable in themselves.

Dr. Belknap's correspondent, Ebenezer Hazard, was a member of one of the old families of Philadelphia. His father, Samuel Hazard, and his grandfather, Nathaniel Hazard, were merchants in that city. Their ancestor, Thomas Hazard, settled in this country in 1636.

Mr. Hazard was born in Philadelphia, 15th January, 1744. He was one of the students of the Rev. Samuel Finley, D.D. (afterward President of Princeton College), at the Academy at Nottingham, Maryland, where some of the most distinguished men of the country laid the foundation of their eminence and usefulness. He graduated at Princeton College in 1762. Devoting himself to a business career, he removed to the city of New York, and from 1769 to 1775 he was a member of the firm of Noel & Hazard, and that of Benedict & Hazard, as publishers and booksellers.

Taking an active part in the cause of his country, Mr. Hazard early became prominent as he was earnest and energetic. From 1775 to 1789 he was connected with

the post-office department. On the 3d of May, 1775, he was appointed, by the Committee of Safety of New York, postmaster of that city; and he was subsequently superintendent of the Eastern post, his appointment being confirmed by the Continental Congress. On the 30th of August, 1776, he was requested by the Committee of Safety for the State to "immediately remove his office to some convenient place near Dobbs's Ferry, till further orders;" and, when New York was evacuated by the Americans, the post-office was transferred with the army. In 1777, he was appointed surveyor of the post-roads and offices throughout the United States; and, until 1782, he was accustomed, in performing the duties of his office, to travel on horseback from New Hampshire to Georgia. In the year last named, he was appointed postmaster-general of the United States, as successor to Richard Bache, who had succeeded Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster-general under the authority of Congress. Hazard's commission was dated 28th January, 1782. He held the office seven years, until the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, residing part of the time in Philadelphia, and concluding his term of service in New York. The reader will share his disappointment, as he reads his letters to Dr. Belknap at this period, in his not being confirmed in that office.

He now returned to Philadelphia, and once more entered into active business, while he always took a prominent part in the public proceedings of the time. He was one of the founders of the United States Tontine, an association of merchants for mutual assurance, and which he was afterwards instrumental in converting into the Insurance Company of North America, one of the oldest and most important companies in the State. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society, and Fellow of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was also an active member of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was an elder, and was one of the trustees of the Old Church, of that denomination, in Wall Street, New York. The im-

portant contributions he made to the department of history, in his valuable "Historical Collections," have been already referred to. After the establishment of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Hazard was one of its earliest corresponding members, his name standing at the head of the first list of nominations made. He died in Philadelphia, 13th June, 1817.

Mr. Hazard married, on the 11th of September, 1783, Abigail Arthur, daughter of Joseph Arthur, of Boston. They had four children, — William Gordon, Samuel, Erskine, and Elizabeth Breese. She married the Rev. Thomas E. Vermilye, D.D., of the Reformed Dutch Church in New York. Samuel Hazard lived to a great age, and was well known for his numerous historical works.*

In an appendix to the second volume are published the letters addressed to Dr. Belknap in answer to the queries of Judge Tucker, relating to slavery in Massachusetts. Following these are several other letters and documents, which illustrate the general subject. A prefatory note to these papers will give the necessary explanation.

The Publishing Committee will add, in conclusion, that they have not proposed to themselves any elaborate annotation of these volumes. The letters did not seem to require it. A few notes have been made. The Christian names of many persons introduced into the correspondence without those important prefixes have been supplied, where they could be ascertained, in an excellent index, placed at the end of the second volume; and this plan has seemed to obviate the necessity of more frequent footnotes.

CHARLES DEANE,
For the Publishing Committee.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1876.

* A large part of the material for this sketch of the life of Mr. Hazard was kindly communicated by Mr. Willis P. Hazard, a son of Mr. Samuel Hazard, residing in West Chester, Penn.

CONTENTS.

Page

Officers of the Society, elected April, 1876 xv

Resident Members xvi

Honorary and Corresponding Members xviii

Members Deceased xix

Correspondence between Jeremy Belknap and Ebenezer Hazard:

Part I. . . . . 1 to 500

portant contributions he made to the department of history, in his valuable "Historical Collections," have been already referred to. After the establishment of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Hazard was one of its earliest corresponding members, his name standing at the head of the first list of nominations made. He died in Philadelphia, 13th June, 1817.

Mr. Hazard married, on the 11th of September, 1783, Abigail Arthur, daughter of Joseph Arthur, of Boston. They had four children, — William Gordon, Samuel, Erskine, and Elizabeth Breese. She married the Rev. Thomas E. Vermilye, D.D., of the Reformed Dutch Church in New York. Samuel Hazard lived to a great age, and was well known for his numerous historical works.*

In an appendix to the second volume are published the letters addressed to Dr. Belknap in answer to the queries of Judge Tucker, relating to slavery in Massachusetts. Following these are several other letters and documents, which illustrate the general subject. A prefatory note to these papers will give the necessary explanation.

The Publishing Committee will add, in conclusion, that they have not proposed to themselves any elaborate annotation of these volumes. The letters did not seem to require it. A few notes have been made. The Christian names of many persons introduced into the correspondence without those important prefixes have been supplied, where they could be ascertained, in an excellent index, placed at the end of the second volume; and this plan has seemed to obviate the necessity of more frequent footnotes.

CHARLES DEANE,
For the Publishing Committee.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1876.

* A large part of the material for this sketch of the life of Mr. Hazard was kindly communicated by Mr. Willis P. Hazard, a son of Mr. Samuel Hazard, residing in West Chester, Penn.

CONTENTS.

Page

Officers of the Society, elected April, 1876 xv

Resident Members xvi

Honorary and Corresponding Members xviii

Members Deceased xix

Correspondence between Jeremy Belknap and Ebenezer Hazard:

Part I. . . . . 1 to 500

OFFICERS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ELECTED APRIL 20, 1876.

President.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, LL.D. . . . . BOSTON.

Vice-Presidents.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, LL.D. . . . . BOSTON.
HON. EMORY WASHBURN, LL.D. . . . . CAMBRIDGE.

Recording Secretary.

CHARLES DEANE, LL.D. . . . . CAMBRIDGE.

Corresponding Secretary.

REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D. . . . . BOSTON.

Treasurer.

HON. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, LL.D. . . . . BOSTON.

Librarian.

SAMUEL A. GREEN, M.D. . . . . BOSTON.

Cabinet-Keeper.

WILLIAM S. APPLETON, A.M. . . . . BOSTON.

Standing Committee.

EDMUND QUINCY, A.M. . . . . DEDHAM.
WILLIAM G. BROOKS, ESQ. . . . . BOSTON.
CHARLES C. SMITH, ESQ. . . . . BOSTON.
REV. H. W. FOOTE . . . . . BOSTON.
REV. G. E. ELLIS, D.D. . . . . BOSTON.

RESIDENT MEMBERS,

AT THE DATE OF THE PUBLICATION OF THIS VOLUME, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ELECTION.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D.
Hon. Charles Francis Adams, LL.D.
Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D.
Hon. John C. Gray, LL.D.
Hon. George S. Hillard, LL.D.
Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, LL.D.
Rev. George W. Blagden, D.D.
Rev. Lucius R. Paige, D.D.
Hon. Solomon Lincoln, A.M.
Rev. Chandler Robbins, D.D.
Francis Bowen, A.M.
John Langdon Sibley, A.M.
Hon. Richard Frothingham, LL.D.
Henry Wheatland, M.D.
Charles Deane, LL.D.
Francis Parkman, LL.B.
Ellis Ames, A.M.
Hon. Emory Washburn, LL.D.
Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, D.D.
Rev. William Newell, D.D.
Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, A.M.
John A. Lowell, LL.D.
Hon. John Lothrop Motley, LL.D.
Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D.
Henry W. Longfellow, LL.D.
Jacob Bigelow, LL.D.
Hon. Stephen Salisbury, LL.D.
Henry Austin Whitney, A.M.
Rev. William S. Bartlet, A.M.
Leverett Saltonstall, A.M.
Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D.
Samuel F. Haven, A.M.
Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., LL.D.
Hon. George T. Bigelow, LL.D.
Hon. Caleb Cushing, LL.D.
Henry W. Torrey, A.M.
Williams Latham, A.B.
Hon. Charles Hudson, A.M.
Rev. Robert C. Waterston, A.M.
Hon. Theophilus Parsons, LL.D.
Thomas C. Amory, A.M.
Hon. Benjamin F. Thomas, LL.D.
Samuel A. Green, M.D.
Hon. James M. Robbins.
Charles Eliot Norton, A.M.
Hon. John J. Babson.
Robert Bennett Forbes, Esq.
Rev. Edward E. Hale, A.M.
Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.
William G. Brooks, Esq.
Hon. Horace Gray, LL.D.
Amos A. Lawrence, A.M.
Rev. Edwards A. Park, D.D.
Hon. Francis E. Parker, A.B.
William H. Whitmore, A.M.
George B. Emerson, LL.D.
James Russell Lowell, LL.D.
Rev. Nicholas Hoppin, D.D.
Nathaniel Thayer, A.M.
Erastus B. Bigelow, LL.D.

Hon. William C. Endicott, A.B.
Hon. Eben. Rockwood Hoar, LL.D.
Hon. Seth Ames, A.M.
Josiah P. Quincy, A.M.
Samuel Eliot, LL.D.
George Bemis, A.M.
Henry G. Denny, A.M.
Charles C. Smith, Esq.
Hon. George S. Hale, A.B.
Robert M. Mason, Esq.
William S. Appleton, A.M.
Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D.
Theodore Lyman, S.B.
Edmund Quincy, A.M.
Hon. William T. Davis, A.B.
Rev. George Punchard, A.M.
Abner C. Goodell, A.M.
William Amory, A.M.
Edward D. Harris, Esq.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, LL.D.
Augustus T. Perkins, A.M.
Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, LL.B.
Winslow Warren, LL.B.
Francis W. Palfrey, LL.B.
Charles W. Tuttle, A.M.
Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.
William Gray, A.M.
Delano A. Goddard, A.M.
Rev. Henry W. Foote, A.M.
Charles C. Perkins, A.M.
Charles F. Dunbar, A.B.
Hon. Charles Devens, LL.B.
Charles F. Adams, Jr., A.B.
William P. Upham, A.B.
Hon. Alex. H. Bullock, LL.D.
Fitch Edward Oliver, M.D.
William Everett, A.M.
George B. Chase, A.M.

HONORARY AND CORRESPONDING MEMBERS,

ELECTED UNDER THE ORIGINAL ACT OF INCORPORATION, 1794, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ELECTION.

Erastus Smith, Esq.
T. A. Moerenhout, Esq.
Rev. Luther Halsey, D.D
Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.
John Winthrop, Esq.
Rt. Rev. William B. Stevens, D.D.
Major E. B. Jarvis.
E. George Squier, Esq.
Thomas Donaldson, Esq.
Hon. George Bancroft, LL.D.
J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D.
James Ricker, Jr., Esq.
Henry Stevens, F.S.A.
Frederick Griffin, Esq.
Rev. William S. Southgate.
Hon. Samuel G. Arnold, A.M.
John Gilmary Shea, LL.D.
James Lenox, Esq.
Hon. John R. Bartlett, A.M.
G. P. Faribault, Esq.

HONORARY AND CORRESPONDING MEMBERS,

ELECTED SINCE THE PASSAGE OF THE ACT OF 1857.

Honorary.

M. François A. A. Mignet.
Count Adolphe de Circourt.
William Cullen Bryant, LL.D.
M. Edouard René Léfèbre Laboulaye, LL.D.
Hon. John A. Dix, LL.D.
Leopold von Ranke.
James Anthony Froude, M.A.
The Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D.
M. Louis Adolphe Thiers.
Thomas Carlyle, D.C.L.
Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L.
Hon. George P. Marsh, LL.D.
The Right Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, LL.D.
Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby, LL.D.
Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., LL.D.
Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, D.D.
David Masson, LL.D.
Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D.
Baron F. von Holtzendorff.
Comte de Paris.
William Stubbs, M.A.
Hon. William M. Evarts, LL.D.

Corresponding.

Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.
William Durrant Cooper, F.S.A.
Edmund B. O'Callaghan, LL.D.
Benjamin F. French, Esq.
William H. Trescot, Esq.
John G. Kohl, LL.D.
Benjamin R. Winthrop, Esq.
J. Carson Brevoort, Esq.
George H. Moore, LL.D.
W. Noël Sainsbury, Esq.
S. Austin Allibone, LL.D.
Henry T. Parker, A.M.
Benson J. Lossing, LL.D.
Lyman C. Draper, LL.D.
George Washington Greene, LL.D.
Rev. William G. Eliot, D.D.
Henry B. Dawson, Esq.
Prof. Goldwin Smith, LL.D.
George T. Curtis, A.B.
Evert A. Duyckinck, A.M.
James Parton, Esq.
John Meredith Read, A.M.
Joseph Jackson Howard, LL.D.
Brantz Mayer, Esq.
John Winter Jones, F.S.A.
Richard Henry Major, F.S.A.
Rev. Edmond de Pressensé.
Charles J. Stillé, LL.D.
William W. Story, A.M.
M. Jules Marcou.
Thomas B. Akins, Esq.
M. Pierre Margry.
Charles J. Hoadly, Esq.
John Foster Kirk, Esq.
Rev. William I. Budington, D.D.
Benjamin Scott, F.R.A.S.
Hon. Charles H. Bell.
Rev. William Barry.
Hon. George T. Davis, LL.B.
Rev. Edward D. Neill.
Rev. J. Lewis Diman, D.D.
Col. Joseph L. Chester.
William Gammell, A.M.
Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D.
Josiah G. Holland, M.D.
Hon. Manning F. Force, LL.B.
Count Achille de Rochambeau.
Sir Bernard Burke, LL.D.
Samuel Rawson Gardiner, A.M.
Hon. John Bigelow.
George William Curtis, LL.D.
Henry C. Lea, Esq.
Hubert H. Bancroft, A.M.
Rev. John R. Green, M.A.
Thomas Wentworth Higginson, A.M.

MEMBERS DECEASED.

Resident, Honorary, and Corresponding Members who have died since the publication of the last volume of Proceedings, October 1, 1876; *or of whose death information has been received since that date.*

Honorary and Corresponding.

Jean Frédéric de Waldeck.* | William V. Wells, Esq.

* See Proceedings for October, 1876.

BELKNAP PAPERS.

PART I.

THE BELKNAP PAPERS.

EBENEZER HAZARD TO JEREMY BELKNAP.

PORTSMOUTH, Jan. 29, 1779.

REVEREND SIR, — Some advices received by last post rendering it necessary for me to proceed as expeditiously as possible to Philadelphia, I am deprived of the pleasure of paying you a second visit as I intended, and laid under the necessity of sending Gorges's History to you, instead of delivering it in person, which, I doubt not, the necessity of the case will induce you to excuse.

The papers you were kind enough to promise me, I must beg you to send to the post-office in this place, directed to me at Boston, to the care of the Reverend Dr Gordon, who will carefully forward them. Please to mention on each paper the *authority* or book from which it was taken, and please favour me with a line informing me whether they were transcribed *literatim*. With compliments to Mrs. Belknap, I am, reverend sir,

Your very humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Feb. 2, 1779.

SIR, — I am favoured with yours of 29th ult., and the return of Gorges's History. I know not how you mistook my meaning with regard to the papers which you desire.

Those which I mentioned to you are some records and files which I have made use of in compiling my History, and from which I have made some transcripts to be annexed to it either as authorities or as curiosities. These I told you you would not need to copy, because when they were printed I would send you a copy, and you might then use them as you pleased. It was also my intention to give you an opportunity of perusing the files and records, that you might select any others which were suitable to your design. This was precisely my meaning; and I could not intend otherwise, because I did not know what papers you might choose.

However, as you have placed some dependence on my sending you some, I here subjoin the titles of sundry papers which are among those in my possession, and which I do not desire to swell my appendix with. If you judge any of them proper for your collection, pray favour me with a line before I return them to the office where they belong; and, if I can get time to transcribe them for you, I will send them as you desire, being always ready to do whatever is in my power to forward any undertaking for the public good.

I thank you for the Address to the Quakers; should be glad to have it distributed among ours, but am afraid to be the instrument, lest they should take a prejudice against it. If it was to come from some of their own friends, it might have an happy effect. We were much disappointed in not seeing you again. Perhaps your business will lead you into these parts some other time, when I shall be happy in welcoming you to my house.

There is one thing I intended to mention to you, which, if it meets with your approbation, may serve as an underplot to your general design. In the course of your travels and researches into antiquity, you will naturally become acquainted with the characters of many persons whose memories deserve regard either as statesmen,

scholars, patriots, soldiers, or otherwise. Might not a collection of these in the form of a biographical dictionary be an useful work? I have had thoughts of such a thing, and have made the beginning of a small attempt to carry it into execution. But as your opportunities for perfecting such a plan are much superior to what mine are, or will probably ever be, I will gladly resign to you whatever I have done or may hereafter do towards it.

Mrs. Belknap desires her compliments, and I am, sir,

With much respect, your very humble servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Titles of the Papers above-mentioned.

1. The Protest of Edward Randolph, Collector of Customs, against the Proceedings of the Massachusetts General Court relating to the Plantation Laws. April 3, 1682.

   N. B. This is mentioned in Hutchinson's History, Vol. I., p. 333, and misdated 1681.
2. Copy of a Letter from King Charles II. to the Massachusetts Colony, relating to Mason's claim of land within the boundary of that Colony. 23 June, 1682.
3. Copy of a Proclamation by Lieutenant-Governor Cranfield, for calling an assembly in New Hampshire, *by the King's order*, to make an act against Pirates. May 16, 1684.
4. Copy of the said Act. 22 July, 1684.
5. Copy of Randolph's deputation from the Commissioners of Customs in England, to be Collector, Surveyor, and Searcher in New England. 13 June, 1678.
6. Copy of Instructions from said Commissioners to said Randolph. 9 July, 1678.
7. Copy of a Power to Randolph, and others therein named, to administer an oath to Benedict Arnold, Esq., Governour of Rhode Island, for the execution of the Acts of Trade. 26 September, anno 30 Caroli Secundi.
8. Copy of a Passport, or Letter of Recommendation or Assistance, directed to all the King's officers, &c., in favour of Ed. Randolph.

   N. B. The first and four last mentioned papers were given into a special court, in a case between Randolph and Mark Hunking, and there filed.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19, 1779.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — Since my arrival in this city, I have received your favour of 2d ult., for which I am much obliged to you.

I am sorry I misunderstood you respecting the papers, because it may have the appearance of *design*. However, I assure you that was not the case, and have no doubt your candour will give due credit to the assertion. Perhaps I may have committed a similar mistake respecting the Indian Treaties, stitched up with Giles's Narrative. If so, please to let me know, for it is not too late to return them, notwithstanding I have wrote my name in them.

All the papers of which you mention the titles properly come within the limits of my plan; but it is not even my wish to give you the trouble of copying them. Only be kind enough to recollect what books they are in, and where those books are lodged; and, upon my receiving the necessary information from you when I have the pleasure of seeing you again, I will transcribe them myself.

The Address to the Quakers is certainly well calculated, and, could it be managed in the way you mention, I think would have a good effect; but a little attention to circumstances will convince you that this is impracticable. I should have been happy in paying you another visit, but the nature of my business was such as necessarily prevented it. Should our lives be spared, it is not improbable that I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Dover, either this summer or fall. I am at present engaged in a little post-office business, and transcribing the "Records of the United Colonies of New England." As soon as these are finished, I intend travelling eastward again. I am charmed with your proposal of an American Biographical Dictionary,

and will cheerfully contribute towards it any aid in my power; but, upon considering, according to Horace's advice, "Quid valeant humeri ferre, quid ferre recusent," I dare not undertake it. When you attend to the magnitude of my present design, and recollect that, at the same time, I am forming an American Geography, you will see the propriety of my declining it. As you have begun, I wish you would go on with it. It is unjust, and would argue base ingratitude, that the characters of worthy men should be buried with their dust. We have no news here. Please to remember me to Mrs. Belknap, and believe me to be, reverend and dear sir,

Your friend and very humble servant,

Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, May 12, 1779.

Sir, — I am much pleased that my proposal of an American Biographical Dictionary meets with your approbation. The promise of your assistance in carrying it on is a great inducement to proceed, but I had much rather you would take the work into your own hands. "The magnitude of your present design" need be no impediment to it, as the materials lie all in your way, and you will only have to keep by you an alphabetical index of names, with references to the books or papers where the characters or actions of the persons are registered, which may be digested and transcribed at some future period, when your other plans are completed. This is chiefly the method which I have pursued; only where I meet with hints scattered in books or papers which may not easily be collected again, I have copied or abridged them in my memorandum. But I have done, and can do, but little toward it.

"Confined," as Pope says, "to lead the life of a cabbage," — unable to stir from the spot where I am planted; burdened with the care of an increasing family, and obliged to pursue the proper business of my station, — I have neither time nor advantages to make any improvements in science. If I can furnish hints to those who have leisure and capacity to pursue them, it is as much as I can pretend to.

If upon further consideration you should think more favourably of being the principal instrument of perfecting this design, I will endeavour to forward it as much as lies in my power; but, if not, I beg you would not only assist in it yourself, but engage a number of gentlemen in different parts of the Continent to make collections for it (which may be done even by gleanings of the every-day reading of curious and inquisitive persons), and let some one whose situation is more central than mine be appointed to receive them. By this means, perhaps, in a series of time the thing may be done; but if it must lie solely or chiefly upon me, and I am to continue in my present embarrassed and heterogeneous situation, I am afraid it will come to nothing. I shall expect to see you again before winter, and will keep the papers whose titles I mentioned till you come, unless they be sooner called for. They will find you employment for a few days, which I shall be happy if you will spend at my house. Please to return Gyles's Memoirs, with the Indian Treaties. You need give yourself no concern about misunderstanding my meaning. "I myself also am a slave," and wish to have as candid a disposition in my friends toward me as I am willing to exercise toward them.

If it be not too much trouble, be so kind as to bring me a copy of Lord Chesterfield's "Principles of Politeness," reprinted at Philadelphia, which I will pay you for.

Mrs. Belknap desires her compliments.

I am, sir, with much respect, your obedient, obliged friend and servant, JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. I should be heartily ashamed of this paper, in any other circumstances. But it is an exact picture of the times; for even this rascally sheet is three dollars per quire.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN (near Boston), Aug. 4, 1779.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — I believe I am a letter in your debt, for I think I deferred an answer to your favour of the 12th May, because I was near beginning my journey to this part of the world. The Biographical Dictionary shall have every assistance in my power, but I must still declare against being the *primum mobile*. You can have but a very imperfect idea of the "magnitude of my present design," without seeing that amazing collection from whence my materials are to be extracted, and being fully acquainted with the variety of objects my design includes. Even my own idea of it is imperfect; but it is so complete that, had I known at first what I was undertaking, I would not have enrolled my name in the list of American Antiquarians. But, as I think it disreputable to begin a work and not to finish it, I am determined to proceed; and, being blessed with a tolerable share of patience and perseverance, I hope to prove, in the course of five or six years, the truth of Horace's assertion that "Nil tam difficile est, quod non solertia vincat." I am now engaged with the Records of this State; and, among the rest, have the Records of the United Colonies in hand, which alone contain upwards of five hundred pages in folio. I have mentioned the Dictionary to a number of gentlemen. They

are pleased with the design, have promised their assistance, and, I suppose, will forget it. I judge from past experience, but shall be glad to be mistaken. To shew you that I don't intend to do so, I send you a sketch of the Life of the Reverend Dr. Finley, I drew up some years ago. You will see it is a rough draft, and needs the polish of your finer pen. The presidents of Princeton College (who were all men of eminence) were Dickinson, Burr, Edwards, Davies, Finley, and Witherspoon. The Lives of Messrs. Edwards and Davies have been published: that of the former will need pruning; uncouth excrescences abound in it. It is of no importance to the world to know that his grandmother's great-grandmother helped to make a ruff for Queen Elizabeth. I cannot fix the time for my intended visit to you, but I shall not forget my promise of calling to see you.

Gyles shall be returned.

An odd affair has happened lately, which I must tell you of, though I am in a hurry. Somebody wrote an account of a Cock and a Hen, and a strange kind of an Egg which was laid, or to be laid, at Pennycook; and imprudently added, as a postscript, that "the ingenious Mr. Hazard would probably be glad to have the Egg." Some of Mr. H.'s friends, by a concatenation of ideas which was not unnatural, were led to think he was intended by the Cock; that he had either led the Hen astray, or been led astray by her; and there was danger of introducing a spurious breed among the poultry. Mr. H., being accused of worse than "filthy handling," and in a newspaper too, was forced to take measures for the vindication of his moral character. He called upon the printer, and got, as he thought, the name of the *author*, and sat down and wrote him such a letter as the feelings of an innocent man, thus injured, dictated. An *éclaircissement* took place, the genuine writer's name was given, the transaction alluded to

proved to be not *natural* but *political*, an apology agreed upon, and the point settled. But two (I believe) very honest men had very disagreeable feelings on the occasion, as I doubt not a third will (though unnecessarily), and even the printer did not escape without a severe admonition to "take heed."

With compliments to Mrs. Belknap, I am, dear sir,

Yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. If this paper is not good, it is large, and therefore I make no apology for it.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, August 16, 1779.

MY DEAR SIR, — Had I entertained the least suspicion that any honest man, though ever so great a stranger to me, could have conceived himself injured or offended, or been put to one moment's uneasiness by any passage of my political fable, that part of it should immediately have been suppressed. But that my worthy friend Hazard should so *toto cœlo* mistake the design of the postscript as to imagine it contained a reflexion on his moral character, I never could have believed, had I been told it from any lesser authority than his own. You were mentioned only in your public character as a collector of curiosities, and it was hinted as the wish of the writer that the production alluded to might exist nowhere but in a collection such as you are making, in which I dare engage you have got many political monsters besides this. Had my friend, through whose hands it passed to the press, been apprehensive of any latent hint to the disadvantage of your character, he would have suppressed that postscript. But it was as inconceivable to him as to me. I am glad, however, that he has explained the matter to your satisfaction, and I am sure you must now view it in a very harmless light, so

that I need not make any further apology. I do not find that any persons this way have at all mistaken the design of the Apologue, and I hope it has had some good effect. Such a manner of treating the subject was judged more effectual than a long, dry, sober dissertation, pointing out the absurdity and insufficiency of the Constitution.* It has been rejected by a very large majority in Portsmouth: but one person only spoke in favour of it, and but two voted for it. If it meets with the same fate in other places, as I sincerely wish it may, it will depend on you to be transmitted to posterity as a monument, among many others, of the *wisdom*, *learning*, and *consistency* of the present age.

Since I wrote last, I have picked up duplicates of two of those Indian Treaties, which were annexed to Gyles's Memoirs, viz., those of 1726 and 1749, which I will give you when you come here. There are more of those Treaties and Conferences in print, and I guess may be found in Boston, if enquired for. I thank you for the sketch you sent me of Dr. Finley's Life and Character. You mention President Davies's Life being in print: if you mean the account prefixed by Mr. Bostwick to the sermon on King George 2d, I have it. If there be any other, I should be glad to know it. Your intention of assisting in the compilation of a Biographical Dictionary is exceeding kind. I should be glad to know whom you have mentioned the matter to that may be likely to remember it. For I must repeat my wish (not that you, for you have forbid me, but), that some other person of more leisure and greater opportunities than myself would undertake to bring the design to perfection; for circumstanced as I am now, and I see no prospect of a change for the better, it might as well be expected that a snail should quit her shell and soar with the eagle as that I should bring to pass a thing of such magnitude and variety. I

* See Farmer's Belknap's New Hampshire, p. 389. — Eds.

will, however, do what very little falls within the compass of my ability, in hope that it may be of use to some other person who may bring the plan to maturity. I do think that something very clever might be done. There have been some very worthy characters, some very bad, and some very odd, and all of them together would form such a group as would afford both instruction and amusement. I would extend the limits of the plan through the whole Continent and Islands, and as far back into antiquity as Manco Capac. I would comprehend the discoverers and first navigators, and I would seek examples of heroic virtue among the untutored savages.

There are many now living characters who must in time be admitted into the collection: it would be of use to keep a memorandum for such hints concerning them as may be of use hereafter. Some have already fallen in the course of this war, who must be remembered with honour. When you come here, which I have been long wishing for, I will give you a list of names which I have collected; and, if you can furnish hints respecting the characters and actions of any of them, I shall be obliged to you. But you have business enough on hand. I shall therefore beg your patience no longer than while I assure you that I am, with great esteem and regard,

Your obliged friend and obedient servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Aug. 31, 1779.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — Knowing your benevolence and sensibility, I was afraid to write to you about the Pennycook Egg, lest I should hurt your feelings; but, upon second thoughts, it appeared best, for, as I was confident you would hear of what had happened, I supposed my silence would hurt them more; but, though I wrote,

I hoped I had done it in such a way as to convince you that any apology on your part was unnecessary. I find, however, by your favour of the 16th inst., that I was mistaken. Let this matter rest for the present. When we meet, we will revive it for the sake of an *hearty laugh*, which I know you enjoy as much as I do. When shall we meet? That question I can't answer. I intended being at Dover by this time, but have been unexpectedly prevented. New business in the post-office department has just turned up, which throws a new obstruction in my way; but, this notwithstanding, I hope to see you within thirty days. I am obliged to you for endeavouring to procure the Indian Treaties for me. They ought to be in my collection, but I do not think them sufficiently important to merit transcribing, especially when more important materials come in competition with them. The Life of Mr. Davies which I referred to, I think, was written by Dr. Gibbons, and prefixed to a London edition of his sermons which the Doctor published. I mentioned the Dictionary to Dr. Gordon, of this place; Dr. Stiles, of Newhaven; the Reverend Mr. Tennent, of Greenfield, in Connecticut; and, I think, to several gentlemen in Philadelphia: but I mentioned it, — as you preach sermons, — in hopes that it might probably take effect somewhere, but almost despairing of it at the same time. In short, the war, and the numerous avocations consequent upon it, have thrown every man's mind into such an unsettled and confused state that but few can think steadily upon any subject. They hear of useful designs, they give you all the encouragement which can be derived from the warmest approbation of your plan, they will even promise you assistance. Politics intrude, — kick you and your designs out of their heads; and when you appear again, why they really forgot that the matter had been mentioned to them. I have been repeatedly served so with respect to my collection, and even public bodies act in the same manner with

individuals. Though Congress have recommended it to them to furnish me with copies of such parts of their records as I may want, they have not yet done it in any one instance, except where they have had printed copies of them, but I have been obliged to transcribe all that I have yet collected with my own hand. I feel, at times, almost discouraged, and half resolve to drop the design, notwithstanding all that I have done. A conviction of the utility of it alone prevents. With respect to your plan, I think you will find work enough upon the Continent, without going to the Islands; and as the "Lives of the Discoverers and First Navigators are already in print," it will hardly be worth while to plague yourself with them. Could any thing certain be collected respecting any of the Indians, it will be worth inserting, but it will be extremely difficult to get such anecdotes of them as may be depended on. In the Records of the United Colonies, I meet with such accounts of three or four Indians as may enable me to give you the outlines of their characters in *very short hints*, which you may dilate at your leisure. There are doubtless many living characters, which ought in time to be included.

But I have already exceeded the little time I could allot for this letter, and must, after due respects to Mrs. Belknap, bid you adieu.

Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Oct. 5, 1779.

My dear Sir, — I thank you much for the communications in your last packet, particularly for the letters of Mr. Moody, which will serve to correct some particulars in my account of him, and the times in which he suffered. I herewith enclose copies of Barefoot's and Mason's depositions relative to the assault and battery committed on

their venerable persons, coats, periwigs, and cravats, which all suffered in the struggle. I suppose those depositions were taken, as many others were, about the same time, to be sent to England as evidence of the mutinous and rebellious temper of the people, whereby it appears that the enemies of this country have been playing at the same game from the beginning; viz., first, to provoke the people to acts of violence, and then make those acts of violence a pretext for further violences upon them; for Mason in his freaks would threaten them with frigates to stop their trade, and soldiers to be quartered upon them to eat up their substance, and Cranfield once wrote for a ship of war to enforce his orders. It is to be observed that the two men complained of had been sued at law, among other landholders, for trespass upon lands which Mason claimed, and been ejected (as far as law could do it) from their inheritances.

If I had time, I should like to put all these particular incidents together, something in the form of Prince's Chronology: they would give a just picture of the temper and manners of the times. But, in such a work as mine, a general mention of such transactions is sufficient.

I find among my papers a geographical remark, extracted from Burnaby's Travels through North America in 1759, which perhaps may be worth your notice in your intended Geography, page 127: "The soil of New Jersey is a kind of red slate, and is so exceedingly rich that in a short time after it has been turned up, and exposed to the air and moisture, it is converted into a species of marle."

"Since my return from North America, I have met with a gentleman, Edward Wortley Montague, Esq., who had visited the Holy Land. He described the soil of that country to be similar in almost every circumstance to this of the Jerseys. He said it appeared to be of a red, slaty substance, sterile, and incapable of producing any thing worth the cultivation; but that being broken up, and ex-

posed to the air, it became exceedingly mellow, and was fertile in the highest degree." This remark, by the way, may serve to obviate the objection which has sometimes been made by infidels against the truth of the Scripture History. They have alleged the apparent barrenness of the Holy Land, at this day, as an argument against its being able to maintain so many people, and such vast armies as are said to have lived in it in the days of the kings of Israel. But they consider not the difference between the laborious husbandman of Israel and the indolent Turk; and that the same soil which enabled the former to support armies may, by neglect, scarce produce for the latter his beloved opium and coffee. But this is not the only instance of inattention which the half-reasoning adversaries of religion are chargeable with.

I intend to get that book again, and if I can pick out any thing else worth your notice will communicate it. Mr. Elliot, when here, copied one or two things out of an old newspaper, which, I imagine, will get into your *miscel. curiosa*. I am sorry you and he played hide-and-seek so between here and Boston. I was in hopes you would have been here again the Saturday after you left us: we should then have been an happy triumvirate.

As to the Egg, its perambulation round the country was unfavourable to its fecundity, for at the last sitting of the Hen it proved rotten, having been rejected by 1700 and odd against 1100 and odd; so that now the ingenious Mr. Hazard is the sole proprietor of it, as it will exist nowhere except he gives it a place in his Museum. The same Hen has laid another *Egg*, viz., a *Regulation Act*, which, I suppose, like the others, will have an operation for a little while favourable, and afterwards become a *trap* for the honest to fall into, and a *ladder* for rogues to climb to gain and greatness. What a jumble of metaphors! Were Pope and Swift alive, this paragraph would certainly be admitted into the *Art of Sinking*. I am ashamed of

it, but cannot copy the whole letter again for the sake of leaving it out, so you must be as candid in reading as I am careless in writing.

I beg you would not make any more apologies for the length of your letters: were they as long as *Caryl on Job*, they would need none.

Should you have any more Philadelphia or other Southern papers that you do not want to keep, I should be glad to see them, as there are often some things in them worth knowing, which do not find their way into our New England papers.

Pray let me know when you shall go to Plymouth. I have one or two questions to ask old Mr. Cotton, which I should be glad to send by you. Perhaps I may see you this fall again. Mr. Elliot tells me he expects to be ordained soon, and, if my circumstances will any way permit, I shall be present at the solemnity.

Mrs. Belknap joins her salutations to mine, which are the dictates of sincerity, when I assure you that I am, with much esteem, your affectionate friend and

Obliged humble servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Oct. 20, 1779.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — I was favoured by yours of 5th inst. by last post; but, as I did not receive it before night, and live five miles from town, I could not answer it by his return. My situation here often subjects me to this inconvenience; and therefore, should I appear, as in this instance, to neglect you in future, I must beg you to apologize for it as I now do, for you may be assured that nothing but necessity shall ever prevent my treating your letters with due respect. I thank you for the depositions: they are worthy a place in the museum of every *virtuoso*.

I am much mistaken, if it will not be found, upon enquiry, that the game you mention has been played, not only in New England, but in all the Colonies. Though England infamously neglected them at the first, yet, when she found that, through the smiles of Heaven, they were rising fast into importance, her jealousy was excited, and that led her to shew them favour apparently; but it was that she might the more easily shackle them, and this she has constantly kept in view. Our present troubles are a convincing proof that her intentions are still the same. The red slate, in New Jersey, which Burnaby mentions, had not escaped my notice, and I have often puzzled myself in attempting to account for its fertility. That it is very rich, the fine crops of wheat, rye, oats, &c., abundantly evince; but I doubt its being "converted into a species of marle" by being exposed to the air and moisture. However, in consequence of the hint, I will either make experiments myself to prove the truth of the assertion, or get others to do it, if I cannot meet with those who have done it already. I have observed a vein of red earth in many places slaty, in several of the States, and have frequently mentioned it in conversation; and I remember that one gentleman, to whom I spoke of it, remarked that there is a vein of that kind of earth, which extends from one end of the continent to the other. I think it probable. The circumstance of the soil of the Holy Land being similar to that of New Jersey is worth attending to, not for the conviction of those whose faith is not more extensive than their sight, but for the confirmation of the faith of such as can believe the Word of God, even in things which reason itself cannot comprehend. I never could conceive why fuller and clearer evidence should be required to prove the truth of Scripture than of any other history; nor is it easy to account for infidels withholding their assent, even when this evidence is afforded. Though they pretend to honour Reason, they

degrade it by their infidelity; for she certainly would be satisfied either by the internal marks of authenticity contained in Scripture, or by the fulfilment of the Prophecies, or by the miracles which we daily see. The dispersion of the Jews, their being kept distinct from all the nations of the earth even to this day, and their being proverbially infamous and despised, are enough, were there nothing more, to satisfy any man, who is not either a fool or a knave, — one of which I charitably suppose every infidel to be. I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Elliot since his return from Dover, which has been occasioned by my going but once a week to Boston, and then having so little time, and so much business there. Our playing hide-and-seek upon the road was really curious. Had I tarried at Portsmouth, I should, in all probability, have paid you another visit; but some circumstances occurred which, upon my arrival there, made me think it adviseable to come directly home. That seems to be a very prolific Hen of yours; but, from the infecundity of her Eggs, I suspect her stamina are bad. We have just such another here. She lays plentifully, but seldom hatches; almost all her eggs are essentially defective, and I believe she is of the same breed with yours. There is a large Hen to lay soon at Hartford: she is *speckled* too. It is expected she will produce a *Regulation* for this State, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York. I wish it may answer the end proposed, but doubt it very much. There are too many amongst us whose *interest* it is to oppose it, and men will ever be governed by their *interest;* besides, such regulations are directly contrary to the very nature of trade, which will never, like Christianity, flourish most when most oppressed, but must be left perfectly free.

Enclosed are all the Philadelphia papers I have received since I wrote you last. When more come to hand, they shall be forwarded.

I am in doubt whether I shall see Plymouth this winter, for I expect New York will fall into our hands; and, in that case, I must go there to establish a post-office and change the post-road, and to help drive off the Tories. However, should I go to Plymouth, I will endeavour to give you seasonable information of it. Should you come to Boston while I am in its neighbourhood, if you can any way make it suit your convenience, I shall depend upon your quartering with me at Dr. Gordon's. There will be something wholesome for you to eat, we can give you either cider or grog to drink, I have some excellent hay for your horse, and we shall be very happy in your company.

Before I forget it — I went to Dorchester some days ago, on purpose to collect inscriptions from tombstones. Among the rest are those of Governour Stoughton, Humphrey Atherton, and Richard Mather. As their Lives will doubtless be in the Biography, you should be possessed of their epitaphs. I know you have the Major-General's. If you have not the others, I will send them to you.

The following is from Roxbury burying-ground: —

Sub Spe immortali y^e^
Herse of M^r^ Benj. Thom^son^
Learned Schoolmaster
& Physician & y^e^
Renowned Poet of N Engl.
Obiit Aprilis 13^o^ Anno Dom
1714 & Ætatis suæ 74
Mortuus sed immortalis
He that would try
What is true happine^ss^ indeed
Must die.

You have not got this "renowned poet's" name in your list of memorable men.

When I looked over your History, I observed a note which I think will be injurious to you, and intended mentioning, but forgot it. It contains a conjecture about the origin of the expression "Dover Court," which you seem

to suppose your Dover gave birth to; but this was certainly not the case, it having undoubtedly been used long before your Dover was known. It had its origin in Great Britain, and refers to a Dover Court there.

Now for all the news we have. A gentleman who came up from Boston last night says they have an account there, which they credit, that the whole British army in Georgia had surrendered to General Lincoln; and that those in New York say they would rather surrender to General Washington than to the French. If they do to either, our purpose will be answered. I think there can be no doubt that the enemy are evacuating New-Port. When they have done this, they will be, in point of territory on this continent, just where they were in October, 1776. What rapid progress they make! We have heard nothing of Count d'Estaing lately. If he should reach Sandy Hook before the New-Port gentry, they will be in a pretty box.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Belknap, and be assured that I am

Your friend and very humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Oct. 30, 1779.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — What I feared has come to pass. I am obliged to go to Philadelphia, and propose setting out on Monday next. It is hard, very hard, my friend, to be kicked about the world at this rate, but I am "*under* authority," and must submit. I intend, however, to be as expeditious as possible, that I may return again soon to my favourite study. As I am going away, I regret your not coming to Boston, for no other reason but that it will be a disappointment to you. Should you come, *I believe* no further requests will be made respecting your

History, as I think I have dropped sufficient hints to prevent it; but I am never asked to be *surety* for any man, but I recollect Solomon's advice, and refuse it. Our friend is a full-blooded historian, as rapacious as a wolf; but I am confident has no design to injure others, or deprive them of any part of the laurels which they merit. He is pleased to find you are so near publication, and requests you will set him down as a subscriber for six copies of the History, be the price what it may. All my indispositions are removed, except that for going to Philadelphia. The pumpkin-shell has not become so *dry* yet as to be in any great danger of cracking, and I hope it will be even strengthened by the present journey. I did not receive your last before I had taken leave of Boston, but I sent in the one it enclosed for Mr. Elliot, by a safe hand. Before this reaches you, you will doubtless have heard of Count d'Estaing's success in Georgia, and the evacuation of Newport. It is said the enemy did not go from Rhode Island towards New York, but directly out to sea; and it is conjectured that they are bound either to Halifax, the West Indies, or Europe. They have also evacuated Stony and Verplank's Points, upon Hudson's River; so that they possess now no greater a part of the United States than they did in September, 1776, excepting Penobscot.

How foolishly have they expended both their money and their blood!

A brig from Holland arrived last night at Boston, but I have not heard either what passage she had, or what intelligence she brings.

Mr. Eckley was ordained last Wednesday, and Mr. Elliot is to be ordained the next.

Dr. Gordon joins me in cordial salutations.

I am, reverend and dear sir,

Yours affectionately,

Eben. Hazard.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Nov. 30, 1779.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Here I am again, my dear sir, having proceeded as far as Fishkill, on the way to Philadelphia, and found it unnecessary to go farther. Upon my return, Dr. Gordon put Burnaby into my hands, for which I am much obliged to you. I have read him with pleasure, and shall make large extracts from him. He has made some trifling mistakes, but gives much the best account of both persons and things of any English author I have met with, and, upon the whole, a very just one. He does not shine as a *politician:* subsequent facts have subverted his system. He did not make that allowance for Divine interposition which a clergyman ought to have done. Enclosed are some Southern papers. My best respects to Mrs. Belknap.

Yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

Favour me with your opinion of the New York law for preventing robberies. Dr. Gordon's compliments.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Dec. 15, 1779.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR, — Your favour of 4th ult., having been to Philadelphia and returned, came to hand by last post. There was not the least need of any part of all the apologies contained in it, for I did not conceive that any part of it was either indelicate or improper. My last mentioned the receipt of Burnaby. I have almost done with him, and shall return him soon. An anecdote in his sixtieth page respecting General Washington will do to insert among your biographical memoirs of that great man. Though he is not dead, you

may begin to write his life, and every anecdote about him will be worth preserving. I took your list of names with me when I went westward, with a design to pick up something for you, but my not accomplishing my expected journey prevented. I do not suppose General S.'s letters are "simple narratives," but rather pompous accounts of simple transactions.* It is not impossible that there may have been one or two neat framed houses, belonging to white people, in one or more of the forty towns, and this would be a sufficient hint for a lively fancy, warmed by victory, to work upon. Besides, it is not to be expected that a *General* would tell a story in the way that you and I and other common folks would. What advantage would arise from *being a General*, if, after all, he must be like other people? To be serious, I suppose the account contains, after stripping it of figure, nothing more than this, that forty Indian towns were destroyed, and the country in their vicinity desolated in such a manner as to cut off the Indians' hopes of subsistence by the fruit of their labours in the field. The towns, as such, I suppose, were of no real importance; but the destruction of them may be productive of good consequences, as it will intimidate the Indians, and make them cautious how they fight against us in future; and, as they have been thereby driven so far back into the woods, our frontiers will probably have rest. The country, too, may be considered as an acquisition of territory, for I am informed that the Indians never attempt a resettlement of a place from which they have once been driven. In these points of view, that expedition was of importance; and it seems to be the general opinion that the conductor managed it judiciously. It would have given me pleasure could I have been one of the company at Mr. Elliot's ordination,

---

* Reference is here made to General John Sullivan's account of his Western Expedition against the Indians. See Gordon's Am. Rev. III. 307–313. — Eds.

but that was impracticable. This is far from being the only instance in which my wishes have not been gratified. I expect the post every minute, and therefore, after best respects to Mrs. Belknap, must conclude, assuring you that I am

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

EBEN. HAZARD.

Dr. Gordon's respects.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

MR. HAZARD'S compliments to Mr. Belknap, and now returns *Burnaby*, with many thanks for the entertainment and assistance he has afforded him. He should have been returned sooner, but the bad weather, which has occasioned some irregularity in the posts of late, prevented. No news. Compliments to Mrs. Belknap.

Dec. 28, 1779.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Dec. 28, 1779.

DEAR SIR, — No part of the intelligence contained in the Southern papers (two packets of which I have received from you since your return from Philadelphia) affords me more entertainment than the detached portions of Col. Allen's Narrative. I wish I could see the whole. From what I have read, and from a short casual interview which I had with him at Boston, I think him an original *in his way*, but as rough and boisterous as the scenes he has passed through.

You desire my opinion of the N. Y. Law of Robbery. I am poorly qualified to give it, having but little knowledge of the circumstances of the people there, and less of law matters. From the view I have of it, it seems to be constructed on the old maxim, "Set a rogue to

catch a rogue." For the Tories are supposed to be principally concerned in the robberies, and by the heavy penalty laid on them indiscriminately, it is evidently their interest to assist in detecting offenders. 'Tis impossible for me to judge *a priori* of the expediency of the law, the experiment must be tried, and I apprehend it was intended for an experiment, by the short term set for its continuance in force. If it does not produce *terror*, it may possibly excite the Tories to enter into combinations to stand by one another; and, in that case, I should guess the Sheriff, who is to collect the penalty in the form of a tax, will be in as much danger as the collector of a tribute in Rehoboam's time: an armed force may be necessary to assist him. Upon the whole, the law seems to me to be an edge-tool, the danger or benefit of which can be judged of only by the operation.

I am glad you are so pleased with Burnaby's Journal; I am solicitous to give you every assistance in my power towards perfecting your Geography. I have among my papers a very curious account of Niagara Falls, with an adventure of two Indians who were driven by the current on an island which impends the Falls in the middle of the stream, extracted from the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, 1751. Dr. Gordon can get it for you out of the College Library. There is a description of some parts of Long Island, with a particular view to establish a conjecture of its having in some unknown period emerged from the sea. It is in a pamphlet reprinted at Boston in 1761, entitled "An Essay on the Agitations of the Sea, and other Remarkables attending the Earthquakes of the year 1755." From some circumstances I conjecture it is a product of Dr. Franklin. I have it bound up in a thick volume of pamphlets, so as to make it too clumsy to send by the post, but, if you can't get it elsewhere, I will transcribe the account when I get time. I have seen a history of Louisiana, by one Du Pratz, a Frenchman, who lived there

twenty-five years. It has many exceedingly curious particulars concerning the Mississippi and adjacent country, and of the Natchez, the original Indian inhabitants of the part where the French settlement was. It was lent me by a gentleman who is now gone out of the country, and I suppose carried it with him. 'Tis in two volumes, London edition, printed, if I remember right, about 1760. The reviewers gave a character of it as an indifferent performance, but their decisions do not always bear the stamp of infallibility. Old Father Hennepin has said many things in the geographical way concerning Canada and the Mississippi, but I know not what degree of credit is due to him. Charlevoix may possibly be more correct, as he wrote later; but of this I cannot judge, having never read his account.

As to my biographical project, I find by experience that the execution of it in my hands grows daily more impracticable. My friend, Mr. Eliot, seems inclined to undertake it, and if he can attain to the virtue of celibacy, of which another of my very good friends is possessed *pro tempore*, he will accomplish it. I wish you would urge *it* on him (by *it* I do not mean the *virtue* above mentioned, but the *work*, possibly he may make it consistent with the *opposite virtue of matrimony*). Am not I a curious moralist to talk of *opposite virtues?*

I enclose you the last *Egg* of our late Convention. It proved rotten *ab utero*. And, to finish my immethodical letter, I will subjoin an anecdote handed to me as a fact by a gentleman of credit who was on the spot. A member of our late House of Representatives in their last session at Exeter (by the way, we have just had a new choice), returning from court to his lodgings in the close of the day, passed by an house where a joiner had been shingling, just as he had thrown down his hammer and was descending the ladder. The representative picked up the hammer, carried it to his lodgings (which was a

tavern), and pawned it for a *jill of rum*. The joiner, finding on enquiry which way the hammer went, followed it to the tavern, and demanded it, but was obliged to pay for the rum before he could have it. Being a man of spirit, he then publicly, in a crowded room, and in the presence of divers brother representatives, warned the landlord against receiving stolen goods from the members of the General Court. This is a specimen of the little villainy of the *cattle* by whom we *are*, I should say *have been*, governed; for, as that assembly is dissolved, 't is no blasphemy to tell the truth.

Yours affectionately,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mrs. Belknap desires her respectful compliments — mine also to Dr. Gordon.

I hope it is no transgression of post-office rules for me to enclose a letter to Mr. Elliot? I have no other opportunity but by the post, and it might lie in your office a long time without his knowledge.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Jan. 4, 1780.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — I am favoured with yours of 28th ult. Allen is really an original; at least, I never met with a genius like him. Had his natural talents been cultivated by a liberal education, he would have made no bad figure among the sons of science; but perhaps his want of such an education is not to be lamented, as, unless he had more grace, it would make him a dangerous member of society. I have not had any Philadelphia papers since the last I sent you, but have seen a continuation of Allen's narrative in Willis's (Boston) Thursday's paper, which some of your neighbours perhaps can fur-

nish you with. I do not take them, or would send them to you. The Tories in the State of New York undoubtedly harbour (at least) the fellows who come from the enemy upon plundering parties; for many of them have gone so far into the country as that they must have been discovered and taken, had they not been thus befriended. The design of the law was to make it *the interest* of their friends, if not to become their enemies, at least to withdraw their protection, and thereby render their attempts to rob the Whigs dangerous and futile. I think it will answer the end. The Tories are too weak in point of numbers to form combinations, and have been so frequently detected, and so many hanged, that the remainder would not dare to do it, were their numbers greater.

I am much obliged to you for your solicitude about giving me assistance, as well as for the help you have already afforded me; but, however I may wish for a continuance of your kindness in this respect, I dare not *ask* it, knowing how constantly you are hurried; and being, at the same time, confident that I shall not be forgot in your *leisure* hours, when you have such. I will endeavour to pick up the books you mention, as I have opportunity, and doubt not they will furnish useful hints. Charlevoix's character as an historian is not good. Du Pratz, I believe, is in better credit; but, though books may assist me in my enquiries, my principal sources of information will be gentlemen of learning and abilities in the several States, to whom I intend to write upon the subject. It is a pity you cannot proceed with your Biographical Dictionary, and it has grieved me not a little that I have not been able as yet to furnish you with any materials for it. I do not think the work will proceed much faster in Mr. Elliot's hands than yours, even should he "attain to the virtue of celibacy," for his situation as a city minister will oblige him to make and receive many visits; and, if he attends to these (as he must, if he would avoid giving

offence to those from whom his support must come), all his remaining time will be little enough to prepare for the Sabbath; and, besides this, you know he must study to add to his stock of knowledge in divinity, or his sermons will soon become "a tale that has been told," and he will sink in the opinion of his people.

The last *Egg* is, if possible, worse than the first. If your Hens can do no better, they ought not to lay at all. The Address which accompanies it discovers *peculiar skill* in composition. Query: Whether a certain person's having been employed in making *coffins* might not have furnished the hint of one *rising from the dead?* My *miscellanea curiosa* have been increased by the addition of the *anecdote.* The thievish rascal of a representative ought to have been knocked on the head with the hammer as soon as it was found. Did I live in the State in which this remarkable event took place, I would take pains to ascertain the fact; and, having done this, would make a point of telling the story, and letting it be known who the representative was, to prevent his ever being in power again, and to deter others from similar practices. Such villains ought to be exposed, in justice to society. I have not been to Boston since my return from Fishkill, but sent your letter to town by one of Dr. Gordon's deacons, and have no doubt Mr. Elliot has received it. I hardly know how to answer your question about sending letters per post for other people, enclosed under cover to me. There are, strictly speaking, no express rules about it; but it has not been customary, and I believe the Postmaster-General would consider it an unwarrantable extension of my privilege.

Dr. Gordon sends his respects to you, and requests a copy of the sermon you gave me in return for the enclosed.

Burnaby and the newspaper would have gone by last post, but he neglected calling upon me on his way to

Boston. They will accompany this, but I cannot tell when, for the depth of the snow is so great that I think the post cannot come in for a day or two yet. I do not remember having ever seen so much snow on the ground at once before. It is extremely favourable for the winter grain, and promises us plentiful crops.

Dr. G. has lately got his people to consent to pay him his salary (the *peace sum*) *in produce*, at peace price. This guards effectually against depreciation, and does no injustice to the people. Perhaps this hint may be of use to you.

My respectful compliments to Mrs. Belknap, and be assured, my dear sir, of the sincere friendship and esteem of

Your very humble servant, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Feb. 1, 1780.

VERY DEAR SIR, — I have now only time to acquaint you that I received yours of the 4th inst.,* with Burnaby's Journal, and some papers, &c. I herewith send you one of my lately printed sermons (the meanness of the paper can only be apologized for by the wretchedness of the times) and one of those which Dr. Gordon desires in return for his Thanksgiving Discourse, for which I beg you will make my acknowledgements. I would have sent him one of the others, but have only a very small number given me, too small to furnish one apiece for such of my friends as I should be glad to send them to.

I shall soon write again and make the extracts which I gave you reason to expect. The most leisure season of the year for me is generally in February and March. The weather has been excessively severe and the snow is deep. I was obliged to sustain the rigour of last Friday night,

* Ultimo. — EDS.

which our people say was the coldest in the memory of man (by the freezing of some springs), on the western side of a very high mountain about twenty-four miles north-west from hence, where I had made an excursion to visit and preach to the new settlers. I think there is not a colder situation in North America. But what is remarkable the snow is not so deep back in the woods as it is here. The spring and better travelling will be very acceptable.

Mrs. Belknap desires her compliments, and I am with due regard and esteem your affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Feb. 18, 1780.

I AM much obliged to you, my dear sir, for the extracts from the "Essay on the Agitation of the Sea," &c.* They are certainly ingenious; and I have met with no facts, or accounts of facts, to contradict them. If they contain too much learned refinement for the unenlightened mind of a tyro, they may, at least, be placed in a *note* for the entertainment of the literati. Having never been farther east than Huntingdon, upon Long Island, I have never seen the Pine Plain; but, so far as my recollection serves, the writer's remarks about that at Hempstead are just. Should my life be spared, it is not improbable I may have an opportunity of visiting both, and the hints you have favoured me with will serve to direct my enquiries; and I don't know but your account of the Gay Head may tempt me to go there when it may be *comfortably*, *conveniently*, and *safely* practicable. I never knew any thing about it before, except that there was such a place. How strangely thoughts pop into one's head! I was just going to wish that you had "attained to the virtue of celibacy," and that things were so ordered that we could be fellow travellers in quest of knowledge.

---

* See p. 251. — EDS.

The "loose stones containing a ponderous substance" remind me of a stone, of which there is great plenty at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. It is of a dark reddish brown, or chocolate colour; very ponderous. Some are, I believe, *exact* squares, others oblong, and highly polished; none are large. By way of finding out their contents, I put one into a shovel, and placing it over the fire, increased the heat by blowing. The stone emitted a very strong sulphureous smell; and, upon being cooled, I easily reduced it to powder by rubbing its contents between my finger and thumb. I afterwards broke several, and in some saw plainly *veins* of sulphur. My little museum contains numbers of these stones, some of which shall be sent you for the gratification of your curiosity, if I can recollect it, the first time I can get at them.

I think I mentioned to you formerly a ponderous mineral put into my hands by Deacon Brooks, of Exeter. A silversmith at Philadelphia made experiments upon it, and found it to be the *Lapis calaminaris*, which contained almost *pure* zink, or spelter, — an essential article in the composition of *brass*, and 1 lb. of it worth, at that time, as the silversmith informed me, as much as 3 lbs. of copper.

I am informed that there is near Lancaster (I think) in this State a quarry of *slate*, which, when first taken out of the earth, is so soft and pliable that it may be moulded into any form, but after being exposed to the air awhile becomes as hard as any slate whatever. A gentleman near Dr. Gordon's has his house covered with it, and it stands both the heat of summer and the frost of winter exceeding well. Query: Might not this, in its soft state, be used as a cement, or for rough-casting the outsides of houses, or for plastering cellars to keep the frost out, &c.? For these purposes it might be transported from place to place in light casks. Judge Sewall, of York, informed me of *copperas* found in New Hampshire, and shewed me

some of it. Upon the Ohio and Mississippi, *petrefactions*, I am told, are frequently found. I have several small branches of trees, pieces of buffalo's dung, &c., which were brought from thence, and given me by my uncle, who visited those parts. I have been credibly informed that several kinds of paints, jalap, and rhubarb are found in Virginia and North Carolina. Multangular brilliant stones, resembling crystal, and highly polished, garnets, &c., have been found in several States. Now I am upon the subject of natural curiosities, I will mention one I met with in Virginia. The road crossed a valley, in which was a small rivulet. The hill on each side of the valley was divided by the road, and each hill was filled with strata *super* strata of scallop shells. The summits of the hills were, I suppose, fifteen or twenty feet above the road, and covered with a growth of timber. Some of the trees were large. Is not this a proof of an universal deluge? or, rather, of one in America? The ising-glass at Boscawen must certainly be valuable, though I don't know to what uses manufacturers apply it. How far is Boscawen from Dover? and how far is Pigwacket? Do you understand whether there is slate, as well as grindstone, there? Could I easily accomplish it, I should like to visit both places. I have no doubt that America furnishes every necessary, as well as many conveniences, for its inhabitants. Nothing is wanting but men of genius, of a proper cast, with suitable encouragement, to bring to light these *present* secrets of Nature. I have wished to see discoveries of this kind entered upon with spirit. I have made such remarks as my abilities and opportunities would admit, and have endeavoured to stimulate others to it; but one-half of mankind seem to think it sinful to know more than their grandfathers, and seven-eighths of the other half are too lazy to trouble their heads about knowing any thing. The American Philosophical Society will tend greatly to remove these difficulties, and I hope that other States will

follow the example of Pennsylvania. Some gentlemen here have lately talked of a similar institution, and I believe will undertake it. Perhaps this may pave the way for others. "A Congress of Philosophers" is a pretty thought; but I question whether it could be carried into effect, for genius is envious, and you will meet with but here and there a choice spirit who is willing to communicate his discoveries. Carry your enthusiasm in favour of America as far as you please, I will most cordially join you. I will join you as far as I am able in making useful discoveries, and I will join you in publishing them for the common good. The arts and manufactures have already, for the time, made great progress among us. They will and must go farther. Let us try, from time to time, if we can't help them. Lord Bacon's philosophical works will furnish us with useful hints. Please to inform me what *dyes* are used with you, how they are prepared, and with what the colour is *set*, as it is called. You have doubtless rabbits or hares among you. Their *fur*, after the hair is picked out, or whipped out, as the hatters do it, and mixed with cotton, and both carded together, may be spun, and will make a strong warm stocking. The colour may be varied by increasing or lessening the proportion of the fur. I have seen such stockings in Maryland, and they looked well. May not the fur be mixed with wool in the same manner, and made into *cloth?* "*Virginia* cloth" is a mixture of wool and cotton, — the warp of one, and the woof of the other. The cotton is raised there.

A gentleman in Virginia gave me a spirit of his own distilling to taste, which had the flavour of the best Nantes brandy. It was made of the little black winter grape. Peaches yield a spirit of an excellent flavour. Why would not the bark of the root of sassafras, dried and powdered, make a good substitute for some kinds of spice?

But I must leave off, being hurried. I was in Boston t'other day, and stole two newspapers from Jonathan Hastings.* Though the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief, there will be no danger of your suffering by taking them. I have not had the pleasure of seeing our friend, Mr. Elliot, since he and I talked of going in company to Dover.

Affectionate regards to Mrs. Belknap from

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, March 10, 1780.

VERY DEAR SIR, — I have been too long in your debt, but could assign a good reason for it, were apologies between us lawful; but yours of February 1st did not come to hand so soon as that of February 4. I cannot account for it, unless by supposing some neglect in the person who was to carry it from Dover to Portsmouth. I thank you for your sermon, with which I was much pleased. *Modern* divinity, in general, does not appear to me to be scriptural; and, though it is a severe, I think it a just remark, with respect to many modern divines, that a man may sit very comfortably under their ministry for almost half a century, and go to the Devil when he has done. You meet now with little of that keen, searching, discriminating preaching, — you meet with little of that ardent yet rational zeal, — which formerly did so much honour, and made so many converts, to the religion of Jesus; and this is undoubtedly one cause, and a very great one too, of the present awful decay of vital piety. Let us, my dear sir, be incessant in fervent addresses to the Throne

---

* Postmaster of Boston. — EDS.

of Grace for speedy and plentiful effusions of the Spirit in his quickening and sanctifying influences.

All accounts agree with yours respecting the severity of the present winter. I have letters from Philadelphia, Albany, New Jersey, and Connecticut, which particularly mention it. It bids fair to supplant the memory of "the hard winter." I have lately received a letter from the Reverend Mr. Tennent, of Greenfield, in Connecticut, an extract from which will probably be pleasing to you, as it will in some measure gratify your curiosity respecting the Western Expedition. He writes: "Our good friend, Mr. Evans, has been with us several days. He read us his Journal of the Expedition to the Westward, which is highly entertaining. The difficulties of their march were many and great, — over mountains, through morasses, down and up craggy steeps, and through rapid streams almost *unwadable;* but the whole was endured with a becoming fortitude. He informs me that they destroyed about a hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn, and four or five hundred huts, some of which were elegant for Indians. The expedition has been important, and, perhaps, in its consequences equal to almost any which we have made since the commencement of the war." This Mr. Evans was one of the chaplains to that expedition, and is a sensible, judicious man, and a good preacher. He formerly preached occasionally in the New South, at Boston, and has lately had an invitation to return to Boston again.

Our news at present is that forty-two sail of vessels, loaded with provisions for the garrison at Gibraltar, have been taken by the Spaniards; and that several of the dispersed shattered fleet which was intended for Georgia have been seen off Bermuda, dismasted; but the weather was such that they could neither get in nor receive assistance from thence. A very valuable ordnance transport belonging to that fleet was in such a situation that there

was no hope of her making any port; and, after her men were taken out by one of the enemy's privateers, she was blown up to prevent her falling into our hands.

Respects to Mrs. Belknap.

I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately,

EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. I have seen no Western papers lately.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

[JAMAICA PLAIN], March 11, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR, — I forgot, in my hurry, to mention several things yesterday which I at first intended. Have you the Life of William Penn (the founder of Pennsylvania) in your Biographical Collection? I have lately met with it in a magazine, and will transcribe it for you, if you have not got it. What would you think of an American Chronology? It coincides so naturally with my principal design, that I can attend to it very easily at the same time that I am engaged in the other. This idea occurred to me early, and I made a beginning several years ago, to which I have been adding since. Being out of employ lately, as the roads were so bad that I could not go to get records, I sat down and abridged *Prince*, leaving out the "Creation, Adam, Noah," and some other things which did not peculiarly belong to America. I then made a digest of my loose chronological memoranda, and added a number of articles from Mather, Neal, Atlas Geographus, and others, and I assure you the collection cuts no bad figure, as to size, already. It fills three sheets of such paper as this on which I now write, and this piece is but a quarter of a sheet. Upon reviewing it, I find I was rather inattentive to this part of my plan while in your State, and must beg your assistance to complete it. I will enclose you a list of the articles I have, that you may know

what I want. My plan is to include every remarkable event: the grants of the country and large parts of it, — *i.e.*, the time when made, and to whom; the time of the settling of towns, and of the change of their names from the Indian to the present; what the Indian name was; the names of Governours and Presidents, and the dates of their commissions, &c., &c. To prevent the work's being a dull, heavy, unentertaining thing, I now and then introduce a *ludicrous* matter, where it can be done with propriety. I have been told there was some years ago a remarkable whirlwind, or something of that kind, which tore a vessel off the stocks at Portsmouth. Pray, can you tell when it happened?

Since I wrote you, some time ago, I have been reading Lord Bacon. He says they have in Cephalonia a dwarf oak, in the leaves of which there are tumours or blisters, containing a red dust, which they rub out, and which turns to worms. When these discover life, they kill them with wine, and with them dye a fine scarlet. Query: Whether the blistered leaves of many of our shrub oaks may not furnish something which would answer a similar purpose? He says, further, that good housewives in England frequently put their candles in flour or bran, one by one, which makes them last half as long again as they would otherwise do. If this is a fact, it is worth knowing, especially in these times, when candles are so dear. If you have any wheat bran (perhaps rye would do), I wish you would make an experiment upon a few candles, for the sake of ascertaining this matter. By "one by one" I suppose he means that each candle should be buried in the bran, so as not to touch the one which lies next to it.

We have a *stone* at Roxbury which appears to me to be a composition of pebble stones and petrified mud of a blueish colour, but I don't recollect my having met with them anywhere but in the neighbourhood of Boston. Have you any such with you?

I met with a criticism in Archbishop Tillotson's sermons, some years ago, which removed a difficulty I had about a text you quoted in your late sermon, which, if you have not seen it, will be pleasing. The text is, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this *seal*," &c.; upon which he remarks that, "though *σφραγὶς* is generally translated *seal*, yet it strictly and properly signifies an *inscription;* and the text contains an allusion to the custom of that day, as well as later times, of making inscriptions on the foundation stones of buildings." Adieu.

Yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

March 13, 1780

DEAR SIR,—I find by consulting Chambers's Dictionary, the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and the Universal Dictionary, Vol. 35, that the ising-glass, or *Lapis specularis*, or "Marien glas," as 't is called in Russia, is found in great quantities in Siberia, and is used all over that country, as well as in all parts of Russia, for window lights. It was known and used by the ancient Romans as such. It is used in England, where it is called Muscovy glass, to cover pictures; but its most useful quality, and which renders it superior to glass, is its elasticity, which enables it to stand the explosion of cannon, and it is therefore preferred for ships' windows and lanterns, particularly for the powder room. I think therefore that it must be a valuable discovery, and I wish it were more generally known. The place where it is found is about fifty miles west from hence. Pigwacket, where the grindstone is said to be, is, I suppose, seventy or eighty north. Could you tell me when you would be here, I should be glad to order my affairs so as to make a journey with you, but dare not engage to do it for fear I should fail. The cop-

peras is about twelve miles from hence, at a place where I am well acquainted, and 't is said there is a copper mine in the same neighbourhood. Nothing would please me better than to be your fellow-traveller, in quest of natural curiosities, and I am of the Bishop of St. Asaph's mind, that America contains "a treasure yet untouched" of them. I wish I had some good system of Natural History. I can command nothing of this kind but "Nature Displayed," which is an entertaining epitome, and gives a relish to an inquisitive mind for further enquiries. You ask about dyes. We go on chiefly in the common track with indigo, logwood, redwood, and barks of various kinds. I know of nothing peculiar done here except that in dyeing black the yarn is first scalded in a strong decoction of sorrell, and dried, which makes it take a deeper black and prevents it from smutting. The ingredients for black are, as usual, logwood and copperas. The bark of the oil nut or butternut tree, with sumach berries, both gathered in September, and set with soap, make a very strong dark russet colour. Mrs. Belknap also tells me (for I am consulting her on this part of my letter) that a sheep's black, or the wool of a black sheep, dipped in a common blue dye, makes a very strong and lasting black, and does not smut. They make a very pretty green, with blue yarn dipped in the liquor of barberry-bush bark, but I cannot say how it holds the colour.

I rejoice to hear of a Philosophical Society being *thought of* in the Massachusetts. I hope it will have a regular communication with that of Philadelphia, and that no jealousy, or envy, or pride of pre-eminence, will obstruct their searches into Nature.

Old Hennepin has afforded me considerable entertainment this winter, and there are some things in him worthy of your notice. He speaks of an ebb and flow of the water in the great lakes, which I never remember to have seen mentioned before, though I have often

thought it probable. Speaking of the Bay of Puans, part of Lake Illinois or Michigan, he says: "At the extremity one may easily observe that this bay has its settled tides, just as the sea. This is not a proper place to enquire whether the flowing and ebbing of the water of this bay may be properly called a tide, or whether they are occasioned by the winds, which never, or very seldom, fail to blow from the same point upon the moon's ascending our horizen; but this I may say, that, in the greatest calm, the waters in this bay flow and ebb according to the motion of the moon, though I will not deny but that the winds which move the waters towards the middle of the lake may contribute to this effect." Speaking of Lake Ontario, he says: "The waves are tossed by mighty winds, which are very frequent, and their surges are full as high as those of the sea, but much more dangerous, for they are shorter and steeper; so that a vessel riding along cannot yield and keep touch with them. There are likewise some very plain appearances of a flux and reflux, for they observe the water to flow and ebb by little tides, and that it flows oftimes *against the wind*, when very high!" He gives a most frightful, marvellous, and romantic account of Niagara Fall, which his imagination made 600 feet in height, though by admeasurement it falls short of 140. But he makes ample amends for such an imposition, by the very sensible remarks he makes on the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, of which, though a Franciscan fryar, and pretty zealous too in some things, he entertains no very sanguine expectations.

"That people," says he, "though so barbarous and rude, have a piece of civility peculiar to themselves; for a man would be accounted very impertinent if he contradicted any thing that is said in their council, and if he does not approve the greatest absurdity therein proposed. Notwithstanding this seeming approbation, they

believe what they please and no more, and therefore 'tis impossible to know when they are really persuaded of those things you have mentioned to them, which I take to be *one of the greatest obstructions to their conversion.* For their civility hindering them from making any objection, or contradicting what is said to them, they seem to approve it, though perhaps they laugh at it in private, or else never bestow a moment to reflect upon it, such being their indifference to a future life. From these observations I conclude that the conversion of that people is to be despaired of till they are subdued by the Europeans, and that their children have another sort of education, unless God be pleased to work a miracle in their favour." And in another place: "These miserable dark creatures listen to all we say concerning our mysteries, just as if it were a song; they will suffer themselves to be baptized ten times in a day for a glass of brandy or a pipe of tobacco, and offer their children to be baptized, but all without any religious motive. Those that one takes pains to instruct for a winter together, as I myself have taught some at Fort Frontenac, give no better signs of edification than others in our Articles of Faith. So wrapt up are they in insensibility to what concerns religion." "They come to us, and attend to what we say, purely out of idleness and natural curiosity; or rather they are tempted to follow us by the kindness and flatteries we express towards them, or because of the benefits their sick receive from us, &c. We teach them prayers, but they repeat them like songs. Those we have catechized a long time are very wavering, except some few. They renounce all, return to their woods, take up their old superstitions upon the least crotchet that comes into their heads." And he frankly owns that the pomp and ceremony of the Romish religion is the only thing that makes any impression upon them. This is honestly said by a priest of the Church of Rome, and shews that he was a man of judg-

ment and candour, though he sometimes dealt in the marvellous. One piece of his casuistry is rather diverting. Two of their men had taken down two coats of beaver, which the Indians had hung on a tree near the Fall of St. Antony, in the River Mississippi, as an offering to the divinity that was supposed to reside there. The men, it seems, neither regarded the superstition of the Indians, nor feared their resentment. But the Sieur du Luth, their commander, viewed it as an affront, which the Indians would not fail to revenge, and thought it but right to oblige the fellows to carry back the coats, lest the Indians should pursue and insult them in their passage. Here Father Hennepin interposed, allowing that what the Sieur said was according to the rules of *human* prudence, but maintained that *the* action was *good in itself*, as it tended to shew the barbarians that they disapproved their superstition, and *therefore* God, who had hitherto preserved them in the greatest dangers, would have a *more peculiar* care of them on *this* occasion. Would not this be an excellent argument to justify the robbing of some rich Romish churches, and converting their useless treasures to more valuable purposes than the adorning of wooden saints, or the inshrining of rotten bones?

But, to have done with Father Hennepin, — New Hampshire, you know, abounds with geniuses, and our legislature is made up of a number of the brightest of them. Some of them perhaps you know. One there is who, for the propriety and elegance of his language, has this winter been created a *pro tempore speaker*. A specimen of his talent at speechifying, exhibited when he was a member of the committee of safety, about two years ago, is preserved by the *Democritus* of Exeter. The following is an imperfect repetition of part of it from my memory. If you could get the whole, it would richly deserve a place in your *miscel. curiosa.*

"General *Clear* is certainly a man of no *redress*, and never was *sanctified* for a commander."

"Our men behaved with great *turpitude* at the *vacation* of Ti——, for General Burgoyne shot *language* at them with a view to *intimate* them, but it only served to *astimate* them, for they picked up the *dientical language*, and shot it back so as to do great *persecution*, for the weather was so hot that their wounds *purified* immediately."

The said Democritus, it is said, has greatly augmented his vocabulary and other curious collections this winter. I think he takes a good method to preserve himself from the spleen.

P. S. You don't mention whether you received the sermons I sent you and Dr. Gordon.

March 17, 1780.*

I don't know whether you will think me a good or bad correspondent, for filling up every grain of paper. My only apology for being so prolix this time is, that when I get into a fit of writing, and am not interrupted by other matters, I am apt to disgorge plentifully. If I do not nauseate you, I shall be thankful.

My respects to Dr. G. Mrs. B. joins in compliments.

Yours affectionately,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, April 1, 1780.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR, — I am to acknowledge the receipt of your three very obliging letters of March 13th, 17th, and 25th, which all came to hand by last post, but too late to be answered on his return. I thank you for them all, and for the *Lapis specularis* which one of them

* This was written on a sheet which enclosed the preceding letter. — EDS.

contained. The uses to which you inform me it is applied doubtless make the discovery of it a valuable acquisition, but I am apt to think it may be made to serve other purposes. From the very regular disposition of its pores, which renders it so transparent, I think it might be used instead of glass for making common specula; and had I quicksilver, I would make the experiment by foliating a piece of it, but, for want of this necessary ingredient, this experiment must be deferred. Its name and appearance suggested this hint. I find that fire destroys its transparency entirely, and its elasticity in some measure, as you will see by the enclosed piece. The *black* upon one part of it was occasioned by its resting on the charred part of a log. The effect fire has upon it leads me to suspect it contains certain metalline qualities; and I imagine it would answer for coating phials used in electrical experiments, and not only in that, but in foliating looking-glasses, and other instances, be a good substitute for tinfoil. May it not be reduced to a powder, and used for clarifying liquors? You will easily perceive these are hasty thoughts, and intended only as *hints*. It is not in my power to say when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, as I am under sailing *orders* for Philadelphia, for which place I expect to set out next Tuesday. My stay there will not be longer than is absolutely necessary; for, as I think I begin to see the end of my work in this State, I shall be glad to get back, in order to finish it. Two months' application more, I believe, would compleat it. I should be very happy in going with you to Boscawen, &c., but my business must be attended to in preference to the gratification of my curiosity and pleasure. I have not read any thing upon *natural history*, nor can I tell you who is the best author upon that subject. Should I meet with any thing of the kind which I think would please you, I will endeavour to secure it for you. It is a study which would suit my taste exactly, and, had I leisure,

I think I should prosecute it with some tolerable degree of assiduity; but my present vagabond mode of life will admit of nothing more than picking up hints. Nothing further is yet done about the Massachusetts Philosophical Society, but I think the design will not be dropped. I thank you for the extracts from Hennepin. They are entertaining; but I question whether his observations on the tides in the lakes were made with a sufficient degree of accuracy. His remarks upon the Indians are undoubtedly just; and, although many good men have been very zealous for their conversion to Christianity, their zeal always appeared to me not to be according to knowledge. What the designs of Heaven respecting those poor creatures may be, none can tell; but their present mode of living and their education are much against their conversion, and past experience has too plainly shewn the futility of attempting to alter either. "The kindness and flatteries" of the French made them *Roman Catholics;* and, with a pot of cider, Dr. Johnson, of New York, converted some to Churchmen. A new blanket would make the best of them *Mahometans!* Did not Henry VIII. proceed upon the same principle with Hennepin (in his decision respecting the coats) when he converted the abbey lands, &c., to *Protestant uses?* I wonder that ———'s talent was not sooner observed to lie in *speaking.* The State has certainly suffered much by so capital an oversight. The speech about the "*Vacation of Ti*" ought to have placed him in the chair for life, long ago. I intend to write to Democritus, and tell him that, as Continental Collector-General of Curiosities, I have a claim upon him for the whole speech. He will send it to me, and then, if you choose it, you shall have a copy. There is no danger of your wanting men of learning to fill public offices, now a "*door*" is opened *in the woods,* through which "*streams*" *of science* may flow and *make water* upon the *General C.* and the *Congress,* and purify them from every "vile principle" which would

tend to "*strengthen the adamantine chains*" of slavery and "bar the everlasting gates" of freedom. It is a great pity that an institution which, in proper hands, might be very useful, should be so scandalously prostituted. Better times may produce a beneficial change. Colleges have begun to attract public attention. The Pennsylvanians have dignified theirs with the title of University. I am informed the Convention of the State intend doing the like honour to your *alma mater;* and, as your G. C. copy all laudable examples, no doubt Dartmouth will be thought of, too. They certainly would never make it an university, without providing it with proper masters. Are the trustees men of learning?

I have just recollected that I omitted enclosing you such chronological memoranda as I had concerning New Hampshire, which I promised to do, but this must be deferred for want of time. I often am obliged to write in such haste that I hardly know what I do write. Other business pressing upon me has prevented my proceeding farther till April 4, and now I can hardly write, having just finished splitting a "mortal great" log for the sake of exercise, which makes my hand shake. I went to town yesterday, but had not the pleasure of seeing our friend, Mr. Elliot. I wish he did not live so far out of the line of my business. Boston affords nothing new but complaints upon complaints. I have been credibly informed that a person, who used to live *well*, has been obliged to take the feathers out of his bed, and sell them to an upholsterer, to get money to buy bread. Many, doubtless, are exceedingly distressed; and yet, such is the infatuation of the day, that the rich, regardless of the necessities of the poor, are more luxurious and extravagant than formerly. Boston exceeds even Tyre; for not only are her merchants princes, but even her tavern-keepers are gentlemen. May it not be more tolerable for Tyre than for her! There can be no surer sign of a

decay of morals in a large city than the tavern-keepers growing rich fast.

We have nothing particular from the westward. The enclosed newspapers are all I have lately received. That from New London contains some curious Connecticut manœuvres, which, I am told, have raised no small flame in that State. No man who regarded the honour of the State, I think, could be pleased with such villainy in its legislators. I don't know whether the enclosed extract from a deed will give you hints of any transaction you are unacquainted with; but, as it relates to a part of the country of which you have wrote the history, I thought I would copy it and send it to you.

The following is a copy of a note found in Mr. Stilman's pulpit about a month ago: "The prayers of this congregation are desired for our paper-currency, in a weak and low condition by reason of its depreciated and fluctuating state, that indulgent Heaven would, of its infinite mercy, be pleased to restore it to its former value, or speedily fit and prepare it for its great and last change." There may be wit in it; but I hate such trifling with serious things.

I expect to set out for Philadelphia to-morrow. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Belknap.

I am, my dear sir,

Your sincere friend and very humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

The post will now begin to come twice a week from Philadelphia to Boston.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, April 1, 1780.

DEAR SIR, — I hope before this time you have received my two letters of last week, one of them enclosing a piece of the *Lapis specularis*, which I think must be ranked

among the most curious as well as useful works of Nature, and the discovery of which at this day is a very singular blessing, as it serves so exceeding well the purpose of windows. One property of it I have since discovered is that it will bear a considerable degree of *heat*, even the being laid on glowing coals for some time without the least injury.

By your last, I find that you have received my sermon, which I was afraid had miscarried. It is a plain practical performance directed *to the heart*, which is the seat of true religion. It was desired for the press by a number of honest, sensible country-people, and I took more pleasure in gratifying *them* than if a *General Court* had made a similar request. That preaching which commends itself to the taste of people of common sense and honesty has in general a good claim to the character of *useful*. You will be pleased, I dare say, to hear that after three years' vain endeavours *on my part* to get my salary fixed on a better foundation than a sinking currency, and after I had given up the point entirely, my people have, of their own accord, rated me five hundred bushels of corn for the year ensuing; which though not quite equal to the value of the original contract, yet is so much beyond any thing which I had any reason to expect, that it pleases me much and shews a disposition in them consistent with their former professions of regard to me. It will have one effect, which, however irksome in the operation, will finally produce solid good. I mean a discrimination of characters. Some will fall off and turn Baptists, but those who remain will be the more closely united and zealously engaged; and I had rather have a few solid firm friends than a collection of people round me who are governed by no fixed principle of action.

I should be very glad to see and to have Mr. Penn's Life, but I am loth you should be at the trouble to transcribe it with a view to forward me in a Biographical

Collection. I have, as you know, from the beginning, spoken of such a performance rather as a thing that I wish for than one which I shall ever execute; and every day convinces me that my diffidence is well founded. I see no prospect of ever doing any thing in the business which will compensate the pains of your making collections *for me*. I wish, as you have already two sprouts growing out of your main stem, viz., a Geographical and a Chronological, you would let a third, viz., a Biographical, vegetate along with them. I will lend you any assistance in either of them which lies in my power, and, when you send along your list, will supply it as far as I can; but I had rather you would come here and fumble over my old papers yourself. I have a collection of newspapers of my own from 1756 downward, and a borrowed one from 1727 to 1753, both of which will afford at least *dates* of many remarkable transactions and events. The public records which I had when you were here are not yet returned; and I suppose, if I should never return them, they never would be enquired after, for I dare say there are not three persons now in office or authority that know any thing about them.

The whirlwind, which you speak of as *at Portsmouth*, was at *Amesbury* about seven or eight years ago. I think there is a particular account of it in my papers, and, when I can, I will look it up. It was very remarkable. We intend to make your proposed experiment on candles in bran. I can't, however, conceive of its having any other effect than keeping them as good as they are when put into it; which, where large quantities are made at once, with a view to keeping a long time, must be a great saving, since it is a known fact that old candles will not burn so long as new.

We have none of the Roxbury stone here, nor indeed but few of any kind. There is, however, a kind of whetstones on the shore of our river, just by the falls, not

unlike the Norway rags as they are called, and which answer nearly as good a purpose.

Pray let me know of your next intended movement, and which way it is likely to be. I hope to be at Boston by the last of May. Perhaps I may see you there then. I shall wish you here before.

Mrs. B. desires her compliments. My regards to Dr. G.

I am, dear sir, your very affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. I met with "an odd quotation" in Hervey's Letters, No. 183, the reading of which made me think of you. And, as it may afford you some *consolation* in your present state of "virtuous celibacy," I will transcribe it.

"I cannot but admire the wisdom of Nature in denying to men and women that foresight when they are young, which they acquire at a greater age; for, without that, I believe the world could not subsist above fourscore years, and *a new creation* of men would be wanted once every hundred years at least; since the inconveniences of marriage are experimentally known to overbalance the conveniences. This young folks will not believe, and thus the world is peopled."

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1780.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, — Your favour of April 1st has overtaken me here, and I could wish to answer it properly; but, as it is post-day, I am in the midst of business and hurry, and must write briefly. I am happy that your people have paid so much attention to your comfort and their own honour lately: it ought to have been done sooner. The secession of the malcontents will be beneficial, as it will remove a dangerous leaven, which might frequently

be troublesome. Upon my return to Jamaica Plain, I will transcribe and send you Penn's Life. It will not do to increase my number of "sprouts;" the "main stem" would be injured by it. It is not improbable that I may pay you a visit soon after my return. The piece of *Lapis specularis* you sent me I have given to Mr. Rittenhouse, who is a member of the American Philosophical Society. I had not leisure to talk with him about the experiments I hinted to you, but intend him another visit.

The French at Martinique have been strongly reinforced lately, and are said to be much superior to the English. We have nothing lately from Charlestown. Remember me to Mrs. B.

Yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, June 5, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your kind attention to me since you have been at Philadelphia (two marks of which I have received, viz., May 5th and 12th) is extremely pleasing to me. I should have wrote you again much before this time, had I not expected you soon to return to your old quarters; but I will let it alone no longer, and if this letter should chance to go to Philadelphia, and then pursue you back to Jamaica Plain, I suppose it will not make much difference as to the time of your receiving it.

The subject of it shall be a remarkable phenomenon which has much engaged the attention, and employed the tongues of all and the pens of some. I mean *the darkness* which overspread almost the whole of New England on the 19th of May. As I am no theorist, I shall not trouble you with any conjectures, but shall rather give you a detail of such *facts* as either fell under my

own observation or are creditably evidenced by others. In the morning there was some distant thunder in the south-west with rain; the forenoon was cloudy, but the sun appeared now and then. About 10 or 11 o'clock the clouds presented an unusual spectacle, being of a yellowish hue, and reflecting such a light on all the objects below them. Within an hour it grew dark, and the darkness kept increasing till one o'clock, when we lighted candles, and kept them burning all the afternoon. It was not the darkness of a thunder-cloud, but a vapour like the smoke of a malt-house or a coal-kiln, and there was a strong smell of smoke the whole day, as there had been for some days before. You must note that for about ten days before, the weather had been very dry, and this being the season for burning the woods to plant corn on the new lands, the fires had burnt to a considerable degree, and the rain which fell that morning was not sufficient to extinguish them. For 4 or 5 days the air had appeared very full of smoke, and it seemed to be *low*, so that the sun totally disappeared above half an hour before setting, and the low grounds were most filled with smoke. A man who was planting corn on a piece of low land, the Wednesday before, told me the smoke was so thick that he could not see from one end of the row to the other; and I well remember that either on Wednesday or Thursday every part of our house was full of smoke, as well as all the surrounding air, and I examined to see if it proceeded from our own fire, but was satisfied it was the same vapour that the air was full of.

I shall now mention some corroborating circumstances to prove that *smoke* must have been a principal ingredient in the thickness of the vapour of that day. A man who was upon the river affirmed to me that the surface of the water, especially near the shore, was covered with a dark, *sooty scum*. Some of our neighbours set their tubs to catch rain water (for there was a drizzling at times almost the whole

day); but, when they came to wash with it, it was *so black* that they threw it away. Mr. Pickering, the lawyer (whom you know), told me that he washed his hands the next day in some rain water catched the day before, and it felt just like *ley*. There was before the house of Benjamin Lord, at Berwick, the remains of a snow-drift, which had been covered with wood and chips so that it had been hid from the sun. The day before, viz., Thursday, he had cleared it of all the chips, dirt, &c., that the sun might melt it, and it was then perfectly *white*, but the descending vapour on Friday turned it to the colour of *soot*. This I had from Colonel Chadburn, who had it from the man himself; and I have other evidence that the snow remained there some days after. Colonel Hazzen, of the Continental troops, was riding in the woods somewhere about Pennicook, and in the *low grounds* the vapour was so thick that it was difficult to fetch his breath. A number of small birds, such as sparrows and yellow-birds, were found dead in divers places; and some flew into the houses, very probably to avoid the suffocating vapour. But, that smoke was not all, I have this evidence, viz., that I observed a *fog* to rise from the top of a neighbouring hill, as in what we call a sea-turn. What wind there was, was easterly, as could be perceived by the smoke of chimneys; but there was no perception of any motion in the air below. The smoke arose perpendicularly some way, and then spread towards the west.

As to the extent of this darkness, I have no information that can be relied upon. It has been said that there was none of it upon the upper part of Connecticut River, and I observed a light gleam that way, as also in the north-east. I expect to hear particularly by a gentleman who is now gone to the upper Cohoss.

Shall I now entertain you with the whims and apprehensions of mankind upon this unusual appearance? It is not surprizing that the vulgar should turn it all into

prodigy and miracle; but what would you think of men of sense, and of a liberal education, if I should tell you that I heard one of my very good brethren in this neighbourhood gravely assert in company (and I have been told he did the same *in his pulpit*) that it was the fulfilling of Joel's prophecy of a "pillar of smoke"; and that another wondered at me for not placing this phenomenon in the same rank with Josephus's signs of the destruction of Jerusalem? What would you think of one who supposed it to be the pouring out of the 7th vial into the air; and of another that called his congregation together during the darkness, and prayed that the sun might shine again, as if he had forgot the promise to Noah that "day and night should not cease"? What would you think of one who supposed the earth to be passing through the tail of a comet; and of another who thought the nucleus of one had interfered between us and the sun, so as to make an eclipse? How many more extravagant conceptions have been formed by men, whose minds one would think had been enlarged by reason and philosophy, I know not. Doubtless you will hear enough on your return to make you stand amazed at the power which fear and superstition have over the minds of men. Should you collect any observations on your journey, I shall be greatly obliged by a communication of them. I want very much to know the exact limits of the obscuration and the degree of it in different places, for it was not everywhere alike. In some places the sun appeared in the afternoon, but here the whole afternoon was uniformly dark; and the evening was as *total darkness as can be conceived*, with a strong smell of smoke, and between nine and ten it grew lighter, and afterward continued until the moon appeared through the clouds.

I mentioned to you a while ago my design of visiting a place in a neighbouring town where there was said to be a quantity of *Lapis specularis*. I was last week on the

spot, and found under the roots of some trees, which the wind had blown up, pieces of the bigness of the palm of my hand, containing laminæ of it, the whole mass ¼ and ½ an inch in thickness, but not so pellucid as the piece I sent you. If the earth was opened, there might be some of a better quality discovered. I will give you a description of the land, that if you meet with any such in your travels you may see whether there be any of the same substance lodged thereabouts. The soil is a whitish gravel, the loose stones white flint, some of them containing small laminæ of the *specularis* fixed at one end, and open like the leaves of a book at the other. The large rocks are of a common grey stone, with veins of the white flint intermixed with the same substance; the growth, white oak. Possibly it may be found in other soils. I would send you a specimen; but, as you promise me to be here soon after your return, you will then see it to much more advantage. I intend, if I can, to procure some of the stone which contains the copperas; but, if I don't get it before you come, we will visit the place together. It is but about twelve miles from hence. There is said to be the *alum stone* in Barrington, but I can't learn exactly whereabouts to look for it. I enclose you a paper containing an account of the tornado some years ago at Salisbury, Amesbury, &c., which you desired me to give you an account of.

You see, my dear sir, that I have some inclination to look into the works of Nature; I wish I had it in my power to gratify that inclination. You are sensible that without proper books and instruments, but especially without much leisure from other business, the study of Nature cannot be carried on to any great advantage. I want a friend *near* me too, who would join in the search; for Solomon was not mistaken when he said, "Two are better than one." (Though, if he had lived in America during these troubles, he would have corrected another of his ob-

servations; viz., "*Money* answers all things.") It is, however, a pleasing idea, which I often indulge, that in the *future state* there will be sufficient *leisure*, and the greatest *advantages*, for searching the boundless variety of the works of God; and I don't know that it is at all out of point to suppose that persons will pursue different branches of improvement suited to their respective geniuses, in the other state as well as in this, ascending in a rational line through second causes to *the First*, and turning all their knowledge into matter of divine love and praise. The surest way then to arrive at the highest state of improvement in natural knowledge is by aiming at that *character* to which the promise of eternal life is made, by faith in Him whose creating, upholding, reconciling, and renovating power is equally extensive, and whose boundless perfections are unceasingly employed in administering the moral government, and in bringing the universal plan of God into effect. How pleasing to think that though we are but mere atoms in the Universe, yet the Universe is composed of atoms, and none of them will be lost, but all answer in some degree the important purpose for which the Universe was brought into being. Let our improvements then, in the present state, be of such a nature *as not to be discontinued* (except for a short intermission by death), but pursued with greater ardour and to vastly better purpose, when at the resurrection we shall be "clothed upon" with our "house from heaven," and "mortality shall be swallowed up of life." Adieu!

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. Have you got any of the Siberian wheat in Pennsylvania? It spreads exceedingly fast here, and hitherto seems to bid fair to supplant all other sorts of grain.

If this should reach you before you leave Philadelphia, I wish you would get me a pamphlet, which I saw awhile

ago printed there, entitled Maxims, or Principles, or Elements (I forget which) of *Politeness*, collected from the Earl of Chesterfield, and I will pay you for it when I see you. I want it for my children, who are under no great advantages for learning *it* any other way.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, June 27, 1780.

MY VERY DEAR SIR, — I returned to this place the day before yesterday, and found your favour of 5th inst. waiting for me, for which please to accept my warmest thanks. I can add but very little to your present stock of ideas about the darkness, &c., of the 19th May, for as it was not so remarkable at Philadelphia, but little attention was paid to it. However, it did not pass altogether unnoticed, for people in general remarked that yellowish "or *brassy*" colour of the atmosphere mentioned in the eastern accounts, which they attributed to a singular collection of uncommon vapours, and I felt (and mentioned) a difficulty of respiration. The darkness was not such as to hinder the transaction of any kind of business. The day was *close* and sultry, and we had no rain, thunder, or lightning, so far as I can now recollect. A lady at Middletown upper houses (in Connecticut) told me she was ironing on that day, and was very much mortified to find her clothes look so yellow. She determined at last not to iron them, but to have them all washed over again, and left off. Upon going upstairs, she found that every object had the same hue, and then first observed the change of colour in the atmosphere, but I don't remember that she particularly mentioned the *degree* of the darkness. Indeed, I had heard so little about the matter that my curiosity

was not sufficiently awakened to lead me to make the enquiries which would have been proper on such an occasion. Like you, I am not enough of a theorist to speculate with propriety upon this event, and therefore must leave it. I will only add that the darkness was so great *here* that our friends were forced to dine by candle-light, and the night was "darkness visible." Some people who were going home from a public meeting could hardly get their horses to stir. From this circumstance it appears as if every thing like light had been absolutely banished.

I am obliged to you for your account of the kind of land in which you found the *Lapis specularis*, and for the paper respecting the tornado. Such land as you mention I think I have frequently met with, and have often seen stones containing small pieces (or specks) of *talc;* but, having no idea at those times of any thing so capital as has been since discovered, I gave them barely a superficial glance, and left them. This will not be the case in future. Your mentioning the difficulties attending your prying into the works of Nature hurt me much, as it recalled a number of very disagreeable ideas I had had on thinking of my own situation with reference to the same subject. Equally unprovided with books and instruments, and hurried through life on horseback, it is impossible for me to make any great proficiency in this useful branch of science. However, let us not be discouraged. We *can* do something; more than we can is not expected from us; and perhaps our feeble attempts may be useful to others. They will, at least, be pleasing to ourselves; and, I trust, not unprofitable either. Would they only gratify an idle curiosity, I should not think them worth the making; but I never critically contemplate any of the works of Nature without such views of the wisdom, the power, and the majesty of God, as are rapturous and transporting. These views often carry me quite beyond the creature. I get lost in the Creator; come back to

earth, and despise myself. They are worth having, notwithstanding they produce this consequence.

I never heard of Siberian wheat in Pennsylvania, but there is a kind of grain in that State which I never heard of anywhere else. It is raised principally by the Germans, who call it spelts. It appears to me to be a species of wheat; is of a different green from other wheat, is bearded, and has a short plump grain which is so very closely covered as to make it difficult to clean it properly. This is a *winter* grain. The flour made of it is very white, and either alone or mixed with wheat flour makes better bread (in my opinion) than wheat flour alone. The bread is not so apt to dry as wheat bread, having more moisture in it. The spelts make excellent feed for horses, being more hearty than oats, and not so apt to founder as corn, wheat, or rye. The mess usually given is two quarts. I am now writing directly in front of about an acre and a quarter of Siberian wheat, which Dr. Gordon has had sown for the purpose of making an experiment. I got it from *New Hampshire* for him, but it does not answer either his expectations or mine, owing to the very unfriendly season, and an amazing quantity of pernicious weeds which have grown up with it. I fear he will get but little, if any, more than he sowed. However, if it does not blast, the main point will be obtained, after all. I am glad it succeeds so well with you. Will it not be proper for those who have it to exchange seed with persons at some distance from them, and that pretty frequently, to prevent its degenerating. A friend in Philadelphia will procure Chesterfield on Politeness for me. I have wrote to him for the purpose, and as soon as the pamphlet comes to my hands it shall be sent you. Having gone through your letter, I will now endeavour to entertain you with some things my late journey furnished. You have doubtless heard of the Falls of Pasaic, in New Jersey. I went to see them. The road runs within a hundred yards of the

Falls, and yet you can see nothing more of them from thence than the vapours which arise, although no trees nor bushes intervene. The river lies low: it appears to me to be about thirty yards wide; the bed a solid rock, which seems to have been cleft in several places by an earthquake. The whole body of water falls into one of these clefts, about sixty feet deep; and the opposite side of the cleft obliges the river to change its course, and run off almost at a right angle from its former channel. In this direction, at a very small distance, it meets a mountain, and is turned round a high rocky point (I suppose formerly a part of either the bed or shore of the river) into its natural course again. Near the cleft into which the river falls, and cross-wise of the stream, is another so narrow that I stepped across it, and yet, as near as I could judge, a hundred feet deep. This is quite dry, the river being turned before it comes so far. You walk here upon bare craggy rocks. The sight is grand, and the scene amazingly romantic. These Falls lie but about twenty miles from the city of New York.

At Philadelphia I met with the most striking instance of Catholicism I ever saw. A Spanish gentleman of eminence, called Don Juan de Mirallez, died at Morristown, whither he accompanied the minister of France on a visit to General Washington and the army. Soon after the minister's return to Philadelphia, he (not the Spanish gentleman) sent cards to a number of gentlemen, informing them that, on such a day, "there would be a Divine service at the Romish Church, for the rest of the soul of Don Juan de Mirallez." As I had never seen even the inside of a Popish Church, and the ceremony was to be performed on a Monday, I determined to attend; and, upon going into the church, I found there not only Papists, but Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Quakers, &c. The two chaplains to Congress (one a Presbyterian and the other a Churchman) were amongst the rest. I confess I was

pleased to find the minds of people so unfettered with the shackles of bigotry. The behaviour of the Papists in time of worship was very decent and solemn, vastly more so than among the generality of Protestants; there was not a smiling nor even a disengaged countenance among them. Some of the Protestants behaved irreverently. The pageantry and pomp of Popery is admirably calculated *ad captandum vulgus;* but it is to be lamented that human reason should be so weak, in any instance, as to prove an insufficient guard against such delusions. Above the altar in the Romish chapel in Philadelphia is the picture of a crucifixion, which appears to me a very fine piece of painting. The mention of this reminds me of a collection of excellent paintings by Peale, which I went to see. They consist of pictures of General Washington, Baron Stuben, Monsieur Gerard, and a number of others, admirably executed. Having heard of a diamond rock (so called) about twenty-four miles from Philadelphia, I took my horse and went to see it. It is not so properly a rock as a mountain of rocks, interspersed with a great number of large clusters of brilliant crystals, which in their natural state are highly polished, and have very regular sides and angles. They are so fixed in the rock as not to be got out without a hammer and chizels. Being unprovided with these tools, I could not get any of the best of them, but was obliged to content myself with some of a coarser kind, a specimen of which I now send you.

I gave Mr. Rittenhouse the *Lapis specularis* you sent me. He says it will not do for common specula, for, though the transparency is sufficient, the surface is not even enough. In return, he gave me a piece of the asbestos, or cotton stone, found in Pennsylvania, which, he informs me, he could pull into shreds when he first got it, but, having been long out of the earth, it is now become hard. He made wick for a lamp with some of it. I send

you part of what he gave me. The pyrites I promised you in a former letter accompany this. They are in their natural state, and contain sulphur. I picked them up at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania.

Enclosed are a few newspapers. That from the *city* of New York will, perhaps, be a curiosity. The *tables* are the product of a leisure hour in which *records* were scarce, or perhaps they would not have existed. Accept them as a tribute due to friendship. During my absence from hence, the General Court has instituted the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences." The title is neither modest nor proper, but I hope the institution will be useful. I intend to give them some of the asbestos and pyrites to speculate upon.

Martial law is proclaimed in Pennsylvania. The Assembly of Connecticut have invested the Governour and Council of Safety with dictatorial authority, *pro tempore;* and Charlestown is certainly in the hands of the enemy. What the consequences of all this will be, Time, the grand tell-tale, must determine. I believe we have no other news besides what is in the papers.

From reading the foregoing, you will see the *state of my ideas,* — jumbled all together by my journey, like the blanks and prizes in a lottery-wheel. You know how to sort them.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Belknap, and be assured of the warmest esteem of

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, July 11, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR, — I expected to have been in New Hampshire ere this time, but have been unavoidably detained here. But business will compel me to visit your

State soon. To amuse you, in the mean time, I send you some more newspapers, among which you will find one printed in Charlestown since the enemy have had possession of it. From one of Clinton's proclamations, it appears as if all the opposition there had not ceased yet. I wish the exertions of Pennsylvania may stimulate other States to like laudable conduct. New York and New Jersey have been unaccountably neglected. For four years they have had to encounter all the horrors and difficulties of the war, and yet have been, in a great measure, depended upon to supply the army with provisions. Their towns are burned and their inhabitants murdered, and other States with indifference behold the flames, and are unaffected by the sight of even the reeking blood of their fellow-citizens. We have nothing new here. Remember me to Mrs. Belknap, and be assured of the inviolable attachment of your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, August 5, 1780.

DEAR SIR, — Ever since your return from Philadelphia, I have delayed writing to you, expecting every week to see you in person, and acknowledge *viva voce* the receipt of your very curious and entertaining letter on natural subjects, containing some specimens of curious productions; another containing Mr. Penn's Life, and one or two covers of newspapers, — for all which I stand greatly indebted to your very kind attention. This expectation was so strong that I endeavoured as much as possible to keep myself disengaged, especially on the Sabbath, that I might not be so much interrupted as I was last summer when you was here. I thought I had reason for this expectation, partly from my having divers times expressed in my letters a strong desire to see you here, but more

particularly from your notifying me in *three* of your latest letters of your design speedily to call upon me in your tour this way. One of them fixed the week, but a subsequent one left the time uncertain. I heard nothing of your being in these parts until Friday, the 28th ult., when I was told by a gentleman (to whom I accidentally mentioned your name, when I was wishing for a pocket microscope to examine more accurately some vegetables which we met with in our walk) that he saw you at Portsmouth the *beginning of that week.* I then imagined you might be at Falmouth on your post business, and would call upon me in your way back, and I looked with particular eagerness for you on Saturday night. On Monday last, about one o'clock, a broken, second-hand message was delivered to me, as from Dr. Langdon (who passed through the town without calling), purporting "that he had seen Mr. Hazard at Mrs. Knights's ferry, that he intended coming here in the afternoon, but was disappointed of an horse." My own horse being then at pasture two miles off, I immediately borrowed one, mounted my chaise, and leaving my business, in which I was much engaged, rode express to the ferry, indulging the pleasing hope of seeing you, and if possible detaching you from the company with whom I imagined you were there spending the afternoon, that I might bring you home for *at least* one night. You may judge of my feelings when on my arrival I learnt that you had been there on a morning's ride, and was gone three hours before. It was not then in my power to proceed to Portsmouth, so I returned not much consoled by reflecting that a similar disappointment had been my lot last November, when you set out from Roxberry for the southward, the day before my coming to Boston. Before the situation of my domestic affairs would permit my leaving home again, I learnt by Dr. Buckminster that you were gone from Portsmouth finally. Had I known earlier last week that you were there, I should have strained a

point to see you. I have been examining myself to see if there has been any thing in my conduct that could possibly lead you to a suspicion that I should not have been glad to see you, and I cannot find the shadow of any thing, except it be the omission of my writing since your return from Philadelphia; but of that I have given such a satisfactory account in the first part of this letter, that I am sure you must believe it could not be owing to any want of attention. Nor can my not coming to Portsmouth, while you were there, be so construed, unless you sent me any message before that by Dr. Langdon, for I certainly never heard you were there but at the times I have now mentioned. One thing, however, pleases me to hear, that your visit there was so very agreeable to several gentlemen of my acquaintance, particularly Mr. Stevens at Kittery, who speaks of you with much respect. I shall always rejoice in every thing that advances your reputation or increases your satisfaction and pleasure, and shall endeavour by every means in my power to forward your usefulness.

Mrs. B. was much disappointed as well as myself, but desires you to accept her cordial salutations, along with those expressions of esteem and respect which are ever due to you from

Your sincere obliged friend and servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, August 9, 1780.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR, — Business lately called me to Portsmouth, but I intended making the necessity I was under of going there subservient to pleasure too; and that of paying you a visit was one principal part of the

satisfaction I expected. The plan I had formed was, after finishing my business at Portsmouth, to go to Dover, and from thence to where the copperas, grindstone, and *Lapis specularis* are found; but I was mortified by being disappointed in every part of it except the first. The importunity of friends kept me at Portsmouth, longer than I intended, but, notwithstanding that, I should have proceeded in my plan, had I not received letters from the westward which make it necessary for me to set out for Philadelphia as soon as ever my business here can be put in such a state as to admit of my leaving it. These obliged me to return hither without accomplishing my purpose, and I leave you to judge of my feelings under such a disappointment. Upon my return, I found here a number of newspapers from the westward, which I now enclose. My friend, to whom I wrote for the *Principles of Politeness*, has informed me that they are to be found in only one shop in Philadelphia; that they are bound up with other things, and the price is 400 dollars, for which reason he did not send them. Supposing you had not seen "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," I wrote for that at the same time. It accompanies this, and requests your acceptance. All I recollected about it was, that I was much pleased with it some years ago. Upon a cursory glance now, I suspect that, on account of your daughters' youth, it will be above their comprehension. But this difficulty may be removed by your explanations; or, if the pamphlet will not do to put into their hands at all at present, it may at least furnish hints for you to descant upon. Perhaps the general opinion would pronounce some of the *amusements* the Doctor recommends improper for a clergyman's daughter. As they are commonly used, I think them unsuitable for anybody; but I would not argue from the abuse of things, in themselves innocent, to the disuse of them. Dancing is not only innocent, but, properly practiced, is salutary exercise. Theatres under proper regulations and with judicious

performers might afford much improvement, and be very useful; but it is so extremely difficult to keep them within due limits, that I think our legislatures have acted wisely in prohibiting them. They ought never to be admitted into a young country. The Doctor was certainly wrong in allowing his daughters in gaming, even with his *proviso*. If you have any girls in your parish to whom the pamphlet will be useful, do lend it to them. I am prompted to this request, by having been often hurt by the ignorance and indelicacy of country girls, who were by no means deficient in understanding, and whose beauty could not fail to attract attention. Will not the injustice of parents towards their daughters, with respect to education, be a material charge against them hereafter? Will you oblige me so much as to send me a transcript of the *Hymn* composed for Dr. B., beginning, "With vast amazement we survey," and the Doctor's, in answer to it? And now I am upon the begging plan I will add, another piece of the *Lapis specularis*, if you can get it conveniently. I gave the piece you formerly sent me to Mr. Rittenhouse, which rendered me unable to gratify Monsieur Marbois (the French minister's secretary), who has since applied to me for some. Since I wrote you last, I sent some pyrites and a piece of the asbestos to the "Academy of Arts and Sciences," for which they returned me a polite vote of thanks. I expect to set out for Philadelphia next Monday, and to stay there, if I can, till next spring; but as to this, I must be governed by circumstances. They have been such of late as to keep me almost constantly upon the trot, and I now wish for a little rest. Should I spend the winter in Philadelphia, my collection will probably be increased by the addition of the Pennsylvania papers. Whether there or elsewhere I shall always be happy to hear from you. Mrs. Belknap and your friends in general share my best respects. Adieu, my dear sir.

I remain yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. We have nothing new here.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, August 28, 1780.

My dear Sir, — After I had wrote what I suppose you have got before now, I received yours of the 9th inst., which fully accounts for your not coming here, and not only so, but "leaves me to judge of your feelings under such a disappointment." This is nearly the language of my last to you, so that it seems we have had *mutual feelings* on the occasion, and these you know are in many cases the best criterion of truth.

You are now gone to Philadelphia! to tarry there till spring! If I was as unfettered as you are, I should think it a great happiness to visit for such a space of time the *centre* of science in America, and rub off the rust contracted in this obscurity. But — but I won't plague you with the antithesis! There are some who think even *my* situation preferable to theirs. Happiness in this world is altogether comparative. If we make a proper use of the advantages which we have, it will turn to better account than to complain for want of more. I thank you for Dr. Gregory's piece to his daughters. 'T is a valuable performance, and I hope *mine*, when they come to a proper age, will read it with profit. The other, which could not be got, I do not much regret. I had, when I wrote, but a very superficial acquaintance with it. I have since seen more of Chesterfield, and of the antidotes which have appeared; and though I think there is some valuable knowledge to be obtained by a perusal of his Letters, provided the reader be previously well principled, and wants only to acquire the ornamental part of a character, yet I think the ornamental part is not of so much consequence as to risque the morals.

Enclosed you have what I can at present get of the *specularis*. I hope to have some more of it by one of

my neighbours, who intends a journey that way in about a month, and then I will send you more. Mr. Little, of Wells, gave me a piece of the asbestos, which is capable of being spun with the finger into threads. It is found in a cleft rock of limestone near Newbury-port, but in very small quantities. "The Hymn composed for Dr. B." you request, and his parody upon it. The latter I have no copy of, and can't repeat the whole. The former I will give you, after first acquainting you with the occasion of it, as I had it from his own mouth some years ago. N. B. He would not let me have a copy of his parody. The story is this. When Belcher was Governour, he undertook a voyage to the eastward to treat with the Indians, and carried Byles (who was his nephew) as a chaplain. The ship sailed on a Sunday P. M. after service, but the weather was such that they were at sea the next Sunday, and it was necessary to perform Divine service on shipboard. B. had forgot his psalm-book, and the ship did not furnish one, so his ingenuity was set to work to supply the defect, which he did by composing an hymn "Upon the Objects then in View." The hymn is printed in his collection, but because you may not have seen it I will transcribe it: —

"Great God! Thy works our wonder raise,
To Thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds and rocks and seas
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to Thee the tempests roar;
Or softer breezes tune Thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round Thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hand their joys bestow;
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves, and downward slide;
Anon! heaven opens all its eyes,
And starbeams tremble in the tide.

Each various scene, or day, or night,
Lord, points to Thee our ravish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight,
So the touch'd needle courts the pole."

The singing of this hymn furnished Jo. Greene with the hint for the following piece of satire: —

"In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning o'er his tea.
Alas, why did not David write
A proper psalm to sing at sea?

Awhile he paused and stroked his Muse,*
Then, taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring bretheren.

The task performed, the Bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word,
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read, and sung on board.

What extasies of joy appear,
What pleasures and unknown delights
Thrilled the vain poet's soul to hear
Others repeat the things he writes.

Most aged Christians do aver,
Their credit sure we may rely on,
In former times that, after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

* Alluding to his remarkable fondness for a cat, which was jocosely called his *Muse*, and on the death of which Greene wrote an Elegy. — *Dr. Belknap's Note.*

Our modern parson having prayed,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book, and said,
"Let's sing a song of Mather Byles."

As soon as he began to read,
Their heads th' assembly downward hung,
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung,—

THE 151ST PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackrel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit there,
And throng the dark abode;
There haddick, hake, and flounders are,
And eels and perch and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
So smooth that, as you pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds tempestuous rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
Then lower sinks than hell.

Our brains the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-dropt calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amariscoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of *Penobscot*."

Much of the fun of the piece consists in its being formed, as Byles's *real* hymn was, on the objects *then* present. The ship at sea within view of the shore, the rising and falling of the waves, the rocks, the fish, the sun setting, the evening approaching, the needle in the binacle, — these were Byles's *real* objects. Greene has funnified the mass of these, and has added the *Indians*, who were the principal objects of the voyage, and the *rum* which was on board to treat them with, as very important hints in such an occasional ode. If I can by any means get a copy of the parody (which by the bye is a very good one, and turned the laugh upon Greene in the time of it), I will send it you. All that I can recollect of it at present is: —

In Byles's hymns an oversight
Greene spy'd one evening o'er his junk;
Alas! why did not Byles indite
A song to sing when folks are drunk.

Awhile he paused . . . .
. . . . . .
Then took his chalk, — he owned no pen, —
And scratched these lines upon the board.

(Then it represents him hurrying away to a tavern to have it sung, amidst broken pipes and glasses, with hiccough, vomiting, &c.)

With vast amazement we survey
The Can so broad, so deep,
Where Punch succeeds the strong Sangree,
To both delightful Flip.
*Cætera desunt.**

I have lately met with a volume of the "Pennsylvania Magazine," containing the first six months of the year 1776,

* See Duyckink's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," under Joseph Green. — Eds.

and I am much pleased with it. It is, I think, superior to any American publication of the kind which I have seen, and not far short of the best British, allowing for difference of circumstances. Pray, is it continued, and is it in as good repute? What is the "United States Magazine"? Such an one I think I have seen quoted. While you are at Philadelphia, revelling in the full luxury of scientific entertainment, you must think sometimes of your poor friend starving in these forlorn regions, and let him have now and then a crum from your table. Pray tell me if any thing new arises, or has arisen, in the world of literature. Something comes into my mind just now. It may possibly be new to you. A prize has lately come into Cape Ann, on board of which are some new books; one, a London magazine, gives an account (as I have it, from a gentleman of credit who saw it) of a prodigy in the musical way that [has recently] * appeared at Norwich, in England. A person of a mechanical genius made himself an organ, and got a teacher to instruct him how to play. His son, *a child of* 2 *years and* 3 *months old*, appeared to be in raptures while the music lasted, and when it was done fell a crying. It could be pacified no other way than by being suffered to touch the keys of the organ, when it play'd imperfectly the tune of "God save the King," which his father had been learning. He was then indulged and his genius encouraged, and at three years old became such a proficient in the science that he has played before the king and royal family. One of the prisoners aboard the prize has heard him perform to admiration. A number of particulars are told, which altogether render him a surprizing phenomenon. You 'll doubtless see or hear more of it. I wish the account might be published here.

Looking over an old paper the other day, I found an

* MS. torn at this place. — Eds.

account, dated Feb. 6, 1772, of some communications to the American Philosophical Society, among which is "A Specimen of Siberian Barley, with Directions for its Culture, and an Account of its Excellence, by Mr. Isaac Bartram." I wish I could have a copy of this paper with a few *grains* of the said barley.

If it lies in your way to furnish me with either or both, I am persuaded you will do it. The Siberian wheat agrees so perfectly well with our climate, that I should be fond of introducing the other productions of that country.

N. B. The grains would come better if they were in the ear than loose.

I am sorry I have no better specimens of the *Lapis specularis* than what I now enclose, but I hope to get more before long.

I am your faithful and much obliged friend and servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, October 2, 1780.

DEAR SIR, — Yours of August 5th came to my hands on Saturday evening, and I was obliged to set out for this place the Monday morning following, which prevented my sending you an answer. It made me very uneasy, because it told me you were so; but I hoped mine from Jamaica Plain would explain matters and remove your anxiety, which I find by your favour of August 28th was the case. From the variety and uncertainty of calls upon me, such an accident may happen again. In that case, satisfy yourself by thinking, "Mr. H. would have called upon me, but something or other rendered it impracticable: I shall hear from him soon, and know the reason. He has had no cause to doubt my friendship,

and I have had none to doubt his. Some unforeseen accident must therefore have prevented." When I left the Plain, I expected to winter here. I now expect to dig snow again out of the roads at the Plain this winter. Did you ever know a man kept in such constant uncertainty? Which is worst, to be *fettered* as you are, or to be a *vagabond* like myself? But why should we complain? Why expect happiness in a world which was never intended to contain it? The grand secret which will bring us as near it as any thing here is, "in whatever station we are, to be therewith content," and by "patient continuance in well doing" to gain the approbation of our own consciences, and thence derive a rational hope of "glory, honour, and immortality" hereafter.

I think you are right about *Chesterfield*. His honey is mixed with poison; and, in my opinion, even the *best things* from a man who takes consummate pains to make his son a finished rascal, ought to be suspected.

I thank you for the *Lapis specularis* and other contents of your letter. Though the former was not equal to what you favoured me with before, it is nevertheless highly acceptable, and considered as a valuable curiosity. Do get a copy of the *parody*, if you can.

The Pennsylvania Magazine you refer to, I believe exceeded any thing of the kind ever published on this Continent. The undertaker was a man of spirit, who would spare no expence to make it complete, but was discouraged from prosecuting it, by want of writers, inattention in subscribers to the article of *pay*, and the war which prevented a circulation of the Magazine. Having sunk a great deal of money in it, he dropped it, after publishing, I think, his eighteenth number. The United States Magazine was as paltry a performance as the other was good, and as short-lived as such a thing ought to be. In examining dead letters, I found one number of it t' other day, which I send you as a specimen.

The musical genius you mention reminds me of a similar instance I met with at Lancaster, in this State, in 1777. A child of (I think) 22 months old — he was, however, so young that he could not talk — beat upon a drum a variety of tunes in concert with a fife (which was played upon by one of the army fifers), in such a manner as was astonishing. He kept time with great exactness, and made no mistakes in other respects. When the fifer was going to change a tune, he gave the child no warning, but played on without stopping, as if he was continuing the former tune. The child immediately perceived the change, and beat the tune the fifer played. Of all this I was an eye and ear witness. I suppose some peculiar mechanism in this child's ear enabled him to distinguish sounds more accurately than common, and that his ear was his sole guide.

I have called at Mr. Bartram's house to get a copy of his speculation upon Siberian barley, but he was not at home. I will call again, and, if possible, procure both it and some of the seed for you; but I suspect it is what you know by the name of Siberian *wheat*. That Mr. Bartram is a very curious man, and perhaps one of the best *botanical* genii on the Continent.

If you have not already heard it, you *will* soon, that Arnold, *General* Arnold, has commenced traitor, and had contracted to sell West Point to the enemy. It was found out on the day on which the Fort was to have been given up, in consequence of Major André's (the British Adjutant-General) being apprehended as a spy. Arnold made his escape, and got on board the Vulture sloop of war, but I think vengeance will overtake him yet. Divine justice cannot suffer crimes of such enormity to pass unpunished. Others have been deeply concerned, and will doubtless suffer the punishment due to their villainy. We have now another striking proof of the interposition of Heaven in favour of our just cause, — and, I am sorry

to add, of human depravity too. It is mortifying that such rascals should have any claim to humanity, and that better men should be obliged to belong to the same genus of creatures. We have not the particulars of this affair yet, but are told many will be involved in it who are not at present generally suspected. Arnold and the Devil were burned in effigy here last Saturday night.

I must now apologize for not answering your letter sooner by informing you that I have but lately recovered from an epidemic fever which has for some time raged here, and laid violent hands upon me as well as others. It left me exceedingly weak, but I am now gaining strength fast.

I shall not close this before to-morrow, that should any thing new occur I may add it. *Interim*, adieu.

October 3.

After thrice calling, I have seen Mr. Bartram. He has no recollection of the paper you want. I will enquire of others about it. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. B. In the greatest haste, the post just going,

Yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Oct. 25, 1780.

MY VERY DEAR SIR, — I was apprehensive from your long silence that you was sick, and yours of the 2d inst., which came to hand Saturday night last, confirmed my apprehension. I rejoice that you were so far recovered as to be "gaining strength fast." Heaven grant you a confirmed state of health, that you may be able to complete the important plans you have entered upon. I should have said nothing more of your being at Portsmouth and not coming here, had you not warned me that "such an

accident may happen again." I sincerely wish you may in this instance be mistaken. I think I have candour enough to excuse what has happened, but I am not Stoic enough not to regret the disappointment every time I think on it, and I cannot bear to think a repetition of it admissible into the rank of probabilities.

The *specularis* I sent you was the best I then had. The man by whom I expect a fresh supply is not yet returned from his journey. I was mistaken as to the place where it is found. There is indeed some of it at Boscawen, but the grand magazine of it is at a mountain in the Township of Grafton, in the County of Grafton, and not far from Dartmouth College. It was discovered (as I am told) thus: A hunter, being benighted, took shelter from an approaching storm in a cavern of a mountain. In the morning, he found his lodging-place surrounded with a shining substance. He pulled off pieces of great bigness, one of them as big as the *leaf of a table* (this was a comparison used by my informant), and fastened it to the top of a young tree which he bent down near the mouth of the cave, as a mark to guide him to the place again. The spot where he lodged has not yet been found, but on some other part of the same range of mountains they have found the same substance, to obtain which they are obliged to blow a flint rock, whereby the pieces they get are so broke as not to afford specimens so large as what the hunter found.* Since I wrote you, I have been at Lebanon, where the vitriol stone is found in great abundance. It is a bluish, shelly stone, easily separated with the hand, and reducible to powder. Some pieces which

* This substance, so often mentioned in these letters, is commonly called "isinglass." In the third volume of Dr. Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," published in 1792, is one chapter (XI.) on the "Caverns, Stones, Fossils, and Minerals" of that State, and in which the account here given is substantially copied. — Eds.

I took out of the wall of a cellar from whence an house had been lately removed were all over crusted with the exuded salts, of the same colour with the best copperas. There is a mixture of sulphur with it. The exuded matter melts in the fire, and after a while emits a blue flame. The smell of sulphur is as strong over the cellar as if a gun had just been fired. I have a peck of the stone in the house, and intend to lixiviate it when I get time. Some specimens of it are gone to our newly established academy.* My worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. Little,† of Wells, who is a member of that body, was here yesterday. He tells me he has wrote to you for some information relative to steel furnaces in Pennsylvania. I wish you might be acquainted with him. He is a sensible, ingenious man, well versed in natural history and chimistry, and will be of service to you in your Geographical Plan. He had with him a piece of barbarous antiquity, which he is going to present to the cabinet, viz., a stone about 3 feet long, in the shape of a serpent, with a serpent's head carved in a rude manner on one end. It was found, the head downwards, at some depth in a salt marsh, in the town of Wells, by a man who was digging a ditch. How it came there is a problem as yet unresolved. The ditcher called it an Indian pestle, and used it as a whetstone. But Mr. Little seized it as *an idol*, and in that character it is to be laid up in the new museum.

If Mr. Bartram has forgot the Siberian barley (an account of which I certainly saw in the newspaper from which the extract was made, which I sent you), it is a sign that the cultivation of it is not an object of attention, and therefore I beg you would give yourself no further trouble about it.

The United States Magazine, if no better than the num-

* Phillips Exeter Academy, which was incorporated April 3, 1781. — Eds.

† The Rev. Daniel Little, minister of the second parish in Wells, now Kennebunk, Me. He died in 1801. — Eds.

ber you sent me, is indeed a paltry performance. I thank you for it however, as it contained the Constitution of South Carolina, which I had not before seen.

You are going to "dig snow at the Plains" this winter again. I wish you would spend part of it here. Mr. Little told me of some Province of Maine records at Saco which you have not seen. Should you incline to visit them, you *must* make me a visit by the way.

Mrs. B. joins me in cordial salutations, and I am, dear sir, with unfeigned respect,

Your sincere and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 2, 1780.

WELL, my dear Sir, I think that we have fairly settled the affair of the disappointment! May you never meet with any more of any kind! I have been three weeks *setting out* for New Hampshire, which has prevented my answering your favour of October 25th sooner; but here I am yet. Next Wednesday is now the time fixed on for my departure. I expect to be a *month* on the road to Jamaica Plain. The account of the discovery of the *Lapis specularis* is curious and entertaining. I wish the hunter had taken better observations. Remember, I have a claim upon you for a specimen of the vitriol stone. Mr. Little obliged me very much by sending me some of the asbestos. Several who have seen it say it is far superior to any thing of the kind they have met with. I have answered his kind letter, but cannot get the information he wants. Those who possess it will not communicate it: they sacrifice public good to their own interest. I have

seen in England many such stones as you mention, but I think *none* of the serpents there have heads. They are very numerous on stones with which the houses in a country town (through which I rode, but forget the name) are built, and are considered as a natural curiosity. I think Salmon mentions them in his geography. I hear nothing further about Siberian barley, though I have made further inquiries. I hear nothing new; and, indeed, could hardly hear it, if there were any thing, for I have been so immersed in a new employment that I have visited the post-office but once a week for some time past. This is now nearly at an end.

Make Mrs. B. a proper return for her cordial salutations, and rely on the sincerest friendship of

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, December 18, 1780.

WHAT is the matter with my friend Hazard? Are you sick again? Or have the Stratford Tories in robbing the mail deprived me of your letters? The last I had was dated the 2nd of October, to which I replied before the month was out. I am now uncertain whether to direct to you at Roxbury or at Philadelphia, but shall send it to the care of Jonathan Hastings, who will I hope find out the place of your residence. After having been so long favoured with your correspondence, you may well think an abstinence of above two months is extremely disagreeable. I beg to be relieved of my anxious apprehensions as speedily as possible, for I am really afraid you have got a relapse. The man by whom I expected a fresh supply of the *specularis* did not bring any. When he was up in that part of the country, they were all in an alarm on account of the incursion of the enemy, which you have heard of,

at Royalston.* This prevented the people from going out to the mountain, as they intended this fall. If ever I get any more of it, you shall not be forgotten. Last week I saw some very fine free-stone, which was found at a mountain called Bonabeag within sight of this town, and about 18 miles distant. It has been made into grindstones, and is capable of being sawed into hearths, chimney backs, &c. It is found in clefts of 3, 5, or 7 inches thick, and the thickness is regular throughout. Thus the treasures which Nature has deposited in America come daily into view, and I doubt not we shall find the New World as well stored with all useful materials as the Old.

With anxious concern for your welfare, and the full re-establishment of your health, I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. desires her respects.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PORTSMOUTH, February 5, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR, — I received your two favours of December 18th and 25th last Saturday week at Boston, and would have answered them before, but knew I should come on thus far (if not see you at Dover) about this time. I thank you for the vitriol stone (is it not copperas?) and the hint about free-stone, and send you some newspapers in return. No, I think you will not see me this winter; for however great my friendship for you is, as well as my anxiety for an interview with you, I cannot reconcile it with my conscience to go to Dover now,

* A party of Indians made a descent upon Royalton, Vt., in October of this year, and did much damage. — EDS.

because I have engaged to do the lottery business for the managers in this journey, and have a servant with me whom they have hired *by the day* at a great expence, and I cannot detain him without defrauding them. This you must allow to be a good reason. The new employment was not "love," but admiralty business. I am fully convinced it is not good for man to be alone; but really I am *too much hurried* to think of either love or matrimony. For the same reason I have collected but very few, or no new ideas. When I meet with any, you may rely upon a communication of them. I will send with this two small glasses which are the first of the kind I have seen. I cannot find that they are of any use but to startle people with a sudden smart explosion. You see there is water in them. Scrape the ashes on one side, and lay one of them before and pretty close to the fire; the heat will make the water evaporate, and burst the glass. If you put it *in* the ashes, or among the coals, it will make them fly about the house.

Respects to Mrs. B. She will hardly be able to salute Mrs. H. before the war is over. Adieu, my dear sir.

I am yours affectionately,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, March 1, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR, — Soon after I had wrote to you from Portsmouth, Mr. Buckminster informed me you were much troubled with the rheumatism of late. How do you do now? I sympathize with all the afflicted, but more specially with my friends. If the pain is not very violent, perhaps your attention may be diverted from it for awhile by the enclosed papers. I want to say a great deal to you about continuing your history, and the good news which has been crowding upon us of late, but the

family waits for me to breakfast. I expect to set out for Plymouth to-morrow, to copy the second volume of Records of the United Colonies. Your letters directed to Boston will find the way to me. Respects to Mrs. B. Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, March 8, 1781.

DEAR MR. HAZARD, — Two packets of yours, one from Portsmouth and [another] from Boston, have arrived here since I wrote last, which you might think a long time, had you not been apprized of my confinement. I was seized about the latter end of December with a rheumatism, accompanied by an inflammation, which, after pervading every limb in rotation, went off about the end of January, leaving me very weak. I was for three Sabbaths unable to preach at all, and two more I preached at my own house. I have now so far recovered as to ride (chiefly) abroad, not caring to walk much on the snow, which by its dampness causes a weakness and pain in my knees and feet. I do not expect to be wholly clear of the relics of the disorder till summer. Though my disorder was a severe pain and fever, yet, by the Divine blessing on some means used, its malignancy was abated, and its duration shortened, so I was not more than half so bad, nor did it continue more than half so long as a disorder of the same kind which I had about seven years ago. I remember Dr. Burnett, in his Life of the Earl of Rochester, tells us that "in a sickness which brought him near death, when his spirits were so low and spent that he could not move nor stir, his reason and judgment were so clear and strong that *from thence* he was fully persuaded that death was not the spending or dissolution of the soul, but only the separation of it from matter." This passage I often re-

volved in my thoughts during this sickness of mine, and had I not been persuaded of the truth of the soul's immateriality, and its capacity of thought separate from matter, I should have been convinced of it from my own experience of the same kind. For (I may say it freely to you whom I regard not only as a friend, but a Christian friend) I think I never was capable of more clear, strong, and intense application of mind upon some of the most sublime subjects than I was at the weakest stage of this illness. I took peculiar satisfaction in reflecting upon the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, who having first secured our eternal salvation by the most astonishing of all means, which, being entirely out of our power to accomplish, was never required of us, but was the work of His own Son, has so established the order of his moral kingdom as to make our personal improvement in virtue absolutely necessary to our enjoying the blessedness thus provided for us, and has even made our enduring *suffering* one of the intermediate steps to our arrival at supreme happiness. With such sentiments as these so deeply impressed on my mind, I think I could have endured the trial, had it been much more severe and intense than it was, with a thankful sense of the wisdom and goodness of God therein. At the same time I was really not so capable of attending to or managing any domestic or worldly concerns as I ordinarily am in a time of health, which is to me a plain proof that spiritual and heavenly things are properly the soul's element, and the more she is abstracted from the material world the more exalted and congenial are her enjoyments. Let us therefore look and long and pray for the coming of that glorious state, in which all the bubbles which are so apt now to amuse and employ us, shall vanish into their native nothing, and where we shall contemplate and enjoy substantial good. But I am preaching instead of writing a letter. I will descend to other matters.

One of the papers you sent me, 't is the Pennsylvania Evening Post (which, by the bye, is a very good paper), of January 13, contains the beginning of Gen. Washington's Journal of his Tour to the Ohio in 1753. As I have a regard for that character little short of *veneration*, every particle of intelligence concerning his life and actions, and every shred of his writings, is peculiarly pleasing to me. I beg therefore you would, if possible, procure the other papers in which that Journal is continued. And, now I am on this subject, I will tell you that I met (this winter and not before) with his Letters, some of them, I mean, to Lund Washington, &c., which were said to be found in Philadelphia when the enemy had possession of it. If you should ever meet with the papers wherein these letters are, and can part with them, pray let me have them. I am charmed beyond measure with the spirit and sentiments that appear therein. His orders to the army respecting the late meeting are admirable. If he should (as God grant he may) preserve the same character through life in which he now appears, at least to me, he will certainly merit the highest place in the Roll of Worthies. Pray who is that Lieut.-Colonel Washington that figures so nobly at the southward? Is he a relation of the General? Don't you admire Morgan's letter?* — so modest on a subject in which he could not but appear great. I love men that think justly, and acknowledge the agency of Divine Providence in matters wherein they have a concern. A man is never more truly noble than when he is sensible that he is only a secondary instrument of bringing to pass God's great designs. I knew nothing of your being at Portsmouth till the receipt of your letter from thence. Had it been practicable for you to come here, I should have taken great pleasure

* General Daniel Morgan, the hero of the Battle of the Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1781. Congress awarded him a gold medal for his gallantry in that action. — Eds.

in seeing you, as I was about that time first released from my confinement. The next time you visit our eastern parts, I hope there will be no impediment to your coming. The glass bubbles you sent me are the same that I remember to have seen used in Dr. Winthrop's course of Experimental Philosophy, to evince the elasticity of the air. One of them was put on a lighted candle, and exploded with a report equal to a pocket pistol. There is another sort made by dropping melted glass into water, which I think he told us was a "*Nodus philosophorum*," and could not be explained satisfactorily. On breaking the point, the whole mass falls into dust.

You are now, I suppose, at Plymouth. Well, if you find any thing among the Old Colony Records, or can pick up any anecdotes by conversing with Father Cotton* that will be of service to me, I shall depend on having them communicated. I want to know of that gentleman who the several persons were that stand in the College Catalogue of the name *John Cotton*. I cannot distinguish them all, and should be obliged to him for his information. If you meet with any thing new in the natural way, don't fail to let me partake of the pleasure. I have heard this winter of some red and yellow oker which have been discovered in this and the next town. When the snow goes off, I hope to visit the spots and examine them. I wish you joy on being elected into the new Society. You will have opportunity to serve the cause of science thereby.

I have thought that if some ingenious tradesmen were admitted to that honour, and some intelligent masters of ships, they would prove useful members by communicating experiments and observations in their respective

* This was the Rev. John Cotton, who, after preaching for some years at Halifax, in the County of Plymouth, succeeded his father as Register of Deeds for that county, which he held until his death, in 1789. He was the author of an account of Plymouth Church, appended to a Sermon of the Rev. Philemon Robbins, preached at the ordination of his son, Chandler Robbins, in 1760. — Eds.

occupations, wherein all the active powers and many of the productions of nature are constantly employed, and by furnishing specimens of what is curious from abroad. Many things are familiar to them which speculative men might be glad to be acquainted with.

I am, dear sir, with much respect, in which Mrs. B. cordially joins, your obliged and affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. How long shall you be at Plymouth?

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

JAMAICA PLAIN, April 17, 1781.

THIS, my dear sir, will be literally a *lucubration*, being written by candle-light, which is rather *extraordinary;* for if my eyes serve me faithfully in the day-time, as they usually do, and have done to-day, I think it a piece of justice to give them what an Irishman might call an *holiday at night.* I returned last night from Plymouth, and, although I am so old a traveller, my bones are so sore, and my joints so stiff, that I move very clumsily and in great pain. This I attribute to my confining myself closely to writing for above five weeks, and not using any exercise in that time. Upon my return, I received your favour of 8th ult., which was not sent to me because I was expected back much sooner. I sincerely rejoice at your having so far recovered your health, and hope your next will inform me that you are perfectly free from every bodily infirmity. Be careful not to expose yourself unnecessarily, and be especially upon your guard against a damp air for fear of a relapse. Dr. Burnet's assertion respecting the effect of death upon the soul I have no doubt is well founded; and there have certainly

been many remarkable instances of activity and vigour in the soul, when its feeble tenement has been almost decayed; but can it be inferred from hence that this is uniformly the case? I think not. If it were, I apprehend the increase of the "*vivida vis animi*" would be in exact proportion to the decay of the body, but observation teaches us it is not so. Have not pain and retirement (the usual concomitants of sickness) a natural tendency to concentrate the thoughts, and, by bringing them to a focus, make them more intense? May not those clear views of things, whether natural or divine, which the sick are sometimes favoured with, be as easily and as well accounted for in this way as in any other? The subject your thoughts ran upon in your sickness has often engaged my attention and excited my astonishment. Even a superficial view of the Christian scheme, and the outlines of the plan of Divine government, are sufficient to fill the soul with admiration of the wisdom and benevolence of God; but a more accurate examination of them cannot fail of producing rapturous adoration. No other system *makes it a man's interest to do his duty*, and therefore no other system contains so much wisdom and bids so fair for success. Why then is it not more attended to? This is a natural question, but difficult to answer. The doctrine of *original sin* will not, in my opinion, sufficiently account for the strange and absurd conduct of mankind in this respect. The guilt descending from that source appears to me but trifling compared with *artificial depravity*. *Unbelief* must be the root of the evil. Men are governed principally by their senses, and these are not so much affected by things future and invisible as by present and sensible objects. Were the former to make as deep an impression as the latter, and did men really believe it to be their interest to be virtuous, a principle of self-love would drive them to it. But it was not my intention when I began to attempt a discussion of theologi-

cal questions. I shall therefore proceed to other subjects to which I am more equal.

I have been very anxious to see the remainder of General Washington's Journal, but cannot meet with it. The printer of the paper in which the first part was contained is an eccentric kind of genius, and I think it very probable he never published the sequel of the Journal, though he promised it. Should I meet with any thing relating to the General, you shall be gratified with it. He is truly a great and amiable character. I will take an opportunity of writing to Philadelphia to enquire about the Journal, and endeavour to get the *letters*, which (by the bye) I believe were nothing more than well-executed *counterfeits*.* Colonel Washington, I think, is the General's brother's son, but of this I am not certain.† Yes, I did "admire Morgan's letter." It was as clear a proof of magnanimity as his victory. What do you think of Campbell's Cherokee Expedition? Don't you observe a striking difference between the narratives of the two Western conquerors? You may rely on it that whenever I go to Portsmouth I shall, at the same time, *intend* to visit Dover; and if you do not see me there, it will be owing to my being disappointed. The bubbles I sent you were part of the only parcel of them I ever saw. I could see nobody who knew the use of them, and found it out by making different experiments. They are a pretty contrivance for shewing the elasticity of the air. I had no small diversion with them. I have seen the other kind you mention, but cannot account for the effect produced by breaking the point. Perhaps it might be done with the assistance of an air-pump. It was not the

---

* These forged letters were first printed in London, in 1777, and in the following year in Rivington's Royal Gazette. They were, in 1796, included in a volume published in New York. — Eds.

† Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington was a son of Baily Washington, of Stafford County, Virginia. — Eds

"Old Colony Records" I went to Plymouth for (those I had gone through before), but the Records of the *United Colonies of New England;* viz., Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Newhaven, which entered into a "Confederacõn" in 1643 for their "*mvtvall healp and safty.*" Each annually chose two "commissioners," who met in the different colonies in rotation, and formed what we now term a *congress.* They had the direction and management of all matters of general concernment, — in short, very much such powers as the present Congress, — and were moreover agents for the corporation for propagating the Gospel amongst the Indians. They kept a regular journal of their proceedings, and this journal is called *The Records,* &c. It commences with the Confederation in 1643, and ends in 1678–9. The commissioners' transactions are minutely entered till 1665, when Connecticut and New Haven were united, but not so particularly afterwards. Each Colony had a copy of the Records, but of the four only two remain, and, lest these should be lost or destroyed, I took the trouble of transcribing the whole, as I think them important. The originals form 2 volumes *in folio.* My transcript is contained in two 4to volumes, the first of 242 pages, and the other of 399. The last is what I have lately transcribed.

Judging of you by myself (which I am persuaded is a good rule in the present case) I am confident you wish to have an opportunity of reading them, and I shall have no objection to gratifying you, if it can be done consistently with the safety of the manuscript, which I confess I value very highly, as the fruit of great labor and expence. Noble will carry it safely as far as Portsmouth. If you can contrive a plan for its security between Dover and Portsmouth, every difficulty will be removed, and, upon your informing me when you wish to have it, it shall be sent. Had I received your letter before I left Plymouth, I could easily have procured the informa-

tion you want about the *Cottons*. But it can be had yet by writing to the old gentleman, which I will do when I have an opportunity. I met with nothing "new in the natural way," but picked up something old in the artificial way, which I think a valuable acquisition. It is a circular picture of about five inches diameter, emblematical of January. The device is two men and two women sitting drinking, and on the background is a door through which you see people scating. It has been printed from copper-plate, pasted on a planed piece of maple, and coloured. Round it, on the maple, is this inscription: "Janus loves good drincks, warme cloathes convenient bee: and sporting on the ice affordeth passing glee." A circle on the outside of this, which fills up the remainder of the maple, is gilt, which I suppose answered to our *frames*. This picture is one of twelve (The Months) which belonged to Gov^r^ Edward Winslow, and was brought over by him in 1620.

Another curiosity I picked up was a French copper coined in 1646. On one side is the head of Louis XIV., and on the other a female figure (with a snake in each hand), treading with one foot upon a lion and the other on an eagle. The inscription is "*Vincendi sunt hoc preludia mundi.*" There is no difficulty in deciphering these hieroglyphics, and, if it would not look like a pun, I would say that we shall see them in plain *English* by the time this war is over. Another addition to my collection was a sermon on the Sin of Self-love, preached by Elder Cushman in 1620.* These are all, except a few salts, very curiously formed in the place where timber is sea-

* This sermon was preached by Robert Cushman, the father of Elder Cushman, on the 9th of December, 1621, at Plymouth; and was printed in the following year in London. Judge Davis edited an edition of it, printed at Plymouth in 1785, and mentions an edition printed at Boston in 1724. The copy procured by Hazard may have been of this edition, unless he was so fortunate as to find a copy of the original edition. But two copies of this last are now known to be extant, one of which is in possession of the writer of this note. — Eds.

soned for ship-building. I suppose you have often seen such; if not, I will send you one. I thank you for your congratulations on my being elected a Fellow of the Academy. It was a mark of polite attention I had no right to expect, and I am happy in it, as it will give me an opportunity of serving the cause of science, though it lays me under additional obligations. Your hint about admitting tradesmen and masters of vessels is a good one, and I will communicate it. Have you Father West's Sermon preached at Plymouth, on the Anniversary of the *Landing* there? The text is part of the last chapter of Isaiah. If you have not, I will send you one.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Belknap, and be assured of the cordial esteem and sincere friendship of

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, April 23, 1781.

DEAR SIR, — Nothing could be a more grateful entertainment to me than the perusal of those Records which you have taken so much pains to transcribe. Had you not made the offer of sending them, I should not have dared to ask such a favour, and even now I am extremely scrupulous about accepting the offer, lest any accident might befall them, in their progress here and back again. I will however leave you to determine the matter as you please. I expect to preach at Portsmouth next Sabbath. If Noble should bring them on Friday to *his house*, I will take as good care of them after they come into my hands as their value deserves, and return them by the same, or whatever other conveyance you shall direct. I was last week at Portsmouth, looking out for some further materials to work up into my History. I applied to Mr. Michael Wentworth, and was informed that Mr. Hazard had been

before me, and had got what he could furnish. Be so kind as to let me know what papers you had from him, and whether they will be of service to me or not.

Pater West's Sermon* I have heard of, but not seen. If you will send me one, I shall be much obliged to you.

As to my health, it is now pretty well established. I came on foot from Portsmouth last Friday, whither I went by water two or three days before, and though my feet were very wet, yet by using proper precautions I took no cold.

How long shall you be at Jamaica Plain? I ask this question to prevent, if possible, a disappointment similar to what I suffered the fall before last, when you set off for Philadelphia, the day before I came to Boston.

The intelligence I wanted from Father Cotton is not of sufficient importance to be the subject of a particular letter. Had you received mine while you were there, it might have come in, in the course of an evening's conversation. I am surprized to hear that those letters of General Washington's are counterfeits. What interest could anybody have in forging them? As to "Campbell's Cherokee Expedition" † I don't recollect what has been said about it. But, if there is any *modesty* in the narrative, it differs exceedingly from that of another "Western Conqueror."

I am quite willing to allow that the "natural tendency of pain and confinement is to concentrate the thoughts." I a little suspected my theory before you furnished me with this hint, from recollecting the decay of the mental powers by *age*. We are not without need of correction

---

* The Rev. Samuel West, D.D., whom Dr. Belknap was fond of styling "Pater West," was minister of New Bedford. He died in 1807, aged 77. He was a strong Whig during the Revolution. He deciphered Dr. Church's letter. He was a member of the Convention for forming the Constitution of Massachusetts, and also of that which adopted the Constitution of the United States. — Eds.

† Colonel Arthur Campbell's Expedition against the Cherokees took place near the close of 1780. His report of its result to Mr. Jefferson is dated 15th January, 1781. — Eds.

from one another, and we often find occasion to correct ourselves.

I think you have well observed that "the doctrine of *Original Sin* will not sufficiently account for the strange and absurd conduct of mankind, the guilt descending from that source being but trifling compared with *artificial depravity*." What if we should enquire somewhat freely upon this subject? as thus: Is not the depravity of mankind wholly artificial? Is *guilt* transmissible? If so, by what law? Is it by an establishment of the Creator? Where is that establishment to be found? You also well observe, that "men are governed principally by their senses, and are not so much affected by future and invisible as by present and sensible objects." May we not then further enquire, Why do the senses govern rather than reason? Is it not because the senses and appetites are *sooner* in exercise, and thereby get the man in subjection before reason is mature enough to operate? And will not this help us to account for the early and universal depravity of mankind, without recurring to the idea of "*descending guilt*"? Is not *guilt* an abuse of moral agency, and therefore in its own nature *personal?* Can it be set on a footing with disadvantages, incapacities, and imperfections which are indeed transmissible by a standing law of the Creator?

You also justly remark that "unbelief must be the root of the evil." Was it not the original root of the evil which crept into Paradise, and drove our first father from it? And are we not imitators of him in that respect? Must not the sin of unbelief be great in proportion to the greatness of the object which is proposed to be believed, and our advantages for apprehending it? I fully agree with you that "no other system than the Gospel makes it a man's interest to do his duty," — that is, makes it *certain* that it is his interest; and for this reason I apprehend the Gospel must appear Divine, because it is fitted to the state man

is in. It does not require him to be abstracted from himself, and to pursue virtue for virtue's sake *only*, but because it is conducive to his own happiness. So far from endeavouring to eradicate this natural principle, the Gospel is *grafted* upon it.

I have only thrown out these things as subjects of enquiry. If you and I should not think in one channel, we need only propose our thoughts one to the other; and, as I am persuaded we both aim at the truth, if our enquiry be conducted with that openness of mind which the importance of the object demands, we shall be in the ready way to come at it. For my part, I find it a thing *extremely difficult* to disengage myself from early prejudices and the force of human authority. I have been labouring to do it for many years, but dare not say I have wholly overcome, though it is my sincere desire to do it.

I shall add no more at present, but that Mrs. B. desires you to accept her kind regards, and that I am, dear sir, with much truth, your respectful, obliged, and affectionate friend, JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PORTSMOUTH, May 14, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR, — I intended setting out for the Plain this day, but I happened to dine on Saturday at Little Harbour; and in the course of conversation obtained a promise of *certain papers*, and that they should be brought to me here to-day. They were worth waiting for. *Ergo*, I procured for you duplicates of the *printed* papers given me some time ago, and have left them (with Pater West's Sermon and some Philadelphia papers) in the hands of our friend Dr. Bracket, who will forward them to you. I

have not leisure to examine the *letters* and other papers given me this morning (I suppose there are 100 of them), but shall do it upon my return to Roxbury, and you shall have the use of all that can be serviceable to you. You will see by my success the propriety of an hint I gave you, and the necessity there is for your getting the better of a *small constitutional infirmity*, if you intend to make a good historian. Acting *suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re*, and *perseverando*, a man may do almost any thing. Remember that. I beg you will by no means be discouraged from prosecuting your History. It is necessary to prevent the loss of all the time and labour what you have already done has cost you, and you may rely on every assistance I can give you either personally or through the instrumentality of others. By the odd connection of the parts of the last sentence, I have placed myself in a more important light than I intended, or is proper: excuse it. It was perfectly extemporaneous.

Mr. Jaffrey * furnished me t'other day with a grant to Mason, dated March 9th, 1620, † Mason's Will (from which I made some extracts), and Robert Mason's Petition to King Charles II. against Massachusetts. If you choose to see them, I will send them to you. I mentioned your History to him, as I think he can furnish materials for it. He said he would cheerfully afford you every assistance in his power, and from his *manner* I have no doubt he will do it. Deacon Jefferies of Boston (who, I think you told me, has Governour Usher's papers) is his kinsman, and he promised me to give you a letter to him. ‡ I am mistaken if it will not be worth your while to call upon him, when you come to town; and, if you think proper, you may introduce the business by letting him know I had informed

* This was probably George Jaffrey, from whom the town of "Jaffrey," N. H., was named. He died in 1801, aged 85. — Eds.

† This was Mason's grant of "Mariana." Its true date was March 9 1621, O.S. — Eds.

‡ Probably David Jeffries, the Town Treasurer. — Eds.

you of his promise, which I told him I should do. From his having been long connected with public business, he will be able to inform you of many things, and perhaps circumstances attending particular transactions, which may throw great light upon the transactions themselves. Don't forget *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re;* and should new ideas, rising in the mind, divert the conversation from a good hint, then comes in *perseverando*. Repeat the hint.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. B., and be assured that, whenever it is in my power, you shall have fresh evidences of the friendship of EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, June 7, 1781.*

DEAR SIR, — I have received from Mr. Libbey a second bundle, containing, as you have wrote on the outside, the remainder of the letters. On looking over the whole, I find they will be of much service to my History. I mean many of them, especially those in 1745 and 6, two of the most wonderful, critical, and important years that have passed from the Revolution to the present war. I trust it will be no breach of the confidence you have reposed in me, if I shew some of them to an intimate friend of mine, who is able to explain something in them from his personal knowledge of the transactions and events therein referred to, especially as I conceal your having any concern in procuring them. Such a communication cannot defeat any plan which you have devised for disposing of them hereafter, and is essentially necessary to my reaping the advantage from them which was the design of your entrusting them to my care. You mention some papers you were "furnished with" by Mr. Jaffrey. If he has

* See p. 482, note †. — EDS.

given you the originals or copies which were in his possession, I should be much obliged by your letting me have them. But, if he only permitted you to take copies yourself, there will be no need of your putting yourself to that trouble, as I can apply to him for the same favour. With regard to Deacon Jeffries, I have applied to him by letter some time since, and engaged a friend of mine to speak to him besides; but, like many other persons with whom both you and I have been concerned in the same way, he either forgets it or has not leisure, or something else, so that I expect nothing from that quarter without a personal rummaging of his garrett. But I suspect there will not be much to pay me for my trouble, if I should do that.

I have some prospect of getting General S——'s letter to Monsieur Marbois about the natural curiosities of the county, and, if I do, you shall be acquainted with some of his flights.

I am very sorry you carried Gov. W.'s Instructions to Philadelphia, for it is absolutely necessary that I should see them. One or more in particular, relating to his consenting to emissions of paper bills, are indispensable. I must leave you to judge whether it will be most trouble to you to lend me the original or send me a copy; whichever way you determine, I shall be equally obliged. Those Instructions (many of them I mean) were carefully concealed from the people, and yet were the secret spring of many public difficulties. The Records of the United Colonies I have looked over in a cursory manner, but am much disappointed in finding so little of the public transactions during Philip's War from 1675 to 1678. There is in the whole scarce any thing that can be any use to me in my compilation, though there is much about the public dealing with the Indians, and the propagation of the Gospel among them. In one place, I observe that the Sagamore of Agawam had a coarse coat given him, to induce him to "learn to know God." Query: Whether,

if this be good policy, we can blame the Jesuits for giving the Indians a shirt as a reward for coming to baptism?

Have you ever seen Charlevoix's Journal of his travels in Canada? I remember I once mentioned to you P. Hennepin's observing a flux and reflux in the lakes. P. Charlevoix, who was a more critical observer, gives this account of the matter: "I have observed in the Lake (Ontario), and they assure me the same happens in all the others, a kind of flux and reflux almost momentaneous; some rocks, which are pretty near the shore, being covered and uncovered several times within the space of a quarter of an hour, although the surface of the lake was very calm, and there was scarce any wind. After having considered this some time, I imagined it might proceed from springs which are at the bottom of the lake, and from the shocks of those currents with those of the rivers, which flow in from all parts, and which produce these intermitting motions."

We have nothing new in these parts. Our speckled Hen sits this week, in order to "lay" (this is the word used in the precept) a Plan of Government. What she will produce, time will discover. One town in this county has sent a member on this occasion. Mrs. B. desires her sincere regards, and you may be assured of the increasing esteem of your affectionate and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favours of May 28th and June are both come to hand. They were detained on the road in consequence of a little irregularity occasioned by a rider's being taken some time ago. I am glad you re-

ceived the papers I sent you, and happy to find they will be useful. It will be no breach of confidence if you shew some of them to an intimate friend in the cautious manner you propose. All I intended by my *particular* directions was to secure them for the purpose I hinted to you; and, if this is accomplished, I shall be satisfied. I can hardly deny any thing to a friend, but you must excuse my not sending the "Instructions" on account of the risk attending it. You shall have them in such a way as will be satisfactory. You *must* learn the *lesson*. Should you not be able to do it perfectly, the impudence of your friend shall assist you as opportunity offers. With regard to Deacon J——, remember *perseverando*, in which I suspect your *friend* is deficient. I shall hope for an *Egg*, as soon as the *Hen* has done *laying*. We are credibly informed that General Green has taken Ninety-Six, with 500 prisoners, 16 brass field-pieces, and a large quantity of ammunition and stores, and that Cornwallis is retreating from Virginia. I declare you have as much indetermination about you as if you were an old bachelor. You *will* go to Boston, and you *won't* go, and you don't know whether you will or not. Remember me to Mrs. B., and excuse the haste of your friend,

X. & QUERCUS.

I *lend* you the enclosed.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.*

"As much indetermination as an old bachelor!" Very curious indeed! Why then did you sign *Quercus* to one of your publications? That is the *stiffest* thing in the world, and very unbecoming your character, or else you

* This letter is without signature or date. It is a copy preserved by Dr. Belknap, and is an answer to Hazard's of July 2, 1781. — EDS.

are greatly mistaken in supposing indetermination to be the characteristic of an old bachelor. A man that determines not to marry till the war is over can hardly charge himself with this defect! But pray who is this *Druid* that needs so much correction? — and to whom you have told the story of the vacation of Ty? You have undertaken a task which you will not be able to perform, if you expect to correct improprieties in language. For my own part, though I would wish to correct them in children, or rather prevent them, yet when people have got a habit of them *fixed*, I think it is the best way to let them alone, and make what advantage we can of their peculiarities. One advantage is the distinguishing people of different towns, counties, neighbourhoods, by their local barbarisms, or persons of different occupations by their use of technical terms. For instance, when a common person would say *Stop*, a military man would say *Halt*, a sailor *Avast*, a plough-jogger *Whoh* or *Hush*, and a quoter of poetry, "Stick a pin there." But enough of this.

Your reason for not sending me the "Instructions" by the conveyance of the post is fully satisfactory. I did not advert to the danger, or I should not have asked the favour. I had much rather you should bring them yourself. I have lately got a budget from another quarter, some of which I suppose would suit you. This will be a further inducement to you to come here in the fall, as you gave me some encouragement to expect. The Records of the United Colonies I shall send by Colonel Waters, who is now here, to the care of Dr. Gordon. I find very little in them to my purpose, but am greatly obliged to you for letting me see them as a matter of curiosity. The *Hen* has sat once. She was not so large, nor so speckled as heretofore. There is a prospect of something being not only laid, but hatched, that will be clever in itself. Whether it will suit the taste of the people is uncertain. September or October will produce it.

I told you when here of some remarkable curiosities that had been handed to a certain Monsieur from a certain Major General. I am now favoured with the original, and for your entertainment, will select a few passages, the most romantic distinguished by a black *line*.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

August 7, 1781.

Don't you know, my dear sir, why *Quercus* was used as a signature? It was because the piece was addressed to a *Druid*. *Ergo*, it has no connection with *indetermination;* no connection with *bachelors* or any such creatures. The *Druid* is said to be a *reverend* gentleman, president of a college, &c. He has taken no notice of the *Remarks* yet, and I suppose will not. You are right in your ideas of attempts to reform local improprieties in language, but the Druid had pointed out a number of them peculiar to America; and a comical fellow, who as I suppose felt in a good humour at the time, added to the list. The *vacation of Ty* was *apropos*. We must use a little *French* now. Did you ever expect to see that in *print?* Did it not make you laugh? I have sent you, I believe, as much as you will want of the *Instructions*. They are *serious* things. Your fancy will make the most of them. Your *budget*, — aye, I must see that; for I am as wolfish as our friend at the Plain, you know who. But you almost affront me by mentioning it as an inducement to me to visit you. If I did not know you so well, I *would* be affronted; but I won't now. Whether you had it or not, I *believe* I should visit you soon, if it were only to introduce to you a very clever young gentleman (a kinsman of mine), who is to be my companion, and to whom I am to be *Mentor*. I intend to leave this city the day after to-morrow. Remember that, for you must not

direct your next letter as you did the last, or it will lose its way to me. The Plain is the place of my destination, — I mean *immediately*, — but I have the White Hills in my eye. By the bye, don't you intend to go there? I am glad the Records of the U. C. have afforded you both "instruction and amusement." That's *utile dulce*. I love to contribute to the improvement of my friends. The "Hen," why has not she laid yet? If she takes as long a time (in proportion) to *hatch*, the *ingenious* gentleman won't live long enough to see the curious production. Now I have answered your letter.

News from the southward continues to be good. You will see by this day's paper that *Monk's Corner* is evacuated. That story is badly told. Ninety-Six (which is farther from Charlestown)* is evacuated too. In short, the enemy in South Carolina are confined to Charlestown. Several flags from that place, with two from St. Augustine, have lately arrived with some of the late inhabitants of Charlestown on board. They confirm our opinion that the British are rascals, thieves, murderers, and every thing that's bad. Sir Harry may publish this if he will, and Rivington may help him. Only think of the rascals! They banished even the wives and children of what they call rebels. This year, I hope, will put an end to their tyranny. The post won't stay. So good bye.

E. H.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Jamaica Plain, September 5, 1781.

My dear Sir, — I returned to this place last Thursday, and at night received your favour of 25th ultimo, for

---

* "Charleston," in South Carolina, is uniformly spelled as above in this correspondence. Gordon always adopted this spelling. — Eds.

which I thank you. From your mentioning the instruction about paper money, I suspected you would be disappointed in those I had. However, they will probably furnish you with some useful information, notwithstanding. Should I see Michael, and be able to manage the matter without being too *fortis* and not sufficiently *suavis*, I will throw out a further hint. I expect to be at Portsmouth in a fortnight or three weeks at farthest, and, as I propose paying you a short visit, intend to take with me the copies of Mason's papers which I met with last time, General Shirley's account of the Louisburgh Expedition, and Gove's papers,* that you may have an opportunity of examining them, if you have not met with them before.

You have obliged me by the information respecting the Metropolitan. It has come seasonably on one account, but would have been more so, had it arrived sooner. You shall know the reason when I see you. I find by it that my *suspicions* were rightly founded. No other damage will arise from the affair referred to than a small derangement of my plan of operations. In matters of this nature, circumstances must and will govern. It is probable you would have heard of my being in Connecticut before now, had I not been detained at Philadelphia much longer than I expected. I must now return to Philadelphia again before I can attack Governour Winthrop's Journal. In this last journey, I lodged a night in the same house with Governour Trumbull at Danbury, and he told me that the Governour's Diary contains more than the Records of the United Colonies. He intimated that I might transcribe the whole, if I chose it; but I hardly think I shall, if he is not mistaken in the size of it. Should it be as lengthy as he mentions, I shall examine it, and extract merely such things as may be useful for elucidating the history of those times.

* Belknap cites the "Gove Papers" in the first volume of his "History of New Hampshire," under date of 1682–3. — Eds.

The Records of the United Colonies came safe to hand. I don't believe you misspend time half as much as you seem to think. If you do as much good as you *can*, you do as much as you *ought* to do, and in this case you cannot justly censure yourself. We have different spheres of action allotted us. Providence has devolved the care of a large family upon you, which has confined your usefulness within narrower limits at present than perhaps you would wish; and this kind of usefulness does not make that *show* which some others do. Indeed, a man in reviewing his day's account would hardly give himself credit for it, and yet all the time he has been attending to his family he has been actually doing his duty, and a very essential part of it too. But usefulness of this sort must not be calculated from *present* appearances. Look forward, — see your children become valuable members of society, and then judge of your services in qualifying them for being such.

I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Whipple's having suffered by the enemy. Surely, Vermont cannot have permitted the Tories and Indians to come through their territories; and yet there is reason to think from one of Lord G. Germaine's letters that they are too friendly to the British. I believe it may be relied on that Congress will admit them into the Union, upon their giving up the New Hampshire towns and their claim to Hudson's River on the side of New York, which my information leads me to think they will do.

It is said, but I know not upon what authority, that the Congress which was to meet at Vienna had been adjourned till October. Should this be true, their design doubtless is to wait the events of the present campaign, and not to enter heartily upon business before the winter. I am misinformed if Congress have not been applied to for their *ultimatum* respecting terms of pacification, and I cannot but expect that this will be the

last campaign. I judge from the situation of affairs both in Europe and amongst ourselves. The principal European powers are undoubtedly in our favour, and fully convinced it is for their interest that we should be independent. England will send no more troops out this campaign, as appears by Lord G. G.'s letters. We expect a large reinforcement from France and Spain. Our army is well provided with every thing, and the death of the paper money will remove those causes of uneasiness which formerly existed.

We are told that Admiral Hood has arrived at New York with thirteen sail of the line and three frigates, and that a French and Spanish fleet of upwards of thirty sail of the line has got into Chesapeake. Both accounts want confirmation, but I think both are credible.

I was so busily engaged while in Philadelphia that I had not time to visit Monsieur Marbois, and therefore cannot tell what progress he has made in his collection.

Yes, the tour (at least *mine*) to the White Hills is postponed. The mere gratification of curiosity is not a sufficient inducement to me to run the risk of either my life or my liberty.

The Doctor has no hand, directly or indirectly, in the History you have seen advertised. He was applied to by the printer, but refused his aid. I think it will be a catch-penny performance.

I never shall expect any thing new, entertaining, or neat in the N. Hampshire paper while F. is sole printer.

A British 50 gun-ship took the French frigate which convoyed the mast ship from Portsmouth last Saturday in sight of Boston. The mast ship got in safe.

I have made out to tell you my story notwithstanding all the grease of the paper, so that nothing is left but to repeat the assurances of my regard for Mrs. B. and family and the sincerity with which I profess myself

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. What state is the *Egg* in? By the bye, in reading Plutarch's *Symposiacks* t' other day, I met with a curious debate upon this question, Which was first in the order of nature, the Egg or the Hen?

I suppose the "all-sufficient, the self-sufficient, and the insufficient being" has got safe home. I saw him ride through a village with a 4to volume in his hand, and was told he rode through a town in the same manner, but *with his eyes shut*—"in cogitation most profound," no doubt.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, November 6, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your favours of October 1st and 17th. The first was answered when I saw you at Jamaica Plain; the latter shews that I was not sufficiently explicit about the *books*. Lib. E, and all the others marked with *letters*, which are not in Mr. Avery's hands, are at Major Fuller's at Newtown, though Mr. Avery has copies of them, but without the *letters*, which I put on those I had merely to enable me to distinguish them in my transcripts. *Mason's Agreement* I think I got from the New Hampshire records; but you need not trouble yourself about the papers you mention, as I can furnish you with them as soon as I can get leisure. At present am much hurried.

Mr. C. has disagreeable feelings about his oration's being printed; for, as it is known that he has been to the eastward, he fears its appearance in public will be ascribed to his vanity. I think I have a right to expect the compliment of half a dozen copies from the printer, and I shall be obliged to you for one of your new constitutions when published, whether it is approved by the people or not. I cannot write properly about the great, the important,

&c., news contained in the enclosed, and shall therefore leave it to your own reflections. My best respects to Mrs. B. Adieu, Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Nov. 16, 1781.

Dear Sir, — You will scarcely believe me if I tell you that I have been waiting ever since my return from Boston, which is almost four weeks, for a fit opportunity to take a copy of the plan which you requested of me. Yesterday P.M. I seized an opportunity, and *vi et armis* carried my design into execution, as you will see by the enclosed papers, whereon is described (I need not say inartificially, for that you cannot but see), with, I think, a pretty good degree of correctness, the courses of the rivers, and the proposed road to Canada, with the distances, and scale corresponding to the original. I should have pasted both sheets together, but I thought they would not then fold so well in a letter. You will see by the letters C C and D D how to place them. You have also a piece of our Ising Glass, as large as is any way convenient to be enclosed in a letter. It is frequently brought along to sell by pedlars, and a square of 8 by 6 is sold for sixpence. The man of whom I had this says it is found, many laminæ together, sticking edge uppermost out of the rock. They beat the rock to pieces on one side, and the laminæ fall out, some as large as half a common house window. The mountain is entirely barren. It is in Grafton township, in New Hampshire, twenty miles east from Dartmouth College; and not, as Mr. Bowdoin in his oration says,* twenty to the S.W., for that would carry you into Vermont.

* Discourse addressed to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Nov. 8, 1780. — Eds.

I believe you need give yourself no further trouble to search for Mason's confirmation of his patent from the King in 1635; for, in addition to the evidences which I have communicated to you formerly, I have now by me a copy of a Report of the Board of Trade, who examined the matter in 1753, wherein is the following paragraph: —

"It is alleged that this last grant (viz., 22 April, 1635) to Mr. Mason was ratified and confirmed by the Crown by charter dated 19th August, 1635, with full power of civil jurisdiction and government, *but no such charter as this appears upon record.*"

Pray have you got in your collection a copy of the Determination of the King in Council respecting the Boundary between New York and New Hampshire in 1764? If you have not, I can furnish you with one from *the original*, which is in my hands.

I found safely lodged the bundle you sent me from Portsmouth, containing Gove's papers, &c. I have forgot the direction you gave me concerning them when I saw you at Dr. Gordon's; pray repeat it in your next letter. The little books for my children are peculiarly pleasing. I beg you to accept of my thanks, and *theirs* in particular, for your condescending notice of them.

Our Constitution is just now printed; and, if you will believe it, the Convention is to sit in *January* to collect the votes of the people in the several towns whether it shall stand or fall, so that we have about seven or eight weeks only to determine on so important a point, and that the worst season in the whole year for travelling. I have not yet seen it, so can give you no account of it.

You will observe in the plan some mountains, called Monadnock. There is another range down the country that bears the same name; viz., near the southern limit of New Hampshire, and E. of Connecticut R. I forget whether I told you that a road has been, since the

war, begun, and cut for forty miles from the lower Cowass * towards St. John's, which is, in my apprehension, a much more preferable rout for a post-road than that here depicted, because it would accommodate Montreal, which this would not, and because it would not pass through the St. Francis tribe of Indians, but would go directly from the English to the French settlements, which is said to be but sixty miles.

My family are all well, and Mrs. B. desires her particular regards to you. The Metropolitan's marriage is not yet completed, but things are in a fair way.

Your very sincere and affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1781.

I HAVE but a few moments, my dear sir, to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of 16th ult., which came to hand yesterday, with the plan of the road, &c., and Isinglass. Accept my thanks for them. Shall observe your hint about Mason's patent in 1635. Pray can you favour me with a copy of the Report of the Board of Trade in 1753 relating to that matter? If it is so lengthy as to put you to inconvenience in transcribing, don't do it. But I will be much obliged to you for the copy of the K.'s Determination of Boundary between New York and New Hampshire in 1764, as I have it not in my collection. Gove's Papers, &c., may either be kept in your hands till my next visit, or sent to Dr. G. for me. If you

---

* On page 54, Dr. Belknap speaks of the upper "Cohoss," and in this way the word is spelled in his "History of New Hampshire." The form now used is Coos. — EDS.

send per post, direct to E. H. at Boston; in his absence, to be delivered to Dr. G., to keep till called for. I received a copy of your Constitution per yesterday's post, but have not had time to look into it yet. I think the Metropolitan makes long work of it. I wish him happiness, but am not sure I shall not break the tenth commandment. The Rev. Mr. Caldwell * has lately been shot. It is supposed that the fellow who killed him was hired to do it by the British in New York. Mrs. C., you remember, was killed when the British came to Springfield. By this cruel act nine children are made orphans; the youngest is but two years old. Except the care of Heaven, the cold hand of charity will be their principal dependence. Remember me to Mrs. B. Adieu.

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was yesterday favoured with yours of 28th ult., through the medium of our friend Colonel Langdon. One of the papers containing the oration and the MS. were sent me some time ago. From the sooty appearance of the latter, it had evidently been in the *Devil's* hands. The oration was correctly printed, but too much liberty was taken in connecting it with an introduction, intended, as I suspect, to answer purposes very different from the design of the orator.

Mr. Libbey sent me a copy of the Constitution. I have read it over, and think I could live very comfortably under it. That of Massachusetts was evidently your pattern. In some parts you have improved upon it; in others, perhaps, you have not. It does not appear to

---

* The Rev. James Caldwell, who was killed at Elizabethtown Point, N.J., Nov. 24, 1781. — EDS.

me that improper qualifications are required respecting the Representatives. Had the circumstances of the State permitted, I should have thought it no bad addition that no man should be Governour, Counciller, Senator, or Representative, who had not had a *liberal education*. Is it not a little extraordinary that you should be less *Catholic* than Massachusetts? They require only *Christians* for Governour, &c.; you insist upon *Protestants*. I hardly know what to think about County Conventions. They occasion what may be called a *double sifting* of Representatives; but will be very expensive, especially as they are to be annual, and *may be monthly*, or even more frequent. Who does "their" refer to, p. 56, under the head of "Encouragement of Literature"? — "Honesty and punctuality in *their* dealings." "Legislators and magistrates" appear to me to be the next antecedent. But I must have done, when I have once more assured you that Mrs. B. and family share largely with you the affection and esteem of

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR, — I received your favour of 5th January by last week's post, but was so excessively hurried that I could not answer it. My hurry is not yet over, for new arrangements are necessary, in consequence of a late alteration in our department, and they are not yet finished. It adds to my happiness to be assured that you derive advantage from my correspondence; let me, in return, assure you that I value yours highly for a similar reason. I am unable to tell upon what terms Maryland acceded to the Confederation, but may perhaps be able

to inform you hereafter. People this way seem to have the same opinion with you of what will be the probable consequences of our success in Virginia. You will receive herewith the *Book of Constitutions*, of which I beg your acceptance. I hear the time for considering of yours is prolonged. The alterations proposed by your town appear to be judicious. We are told here that Vermont has proposed reverting to her old limits, provided she may be a State. *Something* is on the anvil, but the members of Congress keep it to themselves. I thank you for the King's order. The *Report* is not *ad rem*. You will remember that I told you above about new arrangements, — the next subject (in course) of your letter may be one; war, or no war; which makes what has happened more disagreeable. However, I do not intend either to be weary or *faint* in well-doing. Thank you and your dearest for your good wishes, but I believe this will be the place of my residence.

Mr. Clarkson's compliments. T' other day I was reading an old book, printed last century; if you think it worth transcribing, you may take a copy, and send mine to Dr. G., but desire Mr. Libbey to *frank* it. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. B. Tell her I hope *all* her good wishes will not be in vain. Adieu.

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Feb. 17, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — It is some time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you; but I find by the last paper that you are not only alive, but *advanced*, on which I congratulate you, as I am sure it will be a benefit to you and your country. I am not sure, however, that I shall not regret it in a selfish view, as, if you thereby gain a *settlement*,

I shall probably be deprived of the pleasure of your visits.*

You mentioned in one of your last letters a plan of the country of New Hampshire, which was printed by order of the commissioners who settled the line in 1737, and you supposed that I received it among the papers you were so good as to get for me from Little Harbour. This is a mistake; I received only four printed briefs. The plan I have long wanted to see; if you have one, I could wish for a sketch of it. I am going on *rapidly* (for me) with my continuation, but the rapidity is scarce perceptible. I hope, however, as soon as the spring comes on, I shall be able to produce another chapter, which will bring me to about the year 1705. After that, I do not foresee any great difficulty that will come in my way till I arrive at the negotiation with Mason in 1747, and then, I believe, I must take for my motto, *Touch and go is a good pilot.*

Enclosed is a parcel of Vermont papers. There is a proclamation out against the revolters,† conceived in Jonah's style, — *Yet forty days*, &c. As soon as I can get a copy of it, I will send you one. Their forty days will be out next week, and then — what? Why, General Sullivan is appointed to go up and reduce them, as he did the Senecas. If any thing more arises, you shall hear of it; and, as I have laid a plan to get printed papers relating to the controversy, I'll send you all I can.

Adieu. Let me hear how much your new post will be to your advantage, for I feel interested in your welfare.

---

* Hazard had been for some time, as the reader of these letters will have noticed, connected with the post-office of the Congress. His letters to Dr. Belknap were usually franked. He now succeeded Richard Bache as Postmaster-General of the Confederation, which office he held till 1789. — Eds.

† Reference is here made to the revolted New Hampshire towns in favor of Vermont. In the second volume of his "History of New Hampshire," Dr. Belknap has given a full account of this unhappy controversy. — Eds.

Mrs. B. salutes and congratulates you with your affectionate friend, JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. Our *Hen* has adjourned her sitting till next June. Be so kind as to enquire of some of your literary friends what is the best complete system of *natural history* now extant, whether it can be had, and at what price.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR, — You formerly asked me upon what terms Maryland acceded to the Confederation. I have been since informed that all they demanded was that Virginia should cede to the United States a part of the enormous territory which she claimed: which was complied with.

Accept the enclosed sermon. I don't know whether you are acquainted with the preacher; but, if you are, I think you must be pleased with him upon many accounts.

As I see no prospect of my paying you a visit, I must request you to send me my Chronology per post, as I have frequent occasion to refer to it. We are told that Commodore Gillon has arrived at the Havan[ah, and] on his passage took four or five Jamaica men. A vessel arrived at Baltimore brings advice that the Spanish fleet had sailed from the Havanah, their destination unknown. Our late papers are not worth sending.

Present my best respects to Mrs. Belknap, and accept fresh assurances of the inviolable attachment of

Your friend,

EBEN. HAZARD

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

[Endorsed] Rec'd April 7, 1782. PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — Your favour of 17th ult. came to hand by last post. I am obliged to you for your congratulations upon my late appointment, and shall be happy if your opinion of the consequences of it should be rightly founded. It will not be in my power to call and see you as often as I could wish, but you may rely upon the warmest friendly attachment. I misinformed you if I told you of a plan of "the country of N. Hampshire." It should have been of *Merrimac River*. However, I send you a copy of it; although it is not done either neatly or with mathematical accuracy, I hope it will answer your purpose. It gives me pleasure to find that you go on *so* rapidly with your continuation. When you come to the negotiation with Mason, let "*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*" be your motto. You will find amongst the records (I think in the hands of Mr. Emery) a number of papers relating to that affair, and I doubt not the proprietors (say Mr. Jaffray) will furnish you with all they can in their own favor. You will thus be possessed of evidence pro and con. *State it impartially, and leave the public to form their own judgment.*

Thank you for the Vermont papers. I wish that affair was well settled. The salary you enquire about is 1250 dollars per annum.

It is confidently reported among us that six hundred volunteers went from Antigua to reinforce the garrison of Brimstone Hill, in St. Christopher's; that they fell into an ambuscade formed by the French; that four hundred and fifty of them were killed; and upon that event the garrison surrendered. This intelligence comes by a vessel which arrived here yesterday from Grenada.

Remember me to Mrs. B. Adieu.

EBEN. HAZARD.

I will enquire about the Natural History.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, March 20, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — Two packets from you, the one enclosing a copy of the Constitutions, and the other Mr. Evans's sermon, I received Saturday last, and am much obliged thereby. I have no personal knowledge of the gentleman, but have heard him well spoken of by those who are acquainted with him. The extract from Josselyn I shall send to Dr. Gordon, when I return his History of New York. I formerly read the book, and extracted the account of the White Hills, which is very loose, though in some respects it bears the marks of having been given by somebody who had seen them, but was disposed to give his relation in the style of romantic adventurers. I do hope to see them myself this fall, if there is no further irruption of the enemy in that quarter, and I shall most sincerely wish for the company of my friend Hazard. I here enclose the Chronology, to which I have added, as you desired, on some of the before blank pages, a minute of the principal events in New Hampshire to the time I have brought my History to. I have just finished the eleventh chapter, which ends with Allen's death, and am preparing to go into Queen Anne's war. I have particularly noted the time of Moody's prosecution and imprisonment, of which you made a query.* You have, I think, misplaced the N. H. petition, to be taken under Massachusetts. It must be March, 1689–90, according to the old way of reckoning, which made the year begin 25th March; and, according to our way, it should be placed in March, 1690, and this you will be fully satisfied of, if you observe that you have placed it *before* the deposing of Andros, who was Governour of N. H., as well

* The celebrated Joshua Moody, minister of Portsmouth and of Boston, is here referred to. — EDS.

as Massachusetts. I have been sometimes blundered by such dates, especially as different dates were used by different persons. For instance, those letters of Governour Shirley, &c., which you procured for me, are all dated in the old way, beginning the year on Lady Day; but the newspapers of that period are dated as we do now, beginning it on 1st January. I intend to enquire of our fishermen and sailors whether they know where the cove is which is said to contain the scarlet muscle. The acorn * oyl I had not before noticed.

Would you choose to have the instructions given by Governour Shirley to Sir William Pepperell, when he was going to Cape Breton in 1745, among your collection? I have the originals now in my hands, with a large correspondence between the said Pepperell and Gov. Shirley, Commodore Warren, the British Ministry, &c. These are the papers I mentioned to you last summer, and wished you to come here to inspect. The instructions are a curiosity. They are just such as you would imagine a lawyer would give to a merchant whom he had placed at the head of a band of farmers and fishermen, and sent to scale the walls of a regular fortress the very night of their arrival on an inhospitable shore, in a stormy season of the year!!!! Had Douglas seen them, he would have been ten times more bitter and sarcastical in his account of that *dangerous experiment.* I have been thinking that the late Penobscot affair † in 1779 would be as complete a contrast to the Louisbourg ‡ expedition as can be.

I have lately had put into my hands a number of letters and papers that passed between the Sons of Liberty in Portsmouth and their brethren in Boston, Providence,

* See Josselyn's "New England's Rarities," p. 47. — Eds.

† See Williamson's "History of Maine," II. 468–478. — Eds.

‡ In spelling this word in these letters, Dr. Belknap usually abbreviates the last syllable. Once, at least, he spells it at length, "Louisbourg," as he does in his History. — Eds.

Connecticut, New York, &c., during the time of the Stamp Act. Some of them are very well wrote, and there is this one thing worthy of notice in them all; viz., the terms of affection and respect in which they speak of the King. Had there been any disaffection to the royal government, or desire to shake off their allegiance and raise a rebellion, as the enemies of America have often said, where would it be more likely to find evidence of it than in the private letters that passed between men who were endeavouring to form an union among the several Colonies to resist the usurped authority of the British Commons? But when in these letters we find the warmest expressions of duty and loyalty to the King, his person, family, and constitutional authority, together with a determined resolution not to submit to the dangerous innovations then making, must not every rational enquirer be led to believe that the public professions of loyalty made at the time were sincere, and that the firmest and most avowed enemies of the unconstitutional claims of the Parliament were far, very far, from desiring to disunite what was then the British empire; and that the blame must be laid elsewhere. The Vermont affair will, I hope, terminate without shedding any thing but ink. I shall enclose you the Proclamation sent by our General Court to them, as soon as I can get a copy of it from Exeter. Do you not find that your work grows on your hands? State papers are multiplied as fast as insects in a summer day. I have heretofore recommended to you to begin your publication before you have completed your collection; and I must now add, as my opinion, that, if you do not, you will never begin at all.

Common Sense, I find, has got to work again. Pray does he hold any office now under the States?

I expect to hear very soon that your present *settled* way of life will not prove such an impediment to a matrimonial connexion as your *quondam* roving one did. The

Metropolitan is published, and I suppose you will soon see the consummatory paragraph in the papers. I thank you for sending the paper containing Mifflin's vindication. Is it not cruel that a man should be drove to the necessity of publicly telling the world of every penny and foot of land that he owns, and how he came by it? Should any thing more of the kind come forth, I should be glad to have it. Pray did Ben Town ever print the remaining part of *Major* Washington's Journal in 1753? The paper containing the first part, Jan. 13, 1781. I have an ardent curiosity to see the whole of it.

On what terms do you suppose the Philadelphia printers would undertake my History, what per sheet or per token, supposing it to contain from four to five hundred pages? Perhaps I may deliver over to you some more of the papers which I have collected for an appendix, as I find it swells continually. I like Bailey's *type* that Evans's sermon was printed with, but should choose better *paper* and a larger *page*, such as the Observations on the Revolution, printed by Styner and Cist in 1779. Or would it (think you) be more for my emolument (supposing peace) to send the copy to London?

I return you also Gove's papers, &c. I have taken what historical hints they contain, and therewith corrected my account of his "rebellion," as it was termed. My opinion of it is that he was drunk or distracted, or both.* From the evidence at his trial (which I have at large) his actions amounted to a riot; but to indict him for treason, and hurry on his trial as they did, with the sentence, imprisonment, confiscation, and transportation that followed, was cruel and scandalous. His pretence for carrying his arms, that he was afraid of the Indians, was a mere sham, for he publicly declared both at Dover and Portsmouth (when asked why he carried arms) that he was

* See Dr. Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," under date of 1682–3, for a full account of the conduct and treatment of unhappy Edward Gove. — Eds.

going to set matters to rights, and would not lay them down till he had done it. I would advise you to suppress his private memorandum and letters, if you publish his petitions. I shall have enough without either for my appendix, but I am much obliged by your communicating them to me, as they have led me to a more precise understanding of the affair than I had before. I know one of his grandsons, who was a very warm brother in the time of the Stamp Act, and has been so ever since, and his courage is inflamed by liquor as well as his wit. I fancy he is a chip of the old block. 'T is not he of whom you had the papers.

But 't is time that I should have done writing, to go to look out a conveyance for this long letter (with its *et ceteras*) to the post-office.

I am, with much esteem and affection, your assured friend and humble servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. desires best regards.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — The post will not go out before the 16th inst., but I begin to write now, lest hurry should then prevent my acknowledging the receipt of your favour of 20th ult., as it did the last post. I should be glad to bear you company to the White Hills; but, from present appearances, am apprehensive I shall never see them. I have entered the lists with Care, and have learned the meaning of Anxiety. The Chronology, Mason's and Gove's papers, came safe to hand. I thank you for your additions to the first of them, and your corrections of my

errors. You know I am fond of curiosities. I will therefore be obliged to you for Shirley's instructions to Pepperell.

You will do no more than justice to your country, by publishing at least extracts from the letters between your Sons of Liberty and those in other places. The British emissaries, even from Queen Anne's time, have diligently propagated an idea that the Colonies were disaffected to the royal government, and thirsted after independence; and I think it a duty incumbent on every American historian to use his endeavours to wipe off so unjust an aspersion. It pleases me to think that the Vermont affair will terminate without the effusion of blood: that matter has given me great uneasiness, as I feared the consequences of it. My work, as you observe, did grow upon my hands; but I have not been able to do any thing at it of late. My new employment has hitherto engaged my whole time. I hope it will not be so always. I believe *Common Sense* has nothing to do with any public office at present. The *settled* way of life makes me think of being more so; and, would time permit, that business should be seriously thought of. Till then, I must be content to pay the tax on single freemen. A *center of affection* does not yet appear.

Mifflin's case was a hard one. There certainly can be no good reason why a man should publish an inventory of his estate to the world. I believe Towne has never published the remainder of Major W.'s Journal. When I see him, I will enquire about it. Robert Aitken has the most taste of a printer of any man in this city; and, were I to have a book printed here, it should be done by him. I have consulted him about your History. He says he thinks the best size would be that of No. 1, with the same type as the printed specimen enclosed. In that case, a page of *print* will be near, if not quite, as much as the print and margin of the specimen. The printing will cost

£5 Pennsylvania currency (£4 lawful) per sheet, besides the paper, which will be, if well made for the purpose, about 25*s*. (20*s*. lawful) per ream. The sheets No. 1 and 2 are sent merely to shew the *size*, not the quality, of the paper. No. 2 costs 18*s*. Pennsylvania per ream, from which you may form a guess of the price of finer of that size. The printing with the same type will be £7 10*s*. Pennsylvania. The type of Mr. Evans's sermon is so large as to look heavy; Aitken's is large enough, and I think very neat. I send you a calculation of what we suppose will be the whole expence, in which I have reckoned only eighteen quires to the ream, because the two outside quires are seldom fit for printing on, being broken, full of holes, or spoiled by the string with which the ream is tied. Aitken *binds* books as neatly as he *prints* them. Should you have the work done here, I would wish you to employ him, as I know him to be an honest, conscientious man. You ask my opinion about sending the work to London, should peace take place. You shall have it. I would not send the MS., because of the risk; but, before I began to print, would write to a bookseller in London, to know whether he would print an edition of it there, in consideration of his being entitled to half the copyright; and at the same time would inform him that, if he would, I would send him a sheet from time to time, as it came from the press here, that he might be printing an edition there while mine was going on here, and would engage that mine should not appear in America before it was probable his would in England. By this means you will secure half the profits of the European sales, and prevent your being *printed upon*, as we booksellers call it.

The whole of the profits of the American edition will be your own, and your London friend should not be allowed to send any of his to America till yours were sold. If you like this plan, and conclude upon it, Dr. Gordon's brother-in-law, Mr. Field, will be a proper person to engage with

In this case, you had best consult the Doctor, who will advise you very candidly, and be able, by his recommendation, to assist you in the business. So much for the book. At the last Commencement here, a brother of my Telemachus delivered an Oration in Praise of *Knowledge*, of which I intend to send you a copy, but have not time now. For present amusement

[Incomplete.]

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, May 10, 1782.

Your last letter, my dear sir, found me in a pretty good mood for copying. To this circumstance, with the additional advantage of two foul days, you are indebted for the large packet which I make up at this time. When you read the first part of Shirley's instructions relating to the surprize of Louisbourg, you will think it had been necessary that General Pepperell should have had as much power over the night as Joshua once had over the day; besides being inspired with as much skill in war as other Generals gain by seven years' experience, and able to communicate the same to his men, and that they must have had the hearts of lions and the eyes of owls to carry that design into execution. In one of P.'s letters to Shirley, dated May 11, he thus accounts for the failure of this part of the plan: "On the 29th ult. we sailed from thence (*i.e.*, Canseau), with hopes of reaching Chapeau-Rouge Bay that night, but the wind failing rendered it impossible, and obliged us to lay aside the thoughts of a surprize. The next morning we were off the mouth of the bay, upon which the enemy made an alarm," &c. I send also the Journal of the Siege, which you got at Little Harbour. I have a printed copy of the same, from which I have transcribed the *attestation* of the officers and the

title, and annexed them to your copy to make it complete. These instructions, with the Journal, I suppose you will make part of your collection. I have accordingly authenticated the copy of the instructions, so far as my name can do it. But, if you choose to have it done by any other person, send it back, and it shall be done. I can also furnish you with the Articles of Capitulation, if you choose to have them. I return a copy of Dudley's Speech, &c., in 1704, which I think I had of you: it is a paper that the Masonians rely much upon. N. B. The aforesaid Journal was sent to the Duke of Newcastle from Louisbourg, when Shirley visited the place, the fall after it was taken. Some accounts had been sent home by Commodore Warren before, and the officers of the navy had attributed the success chiefly to themselves. The Massachusetts General Court thought it necessary to state the whole matter properly, as it was in this Journal.

I venture to you some thoughts on the population of America, of which I desire your *critical* judgment; and, if you think proper to shew them to any of your literary friends for their judgment, I shall be obliged to you for their remarks. Tell me, also, whether it will be proper to prefix them as an introduction to my History, or whether I had better dispose of them any other way, and how, or suppress them entirely. I beg you to be extremely critical upon them, point out any defect, or suggest any amendment, and give me your opinion with that severe impartiality which a regard to truth ought to inspire, even if it came *ab hoste*.

Your very kind attention to my request concerning the price of printing, &c., and advice about sending the copy across the Atlantic, deserve my warmest acknowledgements. I shall make the same enquiries at Boston, and see which place will be most advantageous for me to print in.

I thank you also on behalf of my friend for your kind attention to his particular circumstances. Should he

emigrate, as he really expects, I suppose it will be as Æneas; only, instead of *Dea*, it will be *Deo monstrante viam*. I imagine he would have no objection to any place or business which would give him opportunity to be useful according to his capacity, and provide him with the needful. No more particular answer is it in my power to give at present, until you *further* acquaint me with your proposal, when I will consult him on the subject.

You have much obliged Mrs. B. with a *very correct* copy of some verses which she wrote three or four years ago, descriptive of her own circumstances. She wonders how you came by them, as she did not give the copy to but *one* friend, though I must own it was a *female*. You need not wish for her opinion, when I assure you she says the one half was not told. She might now write *the second part of the same tune*, and entitle it the *Progress of Misery*. It is better, however, to laugh at our misfortunes than to sink under the pressure of them.

I shall be very glad of a copy of the Oration in Praise of Knowledge, which you give me reason to hope for. I beg you to present my compliments to your Telemachus. I really think him an amiable youth. The map of Merrimac River came safe to hand. I thank you for it; it will be of great service to me.

Pray have you got the answer of the Massachusetts Government and Company to the claim of Mason and Gorges, dated Sept. 6, 1676?

I have enquired of several fishermen and sailors for Baker's Cove, where the scarlet muscle is said to be, but cannot learn where it is. I fancy it is somewhere about Saco or Scarboro'.

Before now I suppose you have seen Mr. John E[liot] at Philadelphia, whither he set out the beginning of April. I shall add no more, but that I am

Sincerely and gratefully yours, J. B.

Mrs. B. joins her respects to mine.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR, — As I am not in your debt, you are to consider this letter as a work of supererogation, and give credit for it accordingly. The principal design of it is to enclose you a copy of the "Oration in Praise of Knowledge." When you have read it, I wish you would let Mrs. Bracket and the Metropolitan's lady see it, as I think it may afford them some entertainment, notwithstanding its severity, especially as they are not subjects of the satire. You Dover folks are so "despert" plain that you will not be able to understand it, unless I tell you it is the fashion here for ladies to wear on their heads an enormous *compages* of cushions, rolls, pads, and curls, besides an almost immeasurable quantity of gauze. Besides all this, when they go abroad they put on a *calash*, which may be called a kind of bonnet, composed of silk and whalebone, so large as to cover all the rest, and in capacity about equal to a half-bushel. It is tied round the neck, and so completely envelopes the head that even an anxious bachelor can hardly get a peep at a virgin's face, if she wears a calash. When thrown back, they fall in folds, like the top of a chaise. So much for the head. The breasts are almost as much exposed as the face, or, if any thing is between them and the eye of the spectator, it is only a flimsy gauze, which is hardly an apology for a covering. The ladies' shoe-heels are very high. With this information, you will understand what you read. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the *cane* alludes to a custom which a lately imported lady attempted to introduce, in which she was imitated by one or two, but this does not seem to prevail, so that *salvi sunt, credo, mariti.*

The news you will see by the papers. It is hard to say what will be the consequence of a change in the Ministry,

but I cannot help thinking that peace is upon the anvil. Yesterday, Congress gave a public audience to the French ambassador, who announced to them the birth of a Dauphin, *in form*. The parade was great, and the sight grand and pleasing. At night elegant fireworks were exhibited, when the concourse of people was amazingly great, perhaps superior to any here upon any former similar occasion. I think this portends nothing favourable to Sir Guy Carleton.

I intended sending you the Independent Gazetteer complete, as far as published, but cannot meet with the first number. The revolutionist is said to be a physician; I suppose he expects a present of land in Vermont for his services. He ought to pay his readers for their trouble. I have read but one number and an half, and would as soon take any dose in his shop as read another half!

Mr. Eliot was here some time since, and preached to good acceptance. I believe if all the clergy were single men, more young women would go to Heaven than do now.

[One line wanting.]

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5, 1782.

IT was fortunate for me, my dear sir, that my last found you in so good a mood for copying, and I am much obliged to you for doing so much at that business, but I have not yet had time to read the Instructions. *Your* name is as good as anybody's for the authentication of a paper, and will have sufficient weight. I will be obliged to you for the "Articles of Capitulation." You shall have my sentiments of your thoughts on the population of America as soon as I can get leisure to collect them. They print so badly at Boston that I would not advise

you to have your work done there. Its being badly done will injure the sale of the History, and consequently lessen your profits. As to your friend, what I had thoughts of for him was to keep something like an *academy* in this city, which I afterwards understood from Mr. Eliot was what was proposed at Boston. I think such a thing would do here, but whether better than at Boston I cannot judge. I will take the opinion of some friends upon my proposal, and let you hear farther hereafter. Why, did Mrs. B. write those verses? It is curious enough that they should be sent from hence for her opinion. I did not think enough was said about the *children*, of which you know country clergymen generally have their share, but now I can account for that circumstance. "Three or four years" make a material difference. You rightly observe that "it is better to laugh at our misfortunes than to sink under the pressure of them." However, after all, our share must be very great indeed, if we cannot find many persons who have a much greater, and by comparing our situation with theirs we shall find reason for gratitude.

The Oration in Praise of Knowledge was sent you a post or two ago. I have the Massachusetts Declaration of their right to land claimed by Mason and Gorges, dated September 6th, 1676.

Why did you not inform me that the Metropolitan* was married? I have had a most rapturous letter from him upon the subject, which, were I as intimate with him as with you, would probably produce some laughable speculations.

Remember me to Mrs. B. Adieu. E. H.

---

* The person thus designated in these letters was the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, then minister of the North Church in Portsmouth, N.H. The reference in the text is to his first marriage, March 24, 1782, to an only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stevens, of Kittery, Me. — Eds.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, June 19, 1782.

Dear Sir,—I got Mr. Hastings to open the Portsmouth mail yesterday, and by that means am possessed of yours of 5th inst. My friend ——'s interest so much employs my attention that I must first enter upon his affairs before I say any thing relating to other matters. He is at present in a state of suspense, having some *faint* expectation of things being settled upon the old foundation, and yet nothing that he can depend upon. The prospect which Mr. E. told you of is rather dubious, as every thing seems to have been relating to these matters. I am very much obliged to you for your very kind attention, and beg you to continue it, and write particularly and largely on the subject, but let the proposal *at present* be only hypothetical, that, in case of an accommodation on the old ground, there may be a decent and safe retreat, and yet a door opened in case of necessity. I know you have discretion and kindness enough to conduct such a matter, and I will give you all necessary and seasonable information.

Yes, she did write those lines, and I have now found out the channel in which they came to you. There might be much addition with great truth and justice, but matters are now so serious that there is no disposition to merriment, besides I find that her health is impaired, and I tremble for the consequence. [But I beg] you not to say a word in answer to this latter circumstance. The reason I did not make particular mention of the Metropolitan's marriage was that I apprehended Mr. Fowle had informed you of it in his paper. It happened some time in March. They are now at housekeeping, and very happy. I have not yet had an opportunity of laying the Oration on Knowledge before the ladies. (By the way, did you not

write it yourself?) It contains very just and seasonable satire, and I dare say they will be diverted with it.

You shall have the Louisbourg capitulation when I get home. I thank you for your advice about printing. There is a printer at Salem who shines in correctness, and I dare say, if he has good paper, will do very well. I have applied to him to know his terms, and expect an answer soon. I acknowledge the superiority of Philadelphia printing. When the work is ripe, I shall form my judgment of the best way of executing, and shall pay a particular deference to your advice. I have been this morning transcribing from the old records in the Senate Chamber concerning the "North Patent Line." You may have heard of a riot in the County of Hampshire, and the imprisonment of the ringleader, one Samuel Ely?* He has since been rescued from Northampton gaol. In consequence of which the General Court here did the day before yesterday suspend the *habeas corpus* for six months within that County, and order out the *posse comitatus* to bring the rioters to Boston. These convulsions do not augur well to a newly and hardly established republican government.

You must excuse my not being more large. I am here much hurried, and am obliged to return this week. But, whether here or elsewhere, or in whatever circumstances, I shall ever be your very much obliged and sincerely grateful friend and servant, J. B.

To Ebenezer Hazard, Esq.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

June 27, 1782.

Dear Sir, — Inclosed you have a copy of the Ratification of the Articles of Capitulation at Louisbourg in

---

* See Minot's "Insurrection in Massachusetts," second edition, p. 25. — Eds.

1745. I think you have now, in the *plan, execution,* and these *articles,* a pretty good account of that remarkable affair. There is, among the papers which I have, a complaint made by the French ambassador or somebody else (for I have it not now under my eye) of the breach of some of these articles, but I know not whether you will think it material to your purpose. When I was at Boston I borrowed 4 Abstracts of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, from 1776 to 1779, in which I find many complaints of persecutions and cruelties exercised by the rebels on the Church of England clergy, which I think, *if true,* are a great disgrace to this country, and, if *not* (for those abstracts were not usually the asylum of truth), deserve to be contradicted and the matters set in a true light. The scene of them all is so remote from my knowledge, that I am unable to form any proper judgment. One circumstance you may possibly recollect something of, as it happened in New York, while General Washington commanded there, before the arrival of Lord Howe in 1776. 'Tis part of a long account from Mr. Inglis: "On a Sunday while he was officiating, a company of about 150 rebels marched into the church with drums beating and fifes playing, their guns loaded, and bayonets fixed as if going to battle. The congregation was thrown into the utmost terror, and several women fainted, expecting a massacre was intended. Mr. Inglis took no notice of them, and went on with the service, exerting his voice, which was in some measure drowned by the noise and tumult. The rebels stood in the aisle for near fifteen minutes, when being asked into pews by the sexton they complied. Still, however, the people expected that when the collects for the King and royal family were read, he would be *fired at,* as menaces to that purpose had been frequently flung out. The matter, however, passed over without any *accident.* He was afterwards assured *something hostile and violent* was intended; but He that

'stills the raging of the sea and the madness of the people' overruled their purpose, whatever it was." Abstract for 1777, p. 63.

It is added to the long account of which this is a specimen, "Were every instance faithfully collected, it is probable that the sufferings of the American clergy might appear in many respects not inferior to those of the same order in the great Rebellion of the last century, and such a work would be no *bad* supplement to Walker's 'Sufferings of the Clergy.'"

My friend ——'s situation is still that of uncertainty and perplexity, arising from a division among the persons with whom he is connected, and their disposition to evade and delay rather than to do business in a proper manner. When any thing appears that looks like *decision*, you shall know it. I have given the extracts from Joselyn to Dr. G. Adieu, and believe me yours affectionately and sincerely.

Respects from all my family connexions.

To Ebenezer Hazard, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, July 1, 1782.

My dear Sir, — Since my last, I have attempted to consider your "Thoughts on the Original Population of America," but have not had time to make up my mind fully upon the subject. However, as far as I can yet determine, I think I would not venture to publish them, unless as a fugitive piece in a newspaper without any name annexed to them. A sensible, judicious friend, to whom I communicated your thoughts, observed that he thought you were mistaken in your sentiments about "*the whole world*," and gave the expression too extensive a signification; for it was evidently used in a more limited sense, in

some parts of Scripture, as in Luke ii. 1, a decree "that *all the world* should be taxed," meaning the *Roman Empire*. Romans i. 8: "Your faith is spoken of throughout the *whole world*," &c. He added that it did not appear that the Apostles themselves understood their commission to be more extensive; for at first they preached only in *Judea*. Being *persecuted* there, they went to other nations, but preached only to Jews and proselytes; and it was not till about twelve years after Christ's ascension that their commission was further opened to them by the Centurion's sending for Peter, and the *Vision of the sheet*. From reading the story, you will find that Peter thought it unlawful for him to go to preach to Cornelius, who was not a Jew. For these reasons he thinks your argument from the Apostle's commission inconclusive. To which I add that the Apostles were not sufficiently numerous to execute a commission as extensive, as upon your hypothesis, theirs must be thought to have been. How could twelve men preach to *the whole world,— to every creature under heaven?* Had their lives been as long as Methuselah's, they would have been too short for such a business. If you consider the commission as not confined to the first twelve, but including all Gospel ministers to the end of time, no argument in favour of the antiquity of America can be drawn from this source. My friend observed that reasoning from the reigns of kings, &c., was inconclusive, for a nation *might* exist long before it had a king (which was the case with the Jews, who were near 900 years before they had a king), and consequently may be much older than the reigns of its kings would make it appear to be.

But it is time I should proceed to answer yours of 19th ult., which came to hand this morning. What I proposed with respect to your friend was, that he should keep a kind of academy in this city, in which the English, French, Latin, and Greek languages might be taught, together with Writing, Arithmetic, the most useful

branches of the Mathematics, Geography, Bookkeeping, &c. A plan of this kind you see might be enlarged almost *ad infinitum*. The principal difficulty would be to procure good assistants. I think such a thing would answer, but yet I may be mistaken, and therefore would be cautious about *urging* a removal, the expence of which would be great; and, should the success not be equal to your friend's expectation, my feelings would be more hurt than I can well express.

I am glad the Metropolitan lives so comfortably. His letter to me informing of his marriage was very rapturous indeed. It might easily be known to have come from the pen of a *young husband*.

Yes, I *wrote* the oration, but the orator did both himself and it great justice in the delivery, and kept the audience in good humour all the time he was speaking, though some of them growled confoundedly about it when they got out of the hall.

I have lately met with Goldsmith's (the author of the Deserted Village) "History of the Earth and Animated Nature." It contains a general system of Natural History in eight or nine volumes 8vo. I am reading the second, and have met with many things which are new to me delivered in a pleasing stile. If you can meet with the book, you will have great satisfaction in reading it, though I do not apprehend it to be such a natural history as you want. I suppose you would wish for something to direct *your* enquiries, rather than an account of what others have observed. I think there is something in Sir Robert Boyle's works, which would answer your purpose. I send you some newspapers, and am, with my best respects to Mrs. B., your friend and very humble servant,

Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

July 26, 1782.

I THANK you, my dear sir, for your very friendly remarks on my conjectures concerning the population of America. They are such as I wished them to be, free and critical. I also thank your "sensible and judicious friend," whoever he is, for his opinion. In the same strain of freedom, and with the same regard to what appears to me to be the truth, I will communicate to you such thoughts as arose in my mind on the perusal and consideration of what you wrote. I acknowledge that the phrase "*all the world*," or "*the whole world*," is sometimes used in Scripture in a popular sense, *i.e.* in conformity to the custom of the Romans, who vainly supposed their empire to extend over the whole world. When it is said that "all the world" were to be taxed by a decree of Augustus, it is very natural to understand (without any criticism on οἰκουμένη) all the subjects of his empire, and it is probable that the evangelist here quotes the very words of the decree.* When Paul tells the Romans that their "faith was spoken of throughout the whole world," it is natural to understand him as making use of the same popular style. But, my dear sir, when the Lord of heaven and earth, when He who made and governs the whole world in the most extensive sense, who gave his life a ransom for *all*, who hath reconciled all things to God by the blood of his Cross after rising from the dead, in proof of his being the Saviour of the world, in proof of his appointment to "judge the world;" when He, I say, just before his ascension, gives commission to his apostles and 70 disciples (for they were all assembled at this time) to go and *disciple all nations*, to *go into all the world*,

* I think Dr. Lardner makes this remark. — *Belknap's Note.*

and preach the Gospel *to every creature*, in order to accomplish the great design of his death and resurrection, are we to suppose him speaking in the style of Augustus Cæsar? Are we to imagine his orders were to propagate his Gospel over the Roman Empire, or over any other particular portion of the world? Is it not more agreeable to the reason of things to understand this commission in the most general sense which the words will bear? In what other words could it have been uttered to make the or in which the execution of the commission itself was practicable.* It is very true that the propagation of the Gospel was intended to be *gradual*, to begin at Jerusalem, and that salvation was first to be offered to the Jews; but it is as true that the *nations* were to be called in, and that the *ends of the earth* were to hear the sound of salvation. The Apostles were Jews, they had prejudices to overcome, and they could not at once be satisfied that *the nations* were to have the Gospel preached to them. But they were *gradually* led to understand the extent of their commission. Peter needed "the vision of the sheet" to remove his scruples, but when they were removed he freely obeyed the call to preach to the Gentiles; and when the Church of Jerusalem heard his report, and found that Gentiles as well as Jews were entitled to the benefits of redemption, they glorified God and acquiesced in His will (Acts xi. 18). There is good evidence that Paul travelled over and carried the Gospel to the western nations of Europe, as far as Britain. Clement is quoted for this. Some of the other Apostles went eastward as far as India and the Isle of Taprobane, which is supposed to be Sumatra or Ceylon. Christians of St. Thomas, you know, were found by the Portuguese when they sailed to the East Indies; and, if we may believe the authors of the Universal History, there are traces of the Gospel having been once known in

* If this sentence is correctly made out, it is imperfectly constructed. — Eds.

China. The ecclesiastical historians speak of a division of the whole world, made among the Apostles, either by lot or agreement, and that each took his province. (Eusebius is quoted for this.) They also speak in very emphatic language of the very extensive propagation of the Gospel by the apostles, evangelists, and other ministers who are named, and, if we are to judge of the travels and labours of the whole number by what we have credibly related of some of the most eminent, we may, I think, fairly conclude that whatever their prejudices and misapprehension might be at first, yet they did, in a course of time, and by the further instruction of the Holy Ghost, understand and obey their commission in the most extensive sense; that the Gospel was published in all countries of the world, so universally that there could be no hyperbole in saying "their sound went into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world," *i. e.* the world then known to be inhabited.*

On these considerations, I think I am not unreasonable in adhering to the sense in which I understand the commission given by Christ to his primitive ministers, even though it be allowed that the phrase *all* or the *whole world* be sometimes used in a limited sense. It is certain that is also used in a truly universal sense; and it is a rule that the circumstances and connection must determine in which sense we are to understand them. When Augustus Cæsar decrees, that "all the world" shall be taxed, we must understand all the subjects of his empire. But when Jesus Christ commands "all the world" to be discipled, we must understand every nation under heaven. For this purpose were the Apostles endowed with the gift of tongues, and the power of miracles; and by these means a very speedy passage was made for the Gospel, a wide and effectual door was opened, and the Word of God mightily

* See Millar's "Propagation of Christianity," Vol. I. — *Belknap's Note.*

grew and prevailed. Here, then, my query may properly be introduced. If to serve the wisest and most benevolent purpose, *these men* and *these means* were employed at *that time* in propagating the Gospel over the whole world, why was it not brought to America? The easiest answer to which is that America was not then inhabited.

The other exception mentioned by your friend is that "my reasoning from the reigns of kings is inconclusive, because a nation might exist long before it had a king, as was the case with the Jews." Here I must beg leave to observe that my reasoning from the reigns of kings was intended to find out by analogy the antiquity of Manco Capac's appearance and the reduction of the Peruvians to a regular government, and I cannot at present think of a more probable way to do it. They certainly were *a people*, but not civilized or regularly governed before. This, you know, I not only allowed, but by comparing them with the Egyptians and Assyrians endeavoured to assign the particular period (three or four centuries) of time between their arrival in America and the revolution effected by Manco. This I own is a part of my argument, which most needs strengthening; and, had I opportunity to consult some authors of antiquity, I would endeavour to satisfy myself more fully on this point. However, I do not think the case of the Israelites at all similar, because they were not in a savage state, nor without an established regular government, before the dates of their kings' reigns.

I wish you would take time to consider the whole, and "make up your mind fully on the matter." I do not wish to defend what I have wrote merely because it is the spawn of *my own brain;* but I wish to satisfy myself about it, and if I find upon the whole that it is indefensible, or that any other way of solving the difficulty is preferable, I shall not scruple to give up the point. I am not anxious about its being published at all, but if you

think that its publication in one of your papers, as a *fugitive anonymous* piece, will be a better way to collect the opinions of literary people upon it than shewing it privately, I shall have no objection. Only in that case I could wish that you would be at the trouble to send me five or six copies of it, *cut out of the newspaper*, and that I may have an account of whatever remarks you may meet with, either publicly or privately, on the subject.

Apropos. Second thoughts, they say, are the best, and on second thoughts I will copy it over again, with some correction and enlargement (when I get time), and send it to Powar's press at Boston, and will take care that a copy of it shall be sent to you from thence with a view as above. So let the matter rest for the present, unless you think or hear of any thing more about it, which please to communicate, as in your last.

P. S. I wish you would put me down as a subscriber for MacFingal.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, July 26, 1782.

Dear Sir,—I observe in your papers an advertisement by one Simitier. Are you acquainted with him? Is he a man of genius and real solid knowledge in Natural History? If so, I beg you will ask him a question in my behalf. There is a bird found on some of the mountains in New Hampshire, called the *Cross*-bill. I understand one of them has been lately sent to him by a gentleman in these parts. I have also seen one in preservation. I want to know whether it is a bird peculiar to America, and to this part of America, or whether it is found elsewhere and where? I wish you would enquire for an English translation of Buffon's Natural History, and at what price it may be had. I should be pleased with the work of Goldsmith, which you mention, because I am

pleased with all his works. But on *this* subject I suspect he is only a second-hand writer. I want a *guide*, a systematical guide, such an one as Linnæus, and I understand Buffon has adopted his system. Excuse my giving you so much trouble. I know, however, that you will, when you consider how far removed I am here from the means of knowledge. As to my friend ——, his situation at present is painful, but he follows the advice of the most judicious persons best acquainted with local circumstances, which, in short, is to "wait with patience till deliverance shall come." He would have had a more early decision, but a due regard to the opinions of men, and *good* men, prevents.

I'll tell you one piece of news, though it be not agreeable. I saw a Vermont man last week, who told me that a trade was opened by the way of Lake Champlain between their country and Canada. That they were offered at Crown Point a bushel of salt for 15 lbs. beef, a gallon of West India rum for 12 lbs., and of Canada ditto for 6 lbs. He added that the whole country thereabouts, and even on this side Connecticut River, would go there next winter to market, the trade being much more advantageous than that to the south or eastward, for they were obliged to give from three to six bushels of wheat for one bushel of salt carried up from these parts. It seems to me that the new ministry have adopted a plan which will drain us of our money and cut off our supplies, ruin our trade and set us a quarrelling among ourselves. Our financier complains aloud, and I am afraid our army will complain louder. Is there any hope of peace from abroad?

We have here a three weeks' drought. Our wheat is mildewed, and mowed for fodder. The spring was so wet that they could not burn in the woods, so no corn is planted on the new lands. Indian corn is here eight and nine shillings per bushel, and very scarce for that. Two

small vessels from Connecticut arrived at Portsmouth this week, and were cleared between 11 o'clock and night of 500 bushels, which they sold at 7 shillings. The people thronged on board so as to endanger the sinking of the vessels.

Mrs. B. desires her regards, and I am, dear sir, your obliged friend and servant, J. B.

July 27. This day a very fine rain.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, August 7, 1782.

I BELIEVE really, my dear sir, that in the hurry of business I have omitted answering your favour of June 27th. It was long on the road, but came safely to hand at last. The Articles of Capitulation were enclosed. No doubt the Propagating Society's Abstracts, which have been published since the war began, contain many curious accounts sent over by the pious missionaries, but I have not had the pleasure of seeing any of them. I remember having heard Mr. Inglis's mentioned soon after it was printed. It was then considered as a *lie* told for the good of the Church. When our army lay at New York, it was usual for such parts of it as were not engaged in necessary military duty to go to some place of public worship on the Sabbath; and, as the enemy were at the Hook, they took their guns with them, and their bayonets were fixed. This, I suppose, was considered as a necessary precaution to prevent a surprise. They marched in regular order and had their military music with them. Some went to one church, and some to another, just as their inclinations or those of their officers led them. This information will enable you to understand Mr. Inglis's story. It is very probable that "150 rebels marched" *to* "church with

drums beating and fifes playing," &c., but not "*into*" it, because the music always ceased when the troops came to the church door; and I recollect perfectly that my minister, finding the congregation were disturbed by the music's continuing so long, mentioned it to the commanding officer, and after that it was stopped at some distance from the church, so as to be no way inconvenient. At the time Mr. Inglis refers to, the sight of so many troops coming armed to church might have been a novelty and frightened some of the "women." This is very probable, and the noise of so many feet moving at once may have increased their terrors; but it does not appear, even from his own story, that any mischief was really intended. "The rebels stood in the aile near fifteen minutes." From the tenour of his tale, one would suppose he thought it was that they might be ready to "fire at him, when the collects for the king and royal family were read." But it was evidently because they had no seats, for "being asked into pews by the sexton they complied," "and the matter passed over without any accident." In short, I believe the truth of the matter to have been nothing more than that a number of our soldiers went to church to hear a sermon, behaved themselves very decently there, and after service very peaceably retired; but that Mr. Inglis thought he should recommend himself to his employers, by exhibiting an instance of fortitude and perseverance in the midst of surrounding dangers, and therefore made the dreadful tale. The story as he tells it might very sensibly affect the Society, who doubtless considered him as a person of integrity, and from their distance must necessarily be ignorant of circumstances; but Americans must see improbability in *prima facie*, more especially when it is recollected that General Washington, who had the supreme command of the troops, and was then upon the spot, is a member of the Church of England, and most certainly

would not suffer such an indignity to be offered to her, while others were encouraged by him. Mr. Inglis was a very zealous advocate for an American Episcopate, and afterwards as staunch a Tory as any in America. He is now rector of the churches in city of New York. It is said he superintends one of the presses, and his estate has been confiscated by the laws of the State. From all this you will be able to judge what degree of credit is due to his representations.*

I send you some newspapers. In addition to what you will find in them, we generally suppose not only Savannah, but Charlestown also, to be evacuated.

Respects to Mrs. B. Adieu.

EBEN. HAZARD.

The Metropolitan's raptures still continue. I expect he will claim the flitch of bacon, if the war should end soon enough.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, August 28, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — I believe a fortnight has elapsed since I received your favour of 26th ult., and I have not had time to answer it. My situation in this respect is still the same, and this hasty line is sent merely to let you see I have not forgot you, and to enclose you some newspapers and Mr. Paine's late publication.† You are the only subscriber for McFingal that I have heard of; and as it is to be printed at Hartford, in Connecticut, I appre-

* For further information respecting the Rev. Charles Inglis, D.D., the clergyman here spoken of, see Sabine's "Loyalists," second edition, I. 563. — EDS.

† Numbers XI., XII., and XIII. of Paine's "Crisis" had been published in March and May of this year. — EDS.

hend you will be able to get it from thence much more easily than from this place.*

With best respects to Mrs. Belknap, I am, dear sir,

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Sept. 2, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter concerning Inglis's persecution by the rebels in 1776 came to my hands as I was going to our Metropolis, and the first chance I had to read it was in the ferry boat. The Metropolitan's raptures had so taken hold of my imagination that I could not help complimenting him upon the subject, withal adding that he had reason to be in raptures. I hope I have not transgressed the bounds of friendship in so doing. They seem at present to be very well pleased with each other. . . .

Inglis's affair turns out much as I suspected. There are many other similar colourings in those Abstracts, which no doubt served to excite the pity of the good ladies, and others who annually contribute to the Society.

Our friend Dr. Gordon, I see, has advertized his library for sale. Is he going to *England* again? — I should have said, *GREET Brittain?* — and will he carry off all the papers he has collected towards an History of the Revolution? †

You have a writer in one of your papers (I think the

---

* John Trumbull's "M'Fingal." The first and second cantos of it were published as *one*, in a thin pamphlet of forty pages, by William and Thomas Bradford, of Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1775. Before the close of 1782, the whole work was printed and published by Hudson & Goodwin, at Hartford. — EDS.

† The Rev. William Gordon, D.D., so often mentioned in this correspondence, was born in Hitchin, Eng. He came to America in 1770, and in 1772 was settled over the church in Roxbury. He returned to England in 1786, and in 1788 published in London his "History of the . . . Independence of the United States of America," &c. — EDS.

Journal) who signs Leonidas. There are some things worthy of notice in his publications respecting a navy; and I am pleased to find that, in the estimates made by Congress for the next year, provision is made for the building one.

We have four of the French fleet in our harbour.* One of them, viz., the Bourgogne, was sadly mauled in the action with Rodney. They are new masting her. This is a most excellent harbour for such business, as masts are the natural produce of the country, and there happens to be a good number ready got into the river. Our 74 goes on vigourously. They talk of launching her this fall; but, if the French should purchase her, as 't is said they will, in lieu of the Magnifique, which they have lost in Boston harbour, the Chevalier Jones's nose will be out of joint.

What think you of peace, shall we have it or not? Are not seven years a sufficient space of time to make experiments in? Cannot a nation tell within that time whether they are likely to win or lose?

You see I am in a talking mood, and you 'll indulge me in asking a few more questions. Suppose we should have peace and independence, how are we to trade to the East Indies? Are we to purchase East India commodities in Europe, or erect factories for ourselves in India? I have wondered (and ignorant folks, you know, are very apt to wonder) why we could not get East India goods across the Pacific by the way of Acapulco, and purchase them at La Vera Cruz? It would be no more than a common West India voyage to go there, and our flour and fish would come to [a good] market among the Mexican Spaniards.

September 3.

As to my friend whom I have so often mentioned to you, he is at length settled down on his old foundation.

* By "our harbour," Dr. B. means Portsmouth harbor. — Eds.

His old arrears, by reason of depreciation, £112, are made up; and he has an addition to his income of £12 per *annum*. I could give you a long history of the difficulties he has passed through and overcome, to get the affair settled; but it would be an unentertaining narrative. He is exceedingly obliged to his friends in many places for the kind notice they have taken of him during the struggle.

I enclose you a pamphlet, which is intended to set in a fair light a sentiment which has of late been much abused. The book has the fate of being condemned in the most pointed terms by M——y's * adherents. I think it is worthy of attention, and will serve to explain many texts, which on any other plan seem to have either a very low meaning or none at all. There is a *catechism* lately printed at Portsmouth, which contains M——y's scheme *in semine*. If I can get one of them, I will send it to you. Is it probable you shall ever journey this way again?

I am your obliged friend and servant,

J. B.

To Ebenezer Hazard, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3, 1782.

Dear Sir, — Last post carried you an hasty line, which I think referred you to the present for a more particular reply to your favour of 26th July. I am acquainted with *Simitiere*.† He appears to me to be possessed of no extra-

---

* The Rev. John Murray, an Englishman, the founder of Universalism in America, is here referred to. He came to this country in 1776, and preached in Boston, Portsmouth, and in Gloucester (where he established a society), and in other places in New England. In 1793, he was installed over a society in Boston, where he passed the remainder of his life. He died in 1815. — Eds.

† Pierre Eugène du Simitière, a painter, was a native of Geneva. He resided for many years in Philadelphia, in the practice of his profession. He painted miniatures in water colors, which were afterwards engraved in Paris. He was a great collector of antiquities. He died in 1788, in Philadelphia. — Eds.

ordinary genius, but is a mere *collector* of curiosities. For this reason I have not applied to him about the cross-bill; but, from the information I have received from others, it is neither peculiar to New Hampshire nor America, but is found in Europe. I have been told there is a cut of it either in the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in 8vo, or in Chambers; but I have had no opportunity of examining either. I have never heard of a translation of Buffon. Goldsmith, if you can get him, will be your man. He is a passionate admirer of Buffon, but has, at the same time, impartiality enough not to conceal his errors. As I formerly told you, I had not dipped deep enough into Goldsmith to form a proper judgment of him. Since that time I have gone farther, and find him more systematical than I expected, and at the same time not so *particular* as to load the memory of the reader with minute subdivisions. In short, he seems calculated to give a man who is not professedly devoted to the study of Natural History a general, entertaining, and useful view of it.

I am sorry to find that your friend's situation is still disagreeable. He acts prudently in taking the advice of friends acquainted with local circumstances. "Festina lente" was a favourite maxim with the great Lord Coke, and perhaps it is the best advice which can be given in the present case. Public affairs must always have a great influence on the situation of individuals, and they are in such a state at present as cannot continue long, but must very soon receive important alterations. General orders have been issued for the evacuation of Charlestown in South Carolina, and I have not the least doubt that event has taken place before now. There is the greatest reason to expect the evacuation of New York, and, I think, peace in the course of the winter. These events will probably either render your friend's situation more comfortable where he is, or open a door for his removal upon advantageous terms. I would

therefore advise him not to give up his present certainty, though uncomfortable, for an uncertainty which *may* be more so.

We have had a very uncommonly dry season here too; the prospect of a second crop of hay is entirely blasted, and the Indian corn has suffered much. This has been only in some parts of the State, in others there have been plentiful rains.

I have read over your Thoughts on the Original Population of America with attention, and I confess they strike me more forceably than they did at first; nevertheless, I think some difficulty may arise from the *Gospel never having been preached* (so far as we know) in Norway, Sweden, and the northern parts of Russia, &c. If this is admitted as an argument in favour of the *youth* of America, may it not be inferred, by a parity of reason, that the peopling of those parts is of an equally recent date?

When I meet with your "Thoughts" in Powars's paper, I will get them republished here, and in the mean time will shew those I have to friends; and, if I collect any new sentiments, they shall be transmitted to you.

[Written outside.]

Since sealing this, have recollected that it is unfinished.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Sept. 10, 1782.

Dear Sir, — This is intended chiefly to cover an answer to Mr. Aitken's printed letter, which I beg you to seal and deliver. I am afraid he is too good a man to get money by printing. This Pennsylvania Magazine was certainly an excellent work, and I wish it might be re-

vived and continued. I know not what success his present attempt may meet with at the southward, but am afraid it will not meet with much here. Had it been set on foot sooner, perhaps it might have done better. But Bibles are now a drug in the shops at Portsmouth.

We are here exercised with a very long and severe drought. The pastures are so dried up that many people *now* feed their cattle with hay. The English grain was all blasted within twenty miles of the sea. The Indian crop is much pinched. I sent you last week two pamphlets, one by a disciple of M——y, the other by I know not who, but on a much more rational, though not less benevolent plan. I apprehend this latter is designed to open the way for a larger work, by some hints which have been given me.

Mrs. B. is very poorly, and has been all summer at times. She desires her love, and I am, dear sir, with much affection and respect, your obliged friend and servant, J. Belknap.

P. S. If you can conveniently, I wish you would send me a few more of the glass bubbles inclosing a drop of water, which you once sent me; and two or three of the lachrymæ, if they can be had at your glass houses.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Sept. 23, 1782.

Dear Sir, — Two packets from you containing papers and Mr. Paine's pamphlet came to hand Saturday last. I much thank you, especially for the latter, in which he has, I think, done himself and his country honour, though he certainly has not told the *whole* truth about the paper money. Pray, are you acquainted with this gentleman? Is he accessible and free in private acquaint-

ance? The reason I ask these questions is because from what he has said in a note of his Preface on the subject of literary property, in which I feel myself somewhat interested, I have had some thoughts of writing to him; but if you are acquainted with him, as you are in the same box, I should rather communicate with him by your means, and, if any good plan could be proposed, I should readily join in it for the benefit of the fraternity of writers, that the printers and booksellers may not have the whole profit, as they have hitherto done, of literary labour.

I thank you for your hint about the population of Norway and Sweden. I wish to have as many objections and difficulties as possible proposed, that I may see whether my subject is insuperably embarrassed before I venture it forth. I have not yet examined any author relating to the antiquity of those northern regions, but I have two answers in my mind to what you object, and you may judge whether they have any force. On supposition the Apostles did not actually go so far north, one reason might be that they preached in the countries adjoining, from whence others might, in proper time, be sent to evangelize them; another, they might foresee by the spirit of prophecy that the inhabitants of those regions would in a few years emigrate, and by coming into the country where Christianity had been preached would learn it, and profess it; for this was the fact when the Goths and Vandals invaded the Roman Empire. These are only sudden thoughts. I will endeavour to consider the matter more closely when I have an opportunity. I have not yet got my thoughts prepared for the fugitive publication I talked of. When I am ready, I will take care that you shall be apprized of it. In the mean time, I beg for a very free communication of whatever may arise in your mind on the subject, either by way of confirmation or objection.

I wish most ardently for Goldsmith's book, which you seem so fond of, but know of no way in which I can come at it, unless you can lend me a volume at a time, and send it by the post; but this is too hazardous when the mails are so often robbed, and therefore I do not request it. I see in one of your papers an advertisement by John Sparhawk, who has Cook's Voyage ending in 1775, which, I suppose, was his second voyage. This work I have not seen. Will you be so kind as to enquire the price of it, and let me know of what size it is, and in how many volumes, that I may judge whether it will be proper to purchase it for our library. Are any of the New York edition of Cook's first voyage to be had at Philadelphia? and at what price?

I shall give you some account of the little world in which I move. I have been lately about thirty miles into the country, and in the course of my ramble visited a place called the Flume in Salmon Fall River, which has been described in something of a romantic style in a letter wrote by a certain late Major General to Monsieur Secretary of the embassy (I believe I shewed you my copy of it when I saw you at the Plain). From my own observation I will describe the place to you.

It is about 17 miles from hence. The river for some considerable length, perhaps near a mile, is confined between two rocky banks about twenty or twenty-five feet high, the breadth of the top of the precipice may be three or four rods. On the N. Hampshire side, the bank is, in many places, nearly perpendicular, and in some projects over the stream; the other is more sloping. Both are accessible in certain places. The water was very low, owing to long and severe drought, yet the descent was so great and the stream so rapid that it was with difficulty my companions and I could hear each other speak except when we were close together. The rocks in the bed of the river were dry, excepting in the hollows where the

water had its course. The narrowest part of the channel was about 4 rods in length, its upper aperture $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and its lower 5 feet wide; but, so far from being "as regular as if cut by an instrument," it is very irregular both at the sides and bottom, and bears no other resemblance to the flume of a mill than that the water is confined to a narrow space, and runs with great rapidity. In one part of this space, the current was so narrow and shoal that a man might easily stop it with his hand, but by feeling with a stick I plainly discovered a passage under the rock, through which the greater part of the *then* stream ran unseen. The most curious thing that attracted my attention is not described at all in the General's letter. I mean the excavations made in divers parts of the rock, by the force of the water whirling small stones and wearing deep holes, some in the form of a cylinder, others of a globe. I measured five of these cavities, and their dimensions are as follow: —

DIAMETERS.		DEPTH.	
Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
7			
3		3	
1	3	4	
1		3	
	4	1	4

The largest of them is considerably above where the water flows *now*, even in a freshet. It was so filled with heavy stones, gravel, and dirt, that we could not clear it; otherwise, I doubt not we should have found its depth equal at least to its diameter. In one of them we found a large turtle and two frogs. The others had nothing in them but gravel and stones, with a little water, it having rained the morning of that day. These cavities the country people call *mortars:* the name may suit some of them which are cylindric, but there is one of them that resembles a *pot*, being of a globular form. You remember the

account Dr. Mather gave of some such holes at Amoskeag to the Royal Society. Abstracting every thing of the marvellous, they are a real curiosity, and put me in mind of the mortars which are bored in the rock at the Island of Malta, from which it is said they can fire a whole shower of shot and shells on shipping that attempt to approach them. In another part of my journey, I ascended with difficulty a very high mountain called *The Moose;* but the growth was so tall and thick on the top that my fatigue in climbing was not repaid by any pleasure in the prospect as I expected. There was a pond on the top of the mountain of about a quarter of an acre with water. In another place near it I found a swampy cavity with flags and rushes, but the water was dried. The ascent and descent of this mountain cost me four hours' hard labour, and you may guess I slept that night without waking.

We have here a most extraordinary dry season. Two or three small showers are all the rain we have had since July. The pastures are dry as in December. The woods and swamps are on fire in many places, and have been for a month. Yesterday morning the smoke was as thick as the thickest fog I ever saw; and there is more or less of the cloud of smoke, sometimes overhead and sometimes near the earth, every day. The air is sometimes almost suffocating. I heard one thing yesterday that is remarkable. In a swamp that is on fire at Barrington, there is a small hillock which the fire surrounded, and on it was a collection of toads, frogs, and snakes, who had taken refuge there, and were all croaking and hissing at once in the utmost distress.

But I believe it is time that I should put a period to this history of my little sphere, which I dare say you will think about equal to Swift's news from the hen-roost, &c. If I had any larger and more important matters to entertain you with, you know they would be equally at your

service. Mrs. B. is better than when I wrote last. She desires her respectful compliments, and wishes she could again see you here. I wish for your opinion of the two pamphlets I lately sent you, and am, dear sir, with much respect and gratitude, your very affectionate and

Obliged friend and servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

To EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Sept. 27, 1782.

I OBSERVE in one of your papers a remonstrance or petition of the excluded Quakers complaining of their excluding brethren. There are some here in the same situation, and others who may probably be so, if the society should push the matter of taxes and holding offices so far as to make them censurable. I should be glad to know the issue of this application to the "powers that be;" and, if any thing else of the kind should be transacted among you, I shall wish to have it noticed in your letters. There is a small pamphlet, reprinted in the beginning of the war by Mr. Aitken, the speech or charge of a chief justice in Pennsylvania (I think *Chew*), containing a refutation of Barclay's principles concerning war. If you can come at one of them, I wish you would enclose it to me.

If you are not tired of executing my commissions, I would beg leave to ask one more favour of you; that is, to enquire among your literary friends for the *Royal Commentaries of Peru* containing the History of the Yncas, &c., written by Garcilasso de la Vega, and translated by Sir Paul *Rycaut* into English,* and, if you can find it, and

* Rycaut's translation was first published in London, in 1688, in folio. The original Spanish work was published, — the first part in 1609, the second in 1617. — EDS.

there be any thing in it that may elucidate the subject of the antiquity and population of America, to make some extracts and communicate them to your very much obliged and

Most humble servant, J. B.

To Ebenezer Hazard, Esq.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, October 2, 1782.

My dear Sir, — Your favours of 2d and 10th ult. are both before me. I am glad *you* think the Metropolitan has reason to be rapturous, for the happiness of my friends always encreases mine. It will always give me pleasure to hear that his continues. Yes, there are some things in Leonidas's publications which are worth attending to; but I confess that, for my own part, I was not pleased with the proposal of building a navy immediately. We ought rather to pay our debts, in which we have been extremely deficient. With us, a navy ought to be the work of peace. In our present circumstances, it would be difficult to man one, notwithstanding Leonidas's assertions; and, if we could do it, ours would be insufficient to cope with that of "*Greet Brittain*," and would only serve to add to their strength, as our *frigates* have done. In peaceable times, we should have more money to spare, our men would more chearfully enter into the service, and they would have time to improve in naval business. You will know before this reaches you that Congress have *given* the 74 to France. A good stroke! I think we shall have peace by spring. The Spaniards would hardly approve of your plan of East India trade.

I am glad your friend's affair is so well settled. The two pamphlets came safe to hand. I am obliged to you

for them, but have been so hurried that I have not yet had time to read them. It is impossible to say when I shall journey your way again. I did intend it this fall, and was beginning to prepare for it, but my assistant is going to Georgia, and we cannot both be absent from hence at once. Aitken's Bible sells well here.* He can hardly bind them fast enough to supply his own shop. Can you tell how many were brought into Portsmouth? We have had just such a drought here as you complain [of], but had a refreshing rain the night before last. Am sorry to hear of Mrs. B.'s indisposition. Remember me affectionately to her. I have not one of the glass bubbles, nor have I seen any of the lachrymæ for several years. Excuse haste. Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, October 29, 1782.

DEAR SIR, — I am again a letter in your debt, and I am sorry to add that you have a new proof that I am not as punctual a correspondent as formerly. Indeed, *I cannot* be, for my burden of business is much encreased. However, this you may rely on, that you shall never be *neglected*. I *am* acquainted with Mr. Paine, and will communicate to him any hints you may furnish respecting literary property. I have not conversed with him upon that subject, but apprehend his ideas to be perfectly *English; i.e.* that laws should pass in the several States, vesting literary property in authors and their assigns for a term of years.

I grant you that the Apostles might not have gone to Norway, Sweden, &c., for the reason that you assign, but that does not invalidate my argument, which was this: —

You argue that America is a *young* country, because

---

* This edition, 1782, of Aitken's Bible was the first Bible printed in English in this country, with an American imprint. — EDS.

the Gospel does not appear to have been preached in it by the Apostles. I say the Gospel was not preached by them in Norway, Sweden, &c. *Ergo*, Norway, Sweden, &c., are young countries. This conclusion fairly follows, though it is evidently false. Of course the premises must be wrong. Suppose we change the argument thus: —

A country and its inhabitants may be of great antiquity, although the Gospel was not preached in it by the Apostles. The Gospel was not preached by them in Norway, Sweden, &c., which are known to be very ancient countries. *Ergo*, America may be such too.

Has not this argument the greatest degree of probability? You have it warm from the brain, but I can trust crude thoughts with you.

It is not in my power to furnish you with Goldsmith's book, having only borrowed it myself. J. S., who you say has Cook's Second Voyage, is not the man for your purpose. No person buys of him who can find what he wants elsewhere. He knows it, and makes people pay accordingly.

I was much pleased with your account of the Flume, &c., and, if I get leisure and a convenient opportunity, shall probably put it into the Secretary's hands, as a piece of information lately sent me by a friend. He may make comparisons and inferences.

I cannot yet give my opinion of the two pamphlets you were so kind as to send me, but you may expect it before long. I have not yet been able to read them.

From my former letters you will find our season has been much like yours. We have lately had refreshing rains, and I am in hopes that cleanness of teeth will not be our lot next year.

When the affair of the excluded Quakers is brought to an issue, I will inform you of it, but I do not apprehend the *Assembly* can do any thing in it. If the members of the Society have been guilty of treason or any other

crime, it is the business of the *attorney-general* to prosecute.

Mr. Aitken has none of Mr. Chew's Addresses in a *pamphlet* left, but it is in his Magazine, of which I have procured you a set, except for March, 1775, of which he has none left. I will send them as I have opportunity. You will find what you want in the Magazine for *August*, 1775.

I have never yet met with the Royal Commentaries of Peru, but, if I should, will extract any thing I think worthy of your attention.

Jemima Wilkinson (the Universal Friend from Rhode Island) has lately been here preaching; but, as her stay was short, I suspect she did not meet with the encouragement she wished for.

We have nothing new. Present my best respects to Mrs. B. I am, dear sir,

Your friend and humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Nov. 10, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR, — A multiplicity of engagements and a tedious journey to Boston (where I was as much hurried as Dowling the lawyer in Tom Jones) having intervened since the reception of your last letter, I have not been able to write to you. Ah! sir, I have found out one of your tricks! You was fully acquainted with the writer of the Country Parson's Wife's Poetry before you sent it to me. I know the channel in which it was conveyed to you!

Our Hen has laid again. I send you one of the Eggs. We have a Constitution as often as we have an almanac, and the more we have the worse. They have now spoiled the plan of representation which was proposed, and low-

ered the pecuniary qualifications of the officers of government and of the voters.

An horrid accident has happened on board L'Auguste, one of the French ships, of 84 guns. Her foremast was struck last Thursday night with lightning, split and broke, two of her beams broke, part of her forecastle fell in, two guns fell through the upper deck, and the whole mass of timber, rigging, and guns killed and wounded seven or eight of her men. I suppose you will see it in the papers.* It was a terrible thunderstorm, indeed, in this neighbourhood. I was at Ipswich, where there was rain, but little thunder. The America, after two attempts, is launched.

I cannot tell how many Bibles were imported into Portsmouth, but I believe a large number, as the shops are full. So they are at Boston, and 12*s.* is the price. I am glad to hear that Mr. Aitken has so great a demand for his edition.

As soon as I get leisure, I shall prepare my Thoughts on the Population of America for the public eye.

Adieu! I am yours,

J. Belknap.

Pray how does Oswald come off?

Are you to have Zenger and Bingley acted over again?

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 1782.

As usual, my dear sir, I am in a hurry, but not a letter in your debt. Since my last, I have read the two pamphlets you were kind enough to send me. There is nothing in the strength of argument contained in the *Deductions* to contradict the assertion in the preface that

---

* It will be understood that this vessel lay in Portsmouth harbor. See Adams's "Annals of Portsmouth," p. 276. — Eds.

they were made by *a female;* but, were I to judge from her manner, I should suspect that she sometimes *claims the breeches* as her right. Her performance is a strange medley. The other I think rational; if it is antiscriptural, I am too ignorant to be able to see it. I think, however, it does honour to the mercy of the Deity, without doing injury to Divine justice. I wish for your sentiments. Pray can you tell me who are the authors of those pamphlets?

I send you the remainder of the magazines and some newspapers, and remain

Your friend and humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

Respects to Mrs. B.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27, 1782.

So, my dear sir, you have found out one of my tricks. How fortunate for me that it was an innocent one! Tell the Freemason, when you see him, that revealing secrets is contrary to the rules of the craft. Your *Hen* is as prolific (this is in bad connection, but you know what I mean) as any hen need to be, and, if so many of her Eggs were not addled, would stock a farm pretty soon. Can you tell me the meaning of this paragraph in p. 42 of the Constitution you sent me: "That a majority of the members of the House of Representatives shall be a quorum for doing business; provided, that when a majority consisting of less than two-thirds of the representatives elected shall be present, the assent of *two-thirds of the members* composing the majority shall be necessary to render their acts and proceedings valid." Is it that no business shall be done unless two-thirds of the members elected are present? or is it that two-thirds of the

members *present* shall be sufficient? If the latter, *two* men may pass bills. I am very sorry for the accident which happened to the French ship, but hope it will not be long before it will be repaired. Rivington says the America was damaged in launching. Oswald's trial has not come on yet. It will be difficult to say how far the liberty of the press may be carried without degenerating into licentiousness. Some line ought to be drawn.

Remember me to Mrs. B. We have nothing new or entertaining but what you will see in the enclosed papers. Adieu. E. H.

I believe you will find the sequel to Major Washington's Journal in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754.*

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Dec. 2, 1782.

My dear Sir, — You are certainly the last of all my friends that I should think of charging with neglect. I beg, therefore, you would not do yourself so much injustice as to imagine that I entertain such a suspicion. Your present business, I know, requires constant attention; and, if I had no other proof of it, your not having been able yet to read the two pamphlets I sent you is sufficient.

I have a new mark of your attention to me in the magazines you have been so kind as to send, three parcells of which I have received, and am so pleased with them that I cannot but greatly regret that any *one* number should be missing. Please to accept my thanks. I wish Mr. Aitken could find encouragement to revive and continue so valuable a work; or, if matter should not flow in

* "The Journal of Major George Washington" was printed at Williamsburgh, in 1754, in a pamphlet, and was reprinted in London, same year, also in a pamphlet. — Eds.

monthly, that he would undertake something on the plan of the *Annual Register*. Surely this whole continent might furnish material for one thin octavo in a year. If antiquities were to make an article, you could unlock your *curiosa;* and, if any thing that I could do would help, it should not be lacking. I wish it were in my power to send you any thing from this quarter, but you know what a barren region this is. A weekly paper filled with thrice-told tales, a budget of Acts of Assembly after every session, and once a year a new Constitution, are the principal productions of our press.

Mr. Payne, you say, has English ideas of literary property. Why could not application be made to Congress to recommend to the States the enacting of laws to secure copyrights to authors or their assigns for a limited time? Such a recommendation from so respectable a body might chance to be attended to in preference to applications from individuals.

Your argument about Norway, &c., does not strike me as conclusive against my conjecture. I will, however, take some opportunity to give the whole matter a thorough review, with the assistance of your hints; and, if I think it worth sending forth on a forlorn hope, will venture it; if not, it shall rest as it is.

Among the papers you last sent me, I observe two recommendations of two distinct bodies of Presbyterians for fasts. Pray what is the reason of their acting separately? I always thought there was but one collective body of them at the southward, though subdivided into presbyteries, &c. I lately observed the name of *James Latta* signed as moderator of a presbytery or synod. Where does he now reside? I was formerly acquainted with him, and he has been at my house, but I have heard nothing of him for many years.

There is one passage in one of these papers that I think very extraordinary: the "principle of holding

communion with all that are deemed *good* people" is branded with the epithet "latitudinarian," and not only enumerated among the sins of the times, but loaded with the reproach of tending "to subvert the whole system of Divine truth, and efface the very form of the visible Church." This, I say, appears *to me* very extraordinary; and the reason is that I have, for many years, thought it my duty to hold communion with all that I can charitably hope to be "good people," let them belong to whatever denomination of Christians; and this I have done in obedience to that golden maxim of the Apostle, "Receive ye one another, even as Christ hath received us to the glory of God." I wish the Associate Presbytery may be enabled to see that the extirpation of a spirit of bigotry from among Christians, and the cultivation of extensive charity and universal benevolence, would tend to "hasten the more eminent glory of the latter day," when "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim," but "the stick of Joseph" and "the stick of Judah" "shall be one in the hand of the Lord."

I have lately been considering the plan you proposed to me for publishing my volume. That part of it which relates to sending the copy by sheets to England I have adopted, and have written to Longman on the matter. I preferred him to the gentleman you recommended, because of his being intimately acquainted with two persons, one in London and another in Boston, who are friendly to the work in which I am engaged. The channel of conveyance is, however, so circuitous and difficult that I cannot expect an answer for some time. As to publishing here, I am at a loss, unless I could meet with a printer who was *able* to advance something, and *generous* enough to share the risque with me. In that case, I should think it reasonable that he should share the profits. I have not been able *yet* to find one to my mind in this quarter. To advance so great a sum as £3 or 400 is out

of *my* power. I wish I had you here to talk over the matter. I know of no person more capable of advising me. Mrs. B. begs to be remembered to you; she is much better than in the summer. The Metropolitan's lady advances fast towards blessing him with a boy!

If my letters are not so regular as they ought to be, you must impute it to my distance from the office, and the difficulty of communication at this season of the year, when the rivers are impassable. I am, my dear sir, with much respect and affection, your obliged friend and servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since my last, I have met with Garcilasso de la Vega's Royal Commentaries of Peru, translated by Sir Paul Ricault, and have purchased them, but so lately that I have not had time to read more than a few pages. As far as I have gone, he countenances your supposition respecting the peopling of America; but I shall be able hereafter to give you full information. *Interim*, adieu.

E. H.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1782.

SINCE my last to you, my dear sir, I have continued my researches into Garcilasso de la Vega, and think I have got such information as will be satisfactory. He says: —

"The Spaniards have been masters of Peru seventy-one years," p. 11. "When I was sixteen or seventeen years of age, I asked the most elderly person among them," &c., p. 11. This man (who was an Inca) told him "how many years it may be since our Father, the Sun, sent his

offspring among us, I am not able precisely to declare, because my memory may fail me in it, but I imagine they may be about four hundred years," p. 14. "I was born eight years after the Spaniards became masters of the country," p. 15. "Now, at this time, being the year 1602, 't is reported," &c., p. 49.

From the above premises, I think we may fairly draw the conclusion we are in quest of, thus: —

The time when he wrote was in the year 1602, when the Spaniards had been masters of Peru seventy-one years: then Peru was conquered by the Spaniards in 1531. He was born eight years after, *i.e.* in 1539. He must then have been sixteen or seventeen (say seventeen) in 1556, which was the time when he asks the elderly person questions. Deduct four hundred years from 1556, then 1156 will be the time of the commencement of Manco Capac's reign. So that you see you made a very accurate guess when you supposed him to have been a contemporary with Henry II.

Knowing your avidity for newspapers, I shall send you some more, as usual; but the papers of this place have become the most indecent publications of the kind I ever met with. They are now the receptacles of obscenity and filth, the vehicles of scandal, and the instruments of the most infamous abuse. Would you suppose the liberty of the press to have been attacked, or in the least danger, when every labour produces such monstrous births? and yet you see what outcries there are about it! In short, if any character, public or private, however respectable, may not with impunity be attacked with the most indecent virulence, then the liberty of the press is in danger, as that of the Church used to be when any but the ruling party made advances towards power. Our printers, with their present license, appear to me the most dangerous set of men amongst us; and, if they are suffered to go on as they have done, friendship and every tender senti-

ment will be banished, and we may pathetically exclaim with Virgil: —

> . . . En quo discordia cives
> Perduxit miseros!

This, however, will not injure the sincere affection for yourself and Mrs. B. which warms the bosom of

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dec. 19, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR, — A fourth parcel of Mr. Aitken's magazines, as far as July, 1776, came to hand by the last post, and I am afraid by one expression in your letter that it is the last; you say the "*remainder.*" I wish, at least, he had finished the story of Crespel's Shipwreck. Rivington, I believe, is *for once, at least,* mistaken in saying that the America was hurt in launching. Two attempts, indeed, were made before she could be got off. During the first, I was an eye-witness, being on the island,* and very near the ship, the whole time. The reason of her not going off was, in the carpenter's phrase, that she was too *strait-laced* (as you are a bachelor, you 'll doubtless understand *that*). They had taken so much care to keep her from falling, that she could not move but about twelve feet, and all the hawsers, tackles, and screws that could be used were ineffectual. At the second attempt she was launched, and I have been assured by those who saw it (being myself then at Boston) that she went off as easily and gently as a canoe, which was owing chiefly to her having but little declivity in her position; this was, in-

* An island, named "Rising Castle," in Portsmouth harbor, belonging to John Langdon, who was the agent for building the ship. Congress made a present of her to the King of France. See Adams's "Annals," p. 276. — EDS.

deed, so little, that some people imagined she would never have run at all.

The paragraph in the Constitution on which you remark ought to have been better expressed. I suppose the meaning may be "that a majority of the members shall be a quorum for doing business. Provided, that when (a majority consisting of) less than two-thirds of the representatives elected shall be present, the assent of two-thirds of the members (composing that majority) shall be necessary to render their acts valid."

The Freemason is not to be blamed for revealing secrets. Your friend, the *Plain* Doctor, was the person from whom I had the information; and, by his own confession, he was the *primum mobile* of the whole *trick*, which, as you say, happily for you, was an innocent one.

Ben Town, I see, has *begun* in his paper of November 25th to give us the journal of a vessel lost among the ice. Since I began this letter, I have received another packet of papers from you as late as December 4th (such kind attention deserves my warmest thanks); and, as I do not find the continuation of the journal, I suspect he is at his old game. However, if he should *happen* to print the rest, I hope I shall *have it.*

Pray who are the "Skunk Association" and the "Priest of Cloacina"? What strange names you have in your papers! I should have suspected Major Philip *Pancake* and Captain *Forepan* to be nicknames, if they had not been signed to an address to your militia general among other officers. The theory of English sirnames would be a curious object, and a proper appendix to the noble science of heraldry. I once began a collection of odd names, and ranged them under different heads, but other matters of more importance diverted me from pursuing the subject.

Can you tell me any of the circumstances of General

Lee's death? and can you pick up any anecdotes of his life worthy of being preserved? I know he was an odd character, and a remarkable one, and he must be noticed in the Biographia Americana.

Having despatched these lesser matters, I now come to that which I propose to make the main subject of this letter. The *Deductions* are the work of a Mrs. Stevens, of Cape Ann, a sensible lady, and of an amiable character, but so thoroughly dipped in Murrayism as to be a mere Priscilla. Her book is as good an epitome of his preaching as he could give himself.* The other pamphlet is the work of Mr. Clarke, colleague with Dr. Chauncy, who wrote the preface to it. The design of emitting this piece was *good;* but I am not altogether pleased with its execution, because it seems to be an attempt to recommend the doctrine by the force of human authority. There is a piece in one of your Bailey's papers which gives a better reason for it, and I believe the writer was honest in saying what he does. However, the truth of the case is this: The doctrine of universal restitution has long been kept as a secret among learned men. Murray has published some undeniable truths concerning it, mixed with a jargon of absurdity; and one Winchester among you has followed his example. Many serious minds were unsettled, observing that the Scriptures contain very universal expressions respecting the redemption and reconciliation of the world, which are eagerly laid hold of by Murray, and yet not being able to give into his forced allegories and mystical nonsense; while, on the other hand, libertines swallow all at once, and deny any future state of punishment, and from thence take occasion to "continue in sin that grace may abound." This view of things occasioned very ear-

* This Mrs. Stevens was no doubt the lady whom Mr. Murray afterwards married. She was a daughter of Winthrop Sargent, of Gloucester, and a very beautiful and accomplished woman. — See Babson's "History of Gloucester," p. 438. — Eds.

nest and repeated applications to a venerable gentleman, whom I have already mentioned, — who has had for some years prepared for the press a very laboured, judicious, and strongly argumentative, as well as deeply critical, treatise upon the subject, — that he would publish to the world the true state of the doctrine, as supported by Scripture, and void of all mystical trash. In consequence thereof, the above pamphlet, entitled "Salvation for all Men," came forth as a forlorn hope, or, rather, as a scouting party, to make discoveries and try the temper of the public. The consequence has been that some serious minds are disgusted, some are agog for further discoveries, some are vexed beyond measure, &c. Dr. Mather has wrote a weak but well-meant pamphlet, which he calls an *answer* to it, and I hear there is to be a *reproof* administered to him. All this I am sorry for: it does no good; it is only the skirmishing of light infantry, while the main body lies still, and nothing decisive will come of it. The passions of the contending parties will be embittered, and I am afraid that such prejudices will be raised against the doctrine that, if it should be properly published, it will not be so generally received, at least in the present day. There are several reasons given for not printing the large work *yet*, one of which is the want of Greek and Hebrew types, of which there are none in Boston.* The last time I heard any thing about it, I was told that a printer had gone to Philadelphia to see if any such could be had there; but I know not whether he met with success. Pray can you tell me whether there be any.

As to the doctrine itself, of which you desire my opinion, I frankly own to you that I have for several years been

* This larger work, of which Dr. Belknap speaks as a "very laboured, judicious" treatise, was no doubt the work of Dr. Chauncy which was published in London, in 1784, in 406 pp., and which bore as a part of its title the same phrase, "The Salvation of all Men," which its forerunner, Dr. Clarke's pamphlet, bore. — Eds.

growing in my acquaintance with it and my regard to it. I wished it might be true, long before I saw any just reason to conclude it was so. I once, however, set myself to oppose it in a sermon, but was brought to a stand by that text where Paul says, "I have *hope* towards God that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both just and *unjust*." My query here was, Why should the resurrexion of the *unjust* be an object of *hope* to a benevolent mind, if that resurrexion should be the beginning of not only a never ending, but perpetually increasing, state of misery? I applied to one of the most celebrated divines in this eastern world, Mr. Hemmenway of Wells, for a solution of the difficulty. He exhausted his ingenuity and learning for my satisfaction, but in vain. I went on with my enquiries, and at last found that valuable MS. which I just now mentioned, which afforded me more satisfaction than any thing I had before seen; and I wish most heartily it may be published to the world, that, if an answer can be fairly and candidly made to it, it may be done; and, if such an one should appear, I think I should receive it with thankfulness, for I am open to conviction, and always desire to be so, but at present I do not see how the doctrine can be disproved, if the Scripture be allowed to speak for itself, and the expressions therein used be understood in their natural sense, without any systematical or synodical comments. I wish you was here at my elbow, instead of three or four hundred miles off: I would then talk with you till midnight upon the subject. Corresponding at this distance is a dull way of communicating ideas, especially when they flow so fast as mine do upon this darling theme. Adieu, my dear friend, for the present. If you have any questions to ask upon the subject, I shall most readily do my best endeavours to satisfy you. In the mean time, rest assured that my attachment to you is increased by an apprehension which your last letter suggests, that you are a friend to the

above doctrine. What will your high Presbyterian clergy say to it? If holding communion with all *good* people is reprobated by them, what would they say to a doctrine which sets mankind on such a level? I suspect they would say as the Jews to Paul when he spake of preaching to the Gentiles, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!"

Thank you for Robert Smith's sermon. He is an honest zealous Whig, and has a pious sense of Providence. His account of the paper money is more artless than that of *Common Sense.*

Pray where is Pequea? I don't remember that I ever heard of it before.

Please to let me know whether Entick's Spelling Dictionary and the Art of Speaking are to be had at Philadelphia, and at what price?

Mrs. B. desires to be particularly remembered to you. I may add that she is as well pleased as I am with finding you in favour of a certain *doctrine!*

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

January 8, 1783.

Dear Sir, — This is the coldest day we have yet had, and, as I have no disposition to stir abroad, I shall devote part of it to you; though, as you tell me sometimes, I am not a letter in debt, excepting indeed the short script in which you told me you had found the Commentaries of De la Vega. I shall hope from thence to receive some *data* on which to proceed in my calculations with more certainty than before. The *British Prison Ship* I do not remember to have seen. We hear a talk of peace: doubtless you know more about it, for the news is said to come from your quarter. It is but once in a great while

that I can give you any news from hence. I shall now draw a brief sketch of our political matters, so far as they have come to my knowledge. About twelve months ago, our legislature thought proper to impose a test oath on all officers, jurors, plaintiffs, &c. Last summer they extended it to all voters in town meetings. Our annual elections are in December, when several towns neglected to qualify themselves, and among the rest the town of Portsmouth, who sent Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Pickering, and Mr. Gains as their representatives to the General Court. A petition being presented setting forth the illegality of the choice, they were set aside. The same thing happened to two or three others; while some members who were chosen in the same manner, and against whom no petition appeared, are not only allowed to sit, but to vote out their brethren. The oath is conceived in the old form, "that no foreign prince, *person, prelate,*" &c., by which every conscientious Churchman and Quaker are in fact outlawed. The oath, therefore, being imposed, operates as a species of persecution for conscience' sake. When it was to be drawn, application was made to *Democritus* to assist, who told them he would, if they would let him put a title to it, and that should be, "An Act to encourage Perjury and Profaneness." But the beauty of all is that the Convention have had another sitting last week, and can't find enough voters either to establish or set aside the Constitution, so have sent it forth again, and have directed the towns to proceed to vote upon it, *without any regard to the Test Act.* This, it is supposed, will make a clashing when the Court meets again, with old *Vaccation of Ty* in the Speaker's chair, who is a great stickler for the test. Don't you think we are in a curious situation, with two supreme dictatorial bodies subsisting, and independent of each other? Another piece of news is that a certain lawyer of this State, who has lately been at Bennington to do some business for Governour Ch——n,

has since his return deposed upon oath that he saw in the said Ch——'s possession a commission from the British George appointing him G——r of V——t. Thus what has long been suspected is reduced to a certainty.* I hear also that the banished persons are returned to their estates, but know not upon what terms.

. . . . . .

One story, however, I will tell you, because it will divert you. A young gentleman who is lately returned from the Havannah told me that, during his residence there, he became acquainted with a Spanish priest, who showed him the ornaments and furniture of the church he belonged to. Among other pieces of painting, there was one covered with a curtain. It was an extraordinary favour that he was admitted to a sight of this portrait, which the priest told him was the Virgin Mary. You may judge of his feelings when, on drawing up the veil, a *black* face appeared, shewing a set of fine *white* teeth. The holy father, observing him turn aside to suppress a smile, asked him the reason of it. He answered that he never before knew the Virgin was a negro. The priest very seriously told him that the negroes were the best friends the Church had in that part of the world now, religion having greatly declined since his remembrance. Formerly the best people in the place attended the *Rosario* in procession, but now only the boys and negroes! Upon the whole, it appeared that this smutty business is an instance of priestcraft, which knows how to accommodate itself to its interest in every shape and colour.

January 14th. Since I began this letter, I have received another letter from you containing some extracts from De la Vega, with which you may well think I am much

* The suspicions here expressed of Governor Chittenden's loyalty to the cause of the United Colonies were probably without foundation in fact. Vermont had a very delicate part to act in this crisis of her history, and Governor Chittenden proved an able diplomatist. — Eds.

pleased. I am now going to repeat a question which I put to you once before with some amendment, and I desire as impartial an answer as you gave me then; and, if it is the same, I shall sincerely acquiesce in your judgment, for 't is a point that I do not wish to determine for myself. Suppose my conjectures concerning the "Population of America," corrected by your kind and critical hints, and strengthened with Garci[la]sso's authority, and with some observations on the ancient state of other Empires, introduced with an apology that I only follow the example set by most writers of American History, who make guesses and computations about the original state of this continent. Suppose this, I say, was prefixed as an introductory chapter to my intended work, how would it appear? Would it add a *decus* or a *dedecus* to it?

And now I have got so far I will tell you that I have within this week received a proposal from Messrs. T. & J. Fleet in Boston to print it in *numbers* of 60 or 80 pages.* They say that the sale of 300 copies will "about secure the expence of paper," "exclusive of what I might require." There is an opening made hereby for me to enter into some contract with them; but, as I am not versed in the mystery of printing and bookselling, I shall be slow in forming one. I wish I had you here to talk about it. I am sensible I cannot print an edition of it without dividing the profits with the printer and bookbinder, and I would do it as much to my own advantage as is decent. I must, however, avail myself of your opinion, and therefore beg to have it on these questions: —

1. What would be a modest price at this day for an 8vo volume of 400 pages, stitched in blue boards? I mean to the subscribers? Would two dollars?

2. Ditto, bound and lettered? Would two and a half?

---

* Dr. Belknap here refers to the first volume of his "History of New Hampshire," which he was then preparing for the press. — Eds.

3. Would it be unreasonable for me to insist on having one-half the impression, the printer finding paper for the whole?

4. Or two-thirds of it, I finding paper?

5. Is it probable that your friend Aitken would undertake it on any such terms?

6. Is it probable that an edition of it would be sold in the Southern States, if one was printed at Philadelphia, while another is at Boston?

7. What would be the charge of land transportation of a box trunk, &c., from Philadelphia to Boston?

If I can form a contract that would be tolerably advantageous to me in America *now*, I can recal my foreign letters (as I suppose they are still at Boston) and confine my views to this country. The mode I prefer for printing is in a large 8vo page, with an English letter, and the appendix in pica, a pretty wide margin for the insertion of my authorities, and not to have them at the bottom of the page, which is only for notes, of which I shall contrive to have as few as possible.

My dear sir, I know your friendship will excuse the trouble I give you. I am sure I would do you any service that is in my power, and I judge of your heart by my own.

You have got out of patience, I perceive, with your Philadelphia newspapers. They have indeed become of late chronicles of scandal, and there are some things in them which I think it a mispence of time to read; but there are articles of European intelligence in some of them which never get into our papers, and there is now and then a political piece which has some merit. The pro-ing and con-ing about the 5 per cent impost has much engaged my attention, and I wish to see all that can be said on both sides. Indeed, I am willing even to scrape a dunghill, if I may find a jewel at the bottom. I receive also another satisfaction from your papers. They serve for the amusement

of a worthy friend and neighbour, now in the decline of life, who was once an active politician, and who yet retains so much judgment as to tell me, almost every time I converse with him, that Congress "have not power enough allowed them by the Confederation to preserve the Union, and make it respectable."

But I have tired you with this long letter, and will end it by assuring you that I am, with increasing esteem and respect, your sincere and obliged friend, J. B.

Be so kind as to seal the letter which you put into a bundle, for sometimes the outside cover is torn or opened when I receive it.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, January 17, 178[illegible].

MY DEAR SIR,—I have two of your letters unanswered, and they require so much to be said, that I do not know when I shall be able to say it, but I will do as well as I can. Mr. Aitken and I have had several conversations about the Magazines; and he says he thinks he would undertake to continue them if he could get half a dozen good stated writers, whom he might employ by the year, and who would enter into engagements to furnish papers regularly, but his former experience has taught him that it will not do to rely upon accidental authors. He likes the plan of an Annual Register, but does not know whether he will undertake it: however, I have got him to promise to keep memoranda with a view to that business, and I have told him I would do the same; and, as I keep the newspapers regularly filed, I think an entertaining and useful collection might be made, if a few friends will assist. You are down in the list as one I can depend

upon, and would have been so, if I had not had your promise. Mr. Payne is not now in this city, but I think he has promised in one of his publications to treat particularly upon the subject of literary property at some future time. When I see him, I will remind him of it. You have had wrong ideas of the *Presbyterians*. It is true that the grand collective body of them (called a synod) was but one, "though subdivided into Presbyteries," &c. But there are *several kinds* of Presbyterians, who all agree in the *mode of church government*, though they differ in some of their *tenets*. Those whose Acts I sent you are distinguished by the name of *Seceders*, because they seceded from the Church of Scotland. It is so long since I attended to these matters that I don't know whether I have got the story right, but I will give you my ideas. You have doubtless seen the "Solemn League and Covenant," annexed to the Westminster Confession of Faith. The generality of the Presbyterians in Scotland do not conceive that, or the oath to maintain it, to be binding upon any but those who actually engaged in it; but there were others who supposed them binding upon their latest posterity. This difference of sentiment produced a schism in the kirk, and the rigid minority separated from the main body, and were called *Seceders*. These again were divided by another matter. The natives, denizens, &c., of particular towns in Scotland (I don't know but of all), are entitled to certain immunities, such as carrying on their trade, &c., in those towns, which are not allowed to aliens, unless they take a certain oath, which is denominated the *Burgess oath*. Now some of the Seceders supposed this oath to be inconsistent with that to maintain the "solemn league and covenant," and therefore conscienciously scrupled to take it. The others thought differently, and took it without hesitation, and this occasioned a separation. The latter sect are called *Burghers*, the former *Anti-burghers*. The new *Synod*

(whose Acts you have) is composed of the Burghers: the Presbytery are Anti-burghers. But why that dispute should be brought to America with them I know not. Neither of these sects belongs to that body of Presbyterians of which James Latta is a member. There are also two parties among them, the *Old side* (or Old Light) and the *New*. The Old admit all to communion with them whom they can charitably suppose to be good men. The *New* expect some account of the religious experiences of the candidates for admission. However, both unite in one Synod. This is the best account I can give you, and I hope will prove satisfactory. It will at least afford you New Light. A spirit of moderation and catholicism has been amazingly diffused of late; but there is too much bigotry and intolerance amongst Christians yet.

In a late *note*, I desired you would not print your History 'til you heard farther from me. My reason was, that I hoped to be able to get it done in this city upon the terms you propose, viz., "the printer to advance something, and share the risque with you." Mr. Aitken says he would do it, if he thought the work would sell. I gave it as my opinion that it would. Can you form any judgment how many would go off in your own State and Massachusetts? For the principal sale, no doubt, will be there. However, after all, I do not think you can with propriety put it to press before you hear from Mr. Longman. Your reasons for applying to him in preference to the gentleman I mentioned are very good. When the work is printed, were it mine, I would by all means have it done by Aitken, because it is a rule with him never to turn bad work out of his hands, and I know him to be a conscientious man. I will undertake to correct the press for you.

It is now 8 o'clock at night; and, as I have not been out of the house since last night (nor even had my shoes on), I must go and take some exercise. If I have time tomorrow, I will answer yours of December 19th, which

came to hand to-day (having been detained by deep snow). If not, you shall hear from me again soon.

January 18th. The "remainder" was the last parcel of the Magazines. I am glad they all got safe to hand. The *Plain* gentleman thought the *trick* a very clever one, I dare say. Did not he laugh heartily when he told you the story? You ask, "Who are the Skunk Association, and the Priest of Cloacina?" I need not tell you that parties have run very high here, as they still do; and nicknames have been liberally bestowed. That of Skunk Association is intended to designate the heads of one of the parties, which has lately held the reins of government. It gets the name of *Skunk* from a person to whom that appellation was given some time ago, who is said to have been a great newspaper author. People generally suppose Mr. Sergeant (a lawyer) to be the person. The "Priest of Cloacina" is thought to be intended for a Mr. Hopkinson, the Judge of the Admiralty. He formerly wrote a something under the title of the "Temple of Minerva," which was performed at the French Minister's at the celebration of the birth of the Dauphin, and soon after published in the newspapers. Not long after that, a Sale of Rivington's remaining Stock in Trade (a very humorous and severe performance) was published and ascribed to Mr. H. This piece irritated Rivington, who soon printed in his paper a Parody upon the Temple of Minerva, under the title of the "Temple of Cloacina." This is supposed to have been written by Governour Franklin, formerly of New Jersey, and a great friend and patron of Mr. H. It was a smutty, filthy performance, as you may suppose. Mr. H. was represented in it as the *Priest*, and from thence has got the name. From some of *his* exhibitions, I think he has suitable qualifications for such an office; but in the filthy contest the Governour got the better of the Judge, and made him cry, *Peccavi*. In one of his publications, he acknowledged his obligations

to the Governour for favours formerly received, and told him that, with respect to him, he "wiped his pen with clean cotton." Thus ended the debate. The Judge afterwards attacked Bailey's paper, which occasioned the song in the enclosed, which you see refers to the affair with the Governour.

As to the doctrine you mention, I confess I am not unfriendly to it, because reason certainly approves of it, and I do not think that Revelation contradicts it. The other hypothesis (an eternity of punishment) is utterly subversive of every idea of *mercy* in the Deity, and degrades his *justice* into revengeful cruelty. Are these the thoughts we ought to have of God? By no means. He surely could not punish thus without *delighting* in the death of sinners. However, although I believe the doctrine of a general restitution, I would wish to see all men live as if the other were true; and, after all, it is of little moment what *our* sentiments may be. The councel of God will stand, and *our* duty is to fear Him, and keep his commandments.

I do not think there are any Greek or Hebrew types in this city; and the demand for them is so trifling, that I much doubt whether our type founders have matrices for casting them in.

Pequea is in this State, about 55 miles west from this city.

Entick's Dictionary is to be had here, but at the enormous price of six dollars. I have imported hundreds of them at 1*s.* 6*d.* sterling each. The "Art of Speaking" accompanies this, and requests the Tyro's acceptance. *Letitia Cunningham* and the newspapers are for yourself. Mrs. B.'s confidence in you will lead her to excuse my sending you an old maid, who has been soured by disappointment, especially as such an one cannot be remarkably tempting. The papers will furnish you with all our news, and amongst the rest that of the evacuation of Charlestown,

which is now certified by Charles Thomson. I have room left only to assure you and Mrs. B. that you are still very affectionately remembered by

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, January 29, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — I shewed your letter about a certain doctrine to the father of my Telemachus. He returned it with the following hastily scrawled on the cover: "G. C. wishes his affectionate *sympathy* for Mr. B. may be conveyed in the channel of the next letter to that gentleman for his philanthropy respecting *the doctrine*. Certainly as the love of God pervades the human soul, so will the desire of universal happiness (tho' late) possess the same. Have you ever mentioned Dr. Sproat's objection to the doctrine, viz., the word which expresses *eternal misery* being the same with that used by the angel, who swore by Him who liveth *for ever and ever?*

"General Lee* died in the second story of a tavern, after a few days' illness, in some degree his own physician and but badly attended, except by two faithful dogs, who frequently attempted in vain to awaken their dead master. They laid themselves down by his corpse for a considerable time, so long that it became necessary for new masters to remove them. He lies buried in Christ's Church yard. No stone marks his bed. Indeed, those who saw his open grave can scarcely mark the site, as it is continually trodden by persons going into and coming out of church. Behold the honour of the great!" Thus far the Doctor.

---

* This account of the death of General Charles Lee was probably communicated to Mr. Hazard by Dr. Clarkson, of Philadelphia. See Dr. Belknap's Life, by his grand-daughter, p. 95. — EDS.

I can add but little of my own. I send you some newspapers. The enclosed extracts from records of this State may furnish you with some *hints*. When you have done with them, return them to

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Feb. 7, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of 1st January has relieved my mind of an anxiety respecting a letter I wrote in December, which I was afraid had miscarried. Yours having lain somewhere too long was the occasion of my apprehension.

You have before now got another of mine on the subject of printing my History, in addition to which I have nothing further to say, but that I have heard that my foreign letters are on their way to Amsterdam; and I have despatched duplicates, so that I am bound in honour not to confine my views to an American edition till I hear from Europe. However, I shall be glad to learn what are the best terms I can have here, and get things in readiness against the proper time.

We have nothing here worthy your notice in the way of news or politics since I wrote last. My family are well, and Mrs. B. desires a particular remembrance.

Your sincere and obliged friend, J. B.

P. S. Your President Dickinson shines in his defence. There are some strokes in it which could come only from a masterly hand.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, February 12, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Though I take a *large* half-sheet, it is more for the sake of enclosing the papers than because I have time or materials for a long letter; and, indeed, was not yours of the 8th ult. of such a nature as to require an immediate answer, I should postpone it 'til next post. I send you the "Prison Ship." The author of it is now a clerk in my office. He has wrote several other things, such as the Voyage to Boston, Rivington's Reflections, Hugh Gaines's Life, &c. As to peace, I think it more than probable that hostilities have ceased in Europe, and that before spring the quiet of the world will be undisturbed. Your political situation is really curious: I shall be glad to hear how you get out of it. The information from Bennington fully justifies the suspicions which many people have entertained respecting Vermont, and I think will produce serious consequences.

I *do* think graceless priests the greatest rascals in the world; and nothing shews in a stronger light the importance and necessity of education than the vile tricks with which some of them have played [upon] the ignorant. It appears to me that your conjectures about the population of America may with propriety be prefixed to your History in the manner you propose; that is, merely as *conjectures*. Any person who could find fault with that must be as fond of squabbling as Oswald's writers. As to *printing*, I would by all means advise you to have nothing to do with it *at present*. If you print now, you must pay the *war* price for every thing, and you cannot have any prospect of parting with your edition before peace takes place (which must be very soon), so that you will run a great risque of losing not only your time and labour, but

money too. For this reason, I think it will be best to wait awhile, and see whether we have peace or not before you begin. I like the idea of printing in *numbers*, because that by that method you may collect money to pay for part of the work, while the remainder is in hand; and another very material circumstance is that by that means you will avoid the expence of binding, which will be very heavy. From a rough calculation, I think the binding, if well done (*i.e.* the books lettered and filleted), will amount to near, if not double, the paper and print. Octavo is a good size, but four hundred pages will make it too thick a volume. For this reason, were there no other, I would reject the *English* letter; but it will make the work *look heavy*, and, if you will consult the ladies, they will tell you of how much importance a *good appearance* is. If you divide the profits with a printer, it will be necessary to take a bond from him in a pretty large penalty, conditioned that he shall not print, or suffer to be printed, any more copies than the number you agree for. The reason of this caution is, that the most expensive part of printing is the *composing*, or setting the types, the cost of which will be as much for *one sheet* as for ten thousand printed from the same types when once composed. Now, suppose you print in partnership one thousand copies: we will say (for example) the expence of composing is £1,000; of course you must pay £500 of it, or 20*s*. a copy. The printer pays nominally the same; but, if he prints five hundred copies extraordinary, *on his own account*, he consequently reduces his expence for composing to 10*s*. a copy, because he pays no more for composing one thousand than you do for five hundred, and therefore he can undersell you, and get rid of his books, and yours will be left on hand. Now for the questions: —

1. Two dollars would not be too much *now*, but it would in case of peace, even if the books are bound.

2. Two dollars and a half, bound, ditto, ditto.

3. It would not be unreasonable to expect half the profits for your authorship, the printer finding paper; nor, I think,

4. Two-thirds, you finding paper.

5. Cannot answer as to Aitken.

6. I think an edition of one thousand copies will be enough.

7. Cannot tell the price of land transportation; but, in case of peace, this will be unnecessary, water carriage being safe and much cheaper.

Now, my dear sir, let me tell you that I am anxious for your reputation, which will be connected with the *appearance* as well as the *contents* of the History; and, for this reason, and this only, I do not like the thoughts of its being printed in New England, for I do not recollect that I ever saw a book printed there which was well done. Rather than yours should be "bitched" (as a man said a tune was, when the clerk made a mistake in setting it), I will make you an offer. Dr. Gordon talks of coming here in the spring: send me your MS. (fit for the press) by him, and I will undertake to get it printed, and will correct the press. You shall have the *whole* profits of the sales, without being charged any commissions for my trouble, or interest for my money. I shall expect that the expences of paper, printing, and stitching will be repaid out of the earliest sales; and that I may take the liberty of making the edition elegant, if I can do it without extraordinary expence.

I have been so engaged about the History that I have trespassed upon the time allotted to other business, and must abruptly bid you adieu.

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, February 19, 1783.

My dear Sir, — Your favours of the 17th and 29th ult. are arrived with the enclosed papers and books, for which I beg you to accept my thanks and those of my children. Your very kind attention to me and my concerns keeps a constant stream of gratitude and respect flowing from my heart.

As to Mr. Aitken, I am fully apprized of the superiority of his workmanship, and revere his moral character as you have delineated it. I wish he would pursue the Magazine or Register plan, and shall be ready to contribute my mite towards it. If he would undertake the printing of my History, I should be fully satisfied that it would receive honour by coming out of his hands; and I know no person to whom I could entrust the correction of the press with fuller security than Mr. Hazard. I expect this week an answer from Mr. Hall, of Salem, who is the *next* best printer that I know of on this continent; and, when I hear from you again in answer to the queries I sent you about three weeks ago, I shall be able to come to some determination. But there is one point which must be settled: you ask, and I suppose Mr. Hall will ask, "How many would sell in N. H. and Massachusetts?" and this cannot be determined with any precision without a subscription. My present thought upon that matter is this: after I have received both yours and his answers, I will get subscription papers printed at *my own* expence, and circulate them through this and the neighbouring State; and I will send some of them to you, and, if you will disperse them by means of the mails into all parts where you think it probable the matter may meet with attention, I shall be under additional obligation to you. I will also set a time for their return into

the office at Philadelphia, or the post-offices at Boston and Portsmouth (if the gentlemen who conduct those offices will give me leave), — perhaps three months, — by which time it is probable I may hear from England; and, when this is done, the way will be cleared for entering into an engagement about the printing work.

I beg you to return my respectful compliments to Ulysses (the father of Telemachus), for his very kind notice of me and my sentiments. That controversy is still carried on at Boston. Mr. Eccley has written in favour of the common doctrine a modest, sensible pamphlet, entitled "Divine Glory displayed in the Condemnation," &c. I have not the book, or would send it you. He has said some things very handsomely on the subject, and *ad rem*. Nothing has yet appeared on the side of the restitution since the first pamphlet, but the Murrayites are bestirring themselves, and reprinting "Relly's Epistles." If there are no Greek types to be had in the country, I am afraid we shall not have Dr. C.'s MS. printed till it can be sent to England. The *Plain* gentleman I hear is about writing in the controversy. As to Dr. Sprout's objection, which Ulysses mentions, it is fully answered in Dr. C.'s MS.; but, as I have not now by me the minutes which I took from it, cannot give it to you; only in general I think he has said enough to convince anybody that the matter cannot be decided by criticism on *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος*, or any combination of these famous words. For my part, I have no objection to the word *eternal* and *everlasting* in the most extensive sense that 'tis possible to affix to them when joined with *fire*, because I believe that the *fire* by which the future punishment will be effected was kindled at the creation, and is now subsisting within the globe, frequent ebullitions of it being seen in volcanoes; and that it will produce an universal conflagration, which by the Apostle Peter's description is intended for "the perdition of ungodly men;" and, after this perdi-

tion is effected, the same fire may continue (as the water has ever since Noah's flood), though under restraint, and may serve the most salutary purpose to the restored earth, as well as a memento to the redeemed of their salvation, and of the wrath of God due to sin; and, if there is a resurrection from the second as well as the first death, the subjects of that event will receive a "late," indeed, but lasting, benefit by their resurrection, sufficient to warrant a benevolent Apostle in expressing his "*hope*" that there should be "a resurrection both of the just and the *unjust*." To pursue this thought a little further, viz., that the eternal fire is no metaphor, I would observe that the descriptions which are given of future punishment in the Scripture are to my apprehension clearly illustrated in Sir William Hamilton's Description of Vesuvius, and Brydone's of Etna. What is "fire of brimstone" but the literal state of the earth when turned into an universal volcano? What is "blackness of darkness" but the smoke arising from the numberless apertures that will then be made? What is "the bottomless pit" but the continuation of the craters, and their union, so far as we know, in the centre of the globe? What is the "melting of the elements" but the discharge of liquid lava. What is the meaning of the wicked's "feet stumbling on the dark mountains" (Jer. xiii. 16) but their wandering among the volcanoes, void of light, and involved in darkness; and what other idea could Moses have when he wrote (Deut. xxxii. 22)? If it be said these are all metaphorical expressions, whose antetype may be the fire of volcanoes, I ask whether the conflagration described in the 2d Peter is a metaphor? And, if not (as I think it cannot be without reducing Noah's flood to a metaphor also), then I see no reason for departing from the literal sense of all those passages where the judgment of the last day is described by fire, and its known operations and effects on terrestrial bodies. You will ask, Where will

the saints be all this while? I answer, "caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air," somewhere out of reach of the devouring element till its fury is abated, and the "new heavens and earth" formed. Then the "New Jerusalem" will "come down from God out of heaven."

Is there any thing unnatural, unphilosophical in this interpretation? Is not the globe the proper habitation of man? Was it not, at first, a Paradise? Was it not once turned into a place of punishment for its inhabitants? and is it not now "kept in store" for the same end, and is it not capable of reverting to its ancient primitive, paradisaic state, and then to be an "habitation of righteousness"? — and all this only by undergoing such changes as can be effected by material agents, already in being under the direction of the great Author, the moral purpose of which is to advance his glory and the full establishment of his Son's kingdom. A word also on this subject. The kingdom of Christ is said to be "everlasting," *i.e.* it shall never "be destroyed," nor "pass away;" yet we read of its "end," 1 Cor. xv., and "delivering up to the Father." May not the meaning be to contrast the kingdom of Christ with the kingdoms of this world? They are made by the power and strength and wisdom of man, as the image of Nebuchadnezzar was an artificial production, but the kingdom of Christ was "cut out without hands." Thus they are unlike in their original; so they are in their event. Temporal kingdoms are set up (forgive me the expression) by way of experiment; but, as they do not answer the moral ends of government, but degenerate into tyranny, cruelty, &c., they are destroyed and come to nought. But the kingdom of Christ will answer these ends, will overcome all evil and advance all good in a moral sense, therefore it will end in a different manner, *i.e.* will end in complete perfection; for, when "all enemies are subdued," the object will be attained, and universal rectitude,

peace, and happiness be the final result. These are some of my present thoughts. You can, I believe, pick out my meaning; and, if you find any thing repugnant to Scripture or Philosophy, I beg you will point it out.

Letitia has attacked a respectable body with weapons more powerful than the thunder of cannon. How they will defend themselves I know not. I hope it will not be by prosecuting her for a libeller. Female virulence, edged by disappointment, and supported by truth, is indeed no contemptible adversary.

I am much obliged by your account of the different sects of Presbyterians, and explanation of some of the cabalistic terms in your newspapers. I wish there was less party spirit, and more of a public one. Dickinson is certainly a fine writer; and, if (as I hope) he has an honest mind, he may rest satisfied with saying what he has. His answer to the 1st charge containing the reasons against Independence (at that time) is a proper *state paper*. I wish I could see something that was said in the debate on the other side of that famous question. Pray, is this Mr. Dickinson a son of the first president of N. Jersey College?

The papers about the Louisbourg Expedition will afford me a *hint*, and I shall soon return them.

I might have taken into my description of *the eternal fire* the electric fluid, which is known to be a most powerful as well as universal principle of dissolution to terrestrial bodies, and which will probably co-operate to produce some of the mentioned effects at the last day, particularly the ῥοιζηδόν (2 Pet. iii. 10) or "great noise" in the heavens. This remark may also help us to understand what is said of Sodom and Gomorrah suffering the vengeance of *eternal fire*. In short, the word eternal has an aspect both ways, or, as the Schoolmen express it, *a parte ante* and *a parte post;* and, if eternal fire be understood as coeval

with the earth, it will, I apprehend, bear a sense sufficiently extensive for any purposes which have been or can be answered in the Divine government with respect to any of the inhabitants of this globe. Notwithstanding what the opposers of restitution say, I think the most rational conclusion of all is in favor of practical religion. "What manner of persons ought we to be?" is the argument which Peter draws from it. Surely no one who considers the dreadful nature, the unknown degree and duration of the punishment of the future state, with its horrid end, the second death, the terror of which will as much exceed that of the first, as the guilt of rejecting the Gospel exceeds the guilt of Adam's eating of the forbidden fruit, — no one, I say, can reconcile himself to the thought of passing through it (for the sake of a little paltry gratification here), even though there be a prospect of his rising, when the "last enemy is destroyed," to a state of happiness!

Adieu, and believe me ever yours, J. B.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1783.

Dear Sir, — In my last, I told you peace could not be far off. Since then we have received the King of England's speech, which I think makes it certain; and there is an account, via New York, that England and America had acceded to preliminaries. If this is true, it must have been done with the consent of France. The price of goods has fallen very much within a few days, and even yet people seem to choose rather to keep their money a little longer before they purchase. The New Yorkers begin to look very smiling in hopes of soon revisiting their city. Their collecting upon that occasion, I think, must give some

tolerable idea of the ingathering of the dispersed of Israel. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Belknap. In haste.

Yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. I have engaged a friend to furnish some anecdotes of General Lee.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8, 1783.

I AM glad, my dear sir, that mine of January 1st afforded your mind so much relief, as I find it did by yours of February 7th. Neither of your letters, I believe, has miscarried, especially of late. Your foreign letters being on their way is, in my opinion, a fortunate circumstance for you, as it will probably be the means of securing you half the profits of a London edition of your History (perhaps of more than one), and prevent your being printed upon. I want you to be well paid for your labour. On the 8th of January last a law was passed in Connecticut "for the encouragement of literature and genius," which secures the copyright to an author for 14 years, and for 14 years longer, if the author be living at the end of the first 14. This is in your favour, as I think the other States will follow the example. I intend to push it here.

A writer under the signature of *Valerius* attacks President Dickinson* *vi et armis*. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the President's conduct to say which is right. But Valerius has a good pen, though I think he dips it too frequently in gall. Our writers often remind me of an anecdote I have heard of some gentleman whose friends, and particularly his wife, were very anxious that he should appear as a candidate for a seat in parliament. He told

---

* John Dickinson, then President of Pennsylvania. This controversy is referred to in the "Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed," II. 382, 383. — EDS.

his wife that, if she would honestly answer him one question, he should be able to determine the matter. She promised to do it. Pray, my dear, said he, have you ever cuckolded me? No, never (replied she), upon my honour. Then, my dear, I will offer myself for a seat; but I did not choose to do it before I was satisfied upon this head, because I knew that, if the contrary had been the case, I should be told of it in every newspaper in the kingdom.

Some of the enclosed papers were to have been sent you by last post, but in my hurry I really forgot it.

From the similarity of our names, I suppose "Mrs. Mary Haszard's" family and mine to have been originally the same, and *that* some years since Adam's time; but whether they were or not is immaterial, as I certainly can derive no merit or credit from her having lived 100 years, or having had 500 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. I do not think that either will ever with truth be said of me. It is more probable that "*conjugii nescius*" will be a part of my epitaph, as it was of Governour Stoughton's, though I do not intend it shall.

> "Proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi
> Vix ea nostra voco."

I have thought so little about my ancestors that I cannot tell of what country my grandfather was a native, and I am very uncertain about the birthplace of even my father. I never thought it worth while to attempt to particularize all the links in the chain from Adam to me (many of which would probably be found to have been very *rusty*), any more than to prove an "uninterrupted succession" in the Church, from the Apostles to the present day; because, however great the merits of my ancestors may have been, it could have little effect as to me, except in attracting attention to my conduct, which might prove a disadvantage or otherwise, according to circumstances;

for as some writer observes respecting the vanity of titles and ancestry, —

> "Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
> And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
> To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous."

What a dissertation an *old woman* has led us into! It is time to have done with her; and, as the transition is easy from a person in her second childhood to one in his first, I will tell you that I have lately for the first time attended a *circumcision*. *Curiosity* occasioned it, but I think *Humanity* will prevent my ever seeing a second exhibition of the same kind. If you will not think me wonderfully fond of quotations to-day, I will tell you what Dr. Moore in his Travels says upon the same subject: "I saw one of their (the Jews') most important rites performed upon two children. It was impossible not to feel compassion for the poor infants thus cruelly initiated into a community who had formerly the misfortune of being despised by the heathens, and now are *execrated* by all *pious Christians*." (By way of parenthesis, I never heard of *impious Christians*, nor of pious Christians *execrating*, before. But, this notwithstanding, Moore's Travels are entertaining.) I believe my feelings were much the same with the Doctor's upon the occasion. The Apostle's declaration, that "the *law* was *given* by Moses, but *grace* and truth *came* by Jesus Christ," never struck me so forcibly before. The Jews have nothing of even the appearance of devotion in their *synagogues*, and therefore we must not expect to find it in their houses upon such occasions as the present, which they seem to consider as of the *festival* kind. If it had not been for the singing, which drowned the cries of the child, as in the sacrifices offered to Moloch, I should have thought of little more than a company of farmers assembled for the purpose of marking hogs.

We have no news except what the papers contain. I am yours and Mrs. B.'s

Friend and humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, March 17, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — The next day after I had sent away my last letter, which was about 20th February, his Majesty's *most gracious* speech came in here in a vessel from the W. Indies, and I perceived the effect it would have on trade immediately. I fully agree with you that 'tis best to wait the final issue of negotiations, which I am as confident as you seem to be will be pacifick. In the mean time, however, I do not think it amiss to put about a subscription; and I was preparing to have it done in some general terms, when I received your exceedingly kind and good letter of the 12th February, which at once puts an end to my negotiations with the printers in this quarter, and determines me to commit the whole care of the business to my worthy and generous friend, who has so kindly offered to conduct it. Yes, my dear sir, you shall be paid out of the earliest sales, and sooner, if I can procure the money, or any part of it, by the assistance of other friends. I send you enclosed a form for a subscription, which you may alter at pleasure, and fill the blanks according to your best judgment. If you cannot determine the exact number of pages or sheets, it is no matter, say "a neat 8vo volume." I suppose three months will be long enough to collect subscriptions, or, at least, to see whether enough will be wanted to make it worth while to begin to print; and, in the mean time, I will be preparing my copy, and send it to you. As 'tis uncertain whether I shall see Dr. G., I suppose it will be as well to send it by the ordinary conveyance piece-meal, as 'tis ready.

About fifty papers will be enough for me to disperse in N. Hampshire. Twenty-four I should be glad to have sent to Boston; viz., twelve under cover to Mr. Samuel Eliot, merchant, in Dock Square (who, by the by, would be very glad to be acquainted with you), and the other twelve to Colonel Josiah Waters. What others you see fit to print I shall leave to your disposal. I should be glad if you would let me know the expence of this outfit by itself.

I think you have not given me the name of your clerk, who wrote the Prison Ship. He has a good practical genius, and there are some curious strokes in his Life of Gaine; but there is one thing which, perhaps, it would be a kindness to mention to him. I think he plays rather too freely with Scripture in some of his allusions and comparisons: The prophet's "mystical cloke," &c.

By some of the papers I see your deputy, Bryson, is gone to the southward to settle the posts. I wish when he returns he may take his turn at the helm, and give you opportunity for a Northern excursion. I am persuaded it would serve your health, and I need not add it would give the greatest pleasure to your much obliged and affectionate friend, J. Belknap.

Mrs. B. wishes to see you, and tell you how much she respects you.

Pray who is Valerius?

Proposal for Printing, by Subscription,

The History of New Hampshire, Vol. I.

Comprehending the events of one whole century, from the first discovery of the River Pascatagua.

By Jeremy Belknap, A.M.

This volume, containing twelve chapters and an appendix of original papers, will make about pages in

The price to the subscribers will not exceed , stitched in blue boards.

It is desired that the subscription papers may be returned by the of next, either to the post-offices in Portsmouth or Boston, or the Gen. Post-office at Philadelphia, that it may be known what number of books will be wanted.

☞ Having spared no pains to search the genuine sources of information, the author hopes he has given a just account of the early struggles and sufferings of New Hampshire [and he persuades himself that this work will appear new, even to those who are well acquainted with American history *].

If this volume should meet with the acceptance of the public, another will be prepared as soon as possible.

Subscribers are desired to annex the places of their abode to their names.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favour of 19th ult. was received about a fortnight ago, but I have not been able to answer it before now. It will always add to my happiness if I can contribute to yours, for I know no person for whom I entertain a more sincere friendship.

With respect to the History, having wrote fully upon that subject already, I have nothing farther to add. The gentlemen who conduct the post-offices at Portsmouth and Boston (or any others) I apprehend will have no objections against taking in subscriptions for you; but, should you suspect any difficulty, the use of my name in your letters to them will remove it. Such subscription papers as you may send to me shall be properly dispersed, but I must desire that my name may *not* appear in them.

Ulysses was much pleased with your sentiments about the subject of *the* controversy; and, for my part, I find no difficulty in admitting the justness of them, either in a religious or philosophical point of view. I think a strong argument in favour of the restoration may be drawn from

---

* You may omit this, if you think there is the least particle of immodesty in it. — *Belknap's Note.*

1 Timothy iv. 10: "The living God, who is *the Saviour of all* men, and *specially of those that believe*," which I do not remember to have seen hinted at. A salvation of unbelievers is evidently taught by this passage.

May we not suppose that in this controversy, as well as in all others which are commonly (though erroneously) termed *religious*, many errors arise from a belief that *all* which we call *Scripture* is given by inspiration of God? That text is erroneously translated, and there is a still greater error in the application of it. The original is *Πᾶσα γραφὴ θεόπνευστος καὶ ὠφέλιμος ἐστὶν*, &c., which I should translate, Every writing which is divinely inspired is *also* profitable, &c. This I think the true meaning of it, though I know that commentators, of venerable names too, think differently, and translate *πᾶσα γραφὴ tota* scriptura. People in general, partly through ignorance and partly through priestly art, have been led to suppose that *all Scripture*, in our translation, meaned and included all the books, chapters, and verses contained between the two covers of their Bibles, which certainly was not intended; for we find the Apostle more than once declaring, "This *I* say," "*not the Lord.*"

But I find I am commencing a critic, instead of a friendly correspondent. I think with Dr. C. that nothing conclusive can be infered from *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος*, for they are differently used in Scripture, though from their *composition* we might be led to suppose something like eternity to be intended.

Letitia is no more talked about than if she had never put pen to paper, and yet when

> "*Letitia* herself is sad,
> The times are doubtless very bad."

But the public had seen, heard, felt, and understood so much upon that subject, that they were fairly tired of it; besides, they knew that, while the States withheld their

quotas of supplies, it was impossible for Congress to do any thing for their relief, and therefore it was in vain to talk about it.

Dickinson is certainly "a fine writer," and I believe has "an honest mind," but I find his friends are not all pleased with what he has said. They think he had better have been silent. The other party plume themselves much upon the abilities of their champion *Valerius*. I make a point of having nothing to do with their squabbles, for controversy was always disgusting to me; and I have moreover sufficient employment in endeavouring faithfully to serve all in the sphere in which Providence has placed me. Mr. Dickinson, I believe, is not at all related to the former President of Princeton College. His father was a Quaker.

Having answered your letter, I now congratulate you upon the return of peace. The *official* account has not arrived, but there can be no doubt of the *fact*. You will find the preliminaries in the enclosed papers, part of which (by the bye) I forgot to send you last week. The humiliation of Great Britain is evident, and the generosity and magnanimity of France equally conspicuous.

Remember me to Mrs. B. I am affectionately yours,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9, 1783.

I HAVE but a few minutes, my dear sir, to answer your favour of 17th ult. The issue of the negociations is now known, and

"Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends."

The preliminaries between France, Spain, England, brought by packet to New York, are now in this city; and

I am this moment told that peace has been proclaimed in New York. Your subscription shall be attended to; but as we propose to give an *extract*, by way of specimen of the stile, it will be necessary to wait for the manuscript or part of it. I think I shall be able to manage matters so as to get the proposals printed *gratis*, except the inserting them in the newspapers. What this expence will be I cannot yet tell, but it cannot be great. When the subscription papers are finished, you shall have a proper number. The name of the author of the "Prison Ship," &c., is Philip Freneau. I fear Bryson will not return before June; but, if he should, other engagements will prevent my visiting New England soon. Should I live, this will probably be a busy year with me. "Who is Valerius?" is a question which has been often asked, and I believe never truly answered. He conceals himself. My judgment is erroneous, if he and Lucius are not the same person.

Our *Plain* friend has sent me one of his pamphlets against universal salvation, but I have not yet had time to read it. Remember me very cordially to Mrs. B. I am, my dear sir,

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO ——.

April 9th, 5 o'clock, P.M.

THE King of England's Proclamation, announcing peace between England, France, Spain, the United Provinces, and the United States of North America, and that hostilities were to cease in America the 3d inst., has just been read at the Coffee House. It was sent here by Sir Guy Carleton. E. HAZARD.

Send this to Mr. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favors of 31st ult. and 15th inst. are before me. I thought of your offer to Mr. Longman, and was sensible of the propriety and even necessity of waiting for his answer. But I think a good deal may be done without it, such as publishing proposals, receiving subscriptions, &c.; though, for the reason formerly assigned you, nothing can be done til I receive a part or the whole of the copy. I would wish to extract one of the most interesting or entertaining parts for a specimen, and shall be glad, as you have studied the subject, if you will point it out. I thank you for the remarks upon the Aurora Borealis, and shall take the liberty of communicating them to the American Philosophical Society at the next meeting. I never observed or heard of the *sound* you mention. If the law for hanging witches is, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," I have it in an old collection of Massachusetts laws printed in (I think) 1676 or 9. If it is any thing else, shall be obliged to you for it.

How did you settle the affair of the constitution? So the combatants about *the* controversy have fatigued themselves, and *cui bono?* If it would not be derogating from their Apostolical dignity, I would say that they remind me of dogs which I have sometimes seen worrying each other almost to death for a *picked bone*, which the victor found *non opera pretium*. I believe Congress have something before them about literary property, from some hints I have received. Shall enquire about it. Am glad to hear that Mrs. B. is better. Remember me to her. Did the Metropolitan ever tell you of some curious letters I wrote him? Don't ask him about them. Poor fellow! he has soon had reason to hang his harp upon the willows.

Adieu, E. H.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, April 30, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — By the post this week I have sent the 1st chapter of my MS., &c. I wish you would contrive it so that the subscription papers may be at Boston by the day of their annual election, viz., 28th May, which will afford a good opportunity to distribute them. Our General Court and Convention will sit the next week or next but one; and, if I have them about that time, I shall be able to disperse them through this State the more readily.

Last Monday I was at Portsmouth, where the news of peace was celebrated with a decent festivity. To-morrow we are to have it here, and so the *feu de joie* runs through the country. Is not George III. the connecting link between the glory and disgrace of Brittain? What a contrast is he grown to himself in twenty years' time! Intoxicated with former successes, he has ventured an experiment which none of his predecessors dared to make; and, after throwing away thousands of lives and millions of treasure, he has lost the brightest jewel from his crown, while "a philosophical sense of dignity steps in under the shape of consolation." These are the words of the celebrated author of Leonidas, Mr. Glover, in his speech before parliament, when he appeared as agent for the West India merchants petitioning against the Restraining bill, in the beginning of these troubles, 1775. Did you ever see the speech? 'Tis replete with good sense, sound reason, and excellent advice, decently and elegantly spoken; and the event shows what a true judgment he formed of the issue of the plans then in agitation. I have not seen it reprinted in America, but it highly deserves it, at least the concluding part. 'Tis in a volume of Parliamentary debates for that year, and 'tis

noted there that, while he was delivering it, Lord North, then the Palinurus of the nation, was taking his usual *nap* on the treasury bench.*

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7, 1783.

DEAR SIR,—Since my last, Congress have resolved to recommend it to the several States to pass laws for the security of literary property. I have only time to add that, in consequence of your friendly hint, Mr. S. Eliot has sent me the *Hymns*, but *do not* let him know that you know it, if you have an opportunity, because I have not now time to acknowledge his kindness, and I should be sorry to appear deficient in either gratitude or politeness. An affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Belknap is due from

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14, 1783.

DEAR SIR,—The acknowledgment of the receipt of your favour of 25th ult. with No. 1 of your MS. is of so much importance to you that I cannot delay it, though my being left alone, in consequence of my clerk's being sick, prevents my adding any more than that. With every sentiment of respect for Mrs. B., I am

Her and your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, May 19, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Paine's last Crisis (though not the best of his performances in point of composition, and

* See "The Parliamentary History of England," 1813, Vol. XVIII., p. 475.—EDS.

interlarded with some foolish egotisms) contains ideas which are of the greatest importance, and deserve to be seriously attended to by these States. Our notion of *individual* sovereignty, connected with that of *united* sovereignty, forms a solecism in politics, and may prove dangerous, if it be not corrected. I remember, in the beginning of the controversy, we were put in mind of the necessity of union, by the figure (in some newspapers) of a serpent cut into twelve or thirteen pieces, and the motto was, "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall." Individual sovereignty, if it means any thing besides local jurisdiction or internal police, is, in my apprehension, an idea as ridiculous as the fragments of that serpent being living animals. I am seriously afraid that (to use another metaphor, which may be more to the purpose, because it is of an higher origin) the iron and clay of Nebuchadnezzar's image is in some degree the composition of our unwieldy republic; and, if there be not something more done to perfect our constitution, we "shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." We have a congress who have the sole power of the sword, but cannot command a shilling out of the purse of any man in America. They can recommend 5 per cent imposts and what not; but if one, two, or more States do not comply, what can be done? A remonstrance, an expostulation, a committee trudging about from State to State, but no *fiat*. The public faith of thirteen united individual sovereignties is pledged to France and Holland, and no joint fund to draw upon. Each State has its quota assigned, and is to find means to pay it; and what if any one should neglect, or refuse, or, to say the best, not be *able*, to raise the money? When Louis or Mynheer calls for their money, 12 out of 13 will be ready, but the other will not; who is to compel them? Must the 12 raise an army to levy contributions? This would be a breach of the Union. Must the creditor kingdom right them-

selves, and the 12 look on and see their sister State invaded and not help them? I could pursue these thoughts further, but I have said so much already that I am afraid you will think I have got a fit of the hypochondria. So I'll leap from the political into the natural world.

We had on the 13th inst. another vivid aurora; the evening serene, with only a gentle zephyr from the S.W., but no flaws. I had another fine opportunity of observing the *sound* I mentioned before to you. I placed myself in a situation where I could not be deceived by the noise of the wind in the trees, and indeed there was no interruption. The distant waterfall and the croaking of frogs could not impose on the senses. I heard distinctly the sound of the flash. It was not a continued noise, but seemed like the ascent of a distant rocket, which, you know, begins with a degree of fierceness, and which grows fainter the higher it rises, till it gets beyond our hearing. I do not know whether this comparison be not worth pursuing, but I am not philosopher enough to dare it. I can stake my veracity on the fact, but I cannot undertake to solve it. You speak of introducing it to the American Society. I am not ambitious of being noticed as the author or communicator of discoveries, the truth of which will depend on my observation alone, especially such an one as this, which cannot be corroborated without a peculiarly favorable concurrence of circumstances, such as a retired situation, great attention, and a serene sky. It cannot be observed in a metropolis for obvious reasons. I do not object to your communicating it, but you must do it with caution, and with an introductory apology, — so as that I may not be exposed to ridicule; for when I first heard the thing mentioned, I own I laughed at it, and I suppose, according to the law of retaliation, I shall be laughed at in my turn by some no wiser than myself.

You shall have the *Witch Law* at large. It is one of

Sir W. Phips's Code, printed by Benjamin Harris in 1692. There is one thing which needs explaining. I mean the *feeding* of evil spirits; but you may probably recollect that it was supposed in that day that the witches had preternatural *teats* on some parts of their bodies, at which they *suckled* the young devils, and some women were searched to find them, as you may see in Neal and Douglas. This last author makes himself merry at it, and says a flea bite would be sufficient to convict them. What surprizing power has nonsense over the minds of men, not only individuals, but collective, legislative, and judicial bodies!

An Act against conjuration, witchcraft, and dealing with evil and wicked spirits, passed by the Great and General Court of their Majesties' Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, begun at Boston, 8th June, 1692, and continued by adjournment to Wednesday, 12th October following, being the Second Session.

For more particular direction in the execution of the law against witchcraft. — Be it enacted by the Governour, Council, and Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same: That if any person or persons shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, *feed*, or reward any evil and wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where any dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or inchantment, or shall use, practice, or exercise any witchcraft, inchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof, — that then every such offender or offenders, their aiders, abettors, and counsellors, being of

any of the said offences duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer the pains of death as a felon or felons.

And, further, to the intent that all manner of practice, use, or exercise of witchcraft, inchantment, charm, or sorcery, should be henceforth utterly avoided, abolished, and taken away, be it enacted by the authority aforesaid: That if any person or persons shall take upon him or them by witchcraft, inchantment, charm, or sorcery, to tell or declare in what place any treasure of gold or silver should or might be found, or had in the earth or other secret places, or where goods or things lost or stolen should be found, or become; or to the intent to provoke any person to unlawful love, or whereby any cattel or goods of any person shall be destroyed, wasted, or impaired; or to hurt or destroy any person in his or her body, although the same be not effected and done, — that then all and every such person and persons so offending, and being thereof lawfully convicted, shall for the said offence suffer imprisonment by the space of one whole year, without bail or mainprize, and once in every quarter of the said year shall in some shire town stand openly upon the pillory by the space of six hours, and there shall openly confess his or her error and offence, which said offence shall be written in capital letters, and placed upon the breast of said offender. And if any person or persons being once convicted of the same offence, and shall again commit the like offence, and being of any of the said offences the second time lawfully and duly convicted and attainted, as is aforesaid, shall suffer the pains of death as a felon or felons.*

* In the "Acts and Resolves . . . of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay," Vol. I., . . . 1869, pp. 90, 91, where this Act may be seen, the editors of that volume say the Act was passed Dec. 14, 1692, published Dec. 16, and disallowed by Privy Council Aug. 22, 1695.

See the conclusion of this letter on p. 373. — Eds.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — You are right in keeping a copy of your MS. The loss of one chapter would occasion much trouble. We have agreed to print the conclusion of the 10th chapter as a specimen, and I think have got very *neat* proposals, of which you will receive some herewith. The *paper* could be got no where at present, but from that extortioner Bell, who made us pay an English guinea for it; but we expect to get the same kind for the History at 20*s*. *Pennsylvania* per ream. The *printing* part Mr. Aitken makes you a compliment of, and he defies America to produce better. We have just discovered a small *e* in *Earl* (in the contents), but it is too late to remedy it, and, as I believe this is the only fault, it is the more excusable. If you do not prefix your *Conjectures* to your History (and I think your reasons for not doing it are good), I shall hope for a copy of them in due form, and liberty to publish them if a *literary* paper should be set up here, which is talked of. Indeed, the poor Tories are in a dreadful plight. They deserve it.

You ask, "How long do you intend to remain *conjugii nescius?*" Not long. I have fixed upon a partner and *preliminaries* are settled; but no time is yet fixed for signing the *definitive treaty*. Some time since I bought a small lot in a delightful part of the city, and the workmen are now busy in erecting a back-building, which is intended for a kitchen and wash-house. Should I live til next year, *and be able*, I intend to build a decent, snug dwelling-house; and, if you and Mrs. B. will pay me a visit, I will shew you both the house and its mistress. In the mean time, I expect to live in my own hired house, as St. Paul did, to which you will be equally welcome. Between the office, building, and other matters, I am *marvellously*

hurried, and never had less assistance. O for a sight of Bryson!

Yours of 30th April came to hand by last post, too late, as you will see, for it to be possible to get the proposals to hand in season for your purpose. We have hurried them as much as possible, and have been fortunate enough not to miss one post day.

Pray does Deism begin to infest your part of the country? It has made some hasty strides here, and a few of us, to prevent its growth, have republished "A Short Method," &c.

You may judge from my paper in what haste I write. Tell Mrs. B. I am as truly her as

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

May 26, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — I am pleased to find by your last of May 7th that Congress have taken up the matter of literary property. I hope it will be universally attended to. If the recommendation should not be in the papers, you will do me a kindness to send me a copy of it.

Our old friend, the Bishop of Newington, made his exit last Tuesday, being in the 95th year of his age.* Enclosed, you have a specimen of his abilities in the epistolary way; but you must never let it be known to any person in the world, especially at or near Portsmouth, that it is *his*, or where you got it from. I obtained it a number of years ago, and copied it from the original, under an engagement never to disclose it during his life. It will rank with Hugh Adams's petition in your collection. Some of

* This was probably the Rev. Joseph Adams, minister of the church in Newington, over which parish he was ordained in 1715. He was born in Braintree, Jan. 1, 1689. See Lawrence's "New Hampshire Churches," p. 100. — EDS.

your intimates at Portsmouth, particularly Dr. B., would be wounded sensibly if it were known. The lady was his mother.

I am just setting out for Boston; and, as the mail will be no forwarder than I shall, I will not close my letter till I get there. So adieu for the present.

Boston, 28th May.

I desired Mr. Hastings to open the Portsmouth mail for your packet to me, and find by yours of the 14th inst. that the 1st chapter is arrived. I expect to go from here into Connecticut on some special business, so as not to be at home till the week after next. I wish my affairs would permit me to lengthen my journey and see you at Philadelphia.

My worthy friend and brother Mr. Eliot has this week buried an excellent wife!

Will you be so kind as to forward the enclosed by some safe hand to the army? I am, dear sir, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Your obliged friend and servant,

Jeremy Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, June 4, 1783.*

My dear Sir, — We have nothing new, and I have received no letter from you since I wrote last, so that all which is necessary at present is to tell you that with this you will receive the remainder of the proposals, to which I add that I am, sincerely and affectionately, your and Mrs. B.'s Friend and humble servant,

Eben. Hazard.

---

* Arrived at Portsmouth, June 20th. — *Belknap's Note.*

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, June 10, 1783.

My very dear and generous Friend, — At my return from an excursion into Connecticut to this town last evening, I found a bundle containing 25 subscription papers, which (supposing they might arrive here before me) I desired Mr. Hastings to take out of the Portsmouth mail. Can I ever too much thank you for your kind attention to my concerns? The beauty and elegance of the specimen I need not say is extremely pleasing to *me*. It excites the admiration of the best judges, who feel a pride in the thought of its being "American workmanship."

Desirous to know exactly on what ground I tread, I desired you in one of my late letters to inform me of every article of expence as it arises. You have mentioned "a guinea," which *Bell* asked for "the paper." Was it at the rate of a guinea a rheam, or did he ask that sum for the small quantity used in printing these proposals? I should be glad to have the result of the calculation which you have doubtless made of the expence (at peace price, you gave it me once at war price) of the whole work, so as to know what will probably be the net proceeds. Will not the *insisting* on payment of half at subscribing tend to retard the work? I know it is the safest way, and on your account especially I would wish for it. But I had proposed another way to collect some money at first, which this plan will set aside. However, relying on your judgment, I shall make no objection to it. You will doubtless inform me, from time to time, what success the subscriptions meet with at the southward, and what sums may be collected.

My brother Eliot, who writes you by this post, and is sorry that he cannot write more largely, is about going to

England. I shall desire him to conclude matters in my name with Longman (from whom I have not yet heard) or some other printer there, and, by the time set for the return of the subscription papers, I shall hope to have it done. Mr. E. is determined to carry some of the papers with him, to shew *how* well a thing of this nature can be executed in America. He wishes to correspond with you while in England.

My very particular thanks are due to Mr. Aitken, and I beg you will express them to him in such language as you think I ought to use on such an occasion. Does he want an apprentice? I have a lively boy in his 14th year whom I would wish to put under such a master as I think he is.* On second thoughts, I will write to him myself, not about the lad, but a letter of thanks for his goodness, and approbation of his workmanship. The other matter, if you will mention at a proper time, I shall be obliged to you; and what you may say in answer, write on a separate bit of paper enclosed. You will not perhaps see the reason of this at once; but after you have been married sixteen years, if you need it, I will tell you.

Apropos, my dear friend, you have found your rib at last. You did not tell me her name. That is to *me* at present immaterial, as I positively should not know her if you did. You did not tell me her character, nor need you; for, if she is a lady of *your* choice, I can judge by a former specimen what her character is. All I fear is, that I shall never see her, unless you will please to bring her within such a distance of your humble servant as that I may shew her that respect which is due to the wife of my friend. Your very kind invitation I should gladly accept, were it possible for me to annihilate time and space. I hope there are no such impediments in the way of your coming *double* to Dover. Perhaps I may chatter a little

* This was Joseph, his oldest son. — Eds.

more on this topic after I have made a *visit* to Mrs. B., from whom I have been absent above a fortnight. In the mean time, have a care, and remember the old proverb of "many a slip," &c.

Since you are desirous of having my Conjectures, &c., I will endeavour to correct and enlarge them by the hints you were so good as to afford me, and you may use them as you please.

The small e in earl, k in king, and q in queen having the appearance of *uniformity*, will not be noticed to the disadvantage of the Proposals.

I trust you have written to the persons whose names are mentioned as receivers. I take them to be your subalterns in the post-office.

I have obtained a copy of the Connecticut Act for the Encouragement of Literature.

The piece against the Deists I thank you for. I could not get opportunity to read it before. I found it necessary to part with it, to oblige a particular friend. I must therefore beg another.

Thursday.

Upon mature consideration, and by the advice of some gentlemen here who are competent judges, I cannot think it prudent to *insist* on every subscriber's laying down one-half, especially as before my return to town Mr. Hastings has received several subscriptions of *names* only. I believe I can find means to prevail on some friends to comply, but it must and will be regarded as a favour. I have got the first page of the Proposals in Willis's paper of to-day, wherein I have *softened* the expression a little. I would have waited for further communication with you on this point, but the papers were got abroad before I received them. Yours of 28th ult., with an Ode on Liberty, is come to hand. Pray, is this Freneau?

This day I set out homeward, with a grand acquisition since I have been here; viz., Governour Belcher's Letter-

books from 1732 to 1735. The rest have been (here you will join me in a sigh) torn up for waste paper. These are but "scarcely saved." How just the motto which I have chosen, *Tempus edax rerum*, &c.

Having written out my paper, I must conclude.

Ever yours, J. B.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — I seldom see the New Hampshire papers, and, when I do, seldom read them, because I don't expect to find any thing in them but *decies repetita*. Your address gave me pleasure, as all the productions of your pen do; but my judgment is not to be depended on, because I read under the influence of prejudice. It would not be fair to say any thing about my letters to the Metropolitan, and therefore I must beg you to excuse me. They were intended only to rally him soon after marrying; and I don't know whether the joke was not carried a little too far. However, we now go on decently. I have a copy (and only one) of the Connecticut Law respecting Literary Property, which I enclose you. If you have no particular reason for keeping it, I could wish to have it back when you have done with it. I forget whether what Congress did in this matter has been published or not; but, if it has not, I will endeavour to get you a copy from their Secretary's office.

So the old Bishop is dead. *Requiescat in pace!* The letter was highly entertaining. Was there nothing *funny* in the *preamble?* The "fragment" begins with "*And.*" Is the lady living?

Yes, the 1st chapter was received, and I hope you have received the Proposals. I flatter myself we shall be

enabled to print the History. Do inform me as soon as you hear from Longman.

It would have given me great pleasure to have seen you here, had your business admitted of it. Perhaps you may be able to pay this city a visit by and bye, and then I shall probably have an house of my own to entertain you at. I am sorry to hear of your brother Eliot's loss. The letter you sent for the army in coming hither came 160 miles beyond the place of its destination. But the farthest way round is sometimes the surest way home. I believe it will go *safely* by this day's post. At some future day, I will endeavour to send you some extracts from the treatise which occasioned the papers about dephlogisticated air. It is a sensible performance which I read with much satisfaction. I believe there is but one of them in this city.

My cordial respects to Mrs. B.

Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

Please to distribute the "Short Method."

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since my last, I have rummaged up a small synopsis I made upon reading Ingen-Housz's Book, and now send you a transcript of it. You will see it contains nothing more than the heads, which are more largely illustrated, and the facts which he proves. In his book, he gives, after each assertion, the experiments used to prove it.

Your ideas of the connection between *individual* and *united* sovereignty appear to me to be perfectly just, and I apprehend that each of the States will entertain similar ones before long. It is certainly for the common good

that the hands of Congress should be more effectually strengthened. If they are not, we shall appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world, notwithstanding all that we have done.

I communicated your observations upon the phenomena attending the Aurora Borealis to the Society, where they were agreeably received. The President asked me whether they were intended as a communication to the Society through me? I told him no, but were sent merely for my entertainment; but, as they related to a matter which might be a subject of future investigation, I thought it best to lodge them among the archives of the Society, that they might be useful in such case.

The Witch Law discovers a great deal of zeal and very little knowledge, and yet, no doubt, it was thought in its day the product of consummate wisdom. It is a great happiness to live in a day when such ignorance and delusion are unknown. The rage now seems to be to banish Tories; and, from the spirit which at present appears, it seems probable they will never be allowed to return. This ought to be the case. They chose their side, let them take the consequence.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. B.

Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

From Experiments upon Vegetables, by Dr. John Ingen Housz, F.R.S., &c. London, 8vo. 1779.*

DEFINITIONS.

Nitrous Air is that permanent elastic fluid which is extracted by Acqua fortis from the most part of metals, such as mercury, brass, &c.

Dephlogisticated Air is respirable air, destitute of the inflammable principle with which the best atmospheric air is found to be always more or less contaminated.

---

* Lowndes speaks of this work of John Ingenhouse as "highly esteemed by the experimental philosophers of that period."—EDS.

Phlogisticated Air is air impregnated with the inflammable principle.

Fixed Air is that kind which issues from fermenting substances.

Inflammable Air is that which arises from stagnant waters.

It is probable that one of the great laboratories of Nature for cleansing and purifying the air of our atmosphere is placed in the substance of the leaves of trees and plants, and put in action by the influence of the *light;* and that the air thus purified (but in this state grown noxious or useless to the plant) is thrown out for the greatest part by the excretory ducts, placed chiefly, at least in far the most part of plants, on the under side of the leaf.

Dephlogisticated air is specifically heavier than common air, and is rather inclined to settle on the surface of the earth among the animal creation; and the air which is become hurtful to us by corruption, breathing, &c., rises soon up out of our reach.

Plants have a power to correct bad and to improve good air.

Winds will blow away the noxious particles of the air, and bring on air corrected by the waters of the seas, lakes, &c.

The shaking of foul air in water will, in a great measure, correct it.

The production of dephlogisticated air from the leaves of plants is not owing to the warmth of the sun, but chiefly, if not wholly, to the *light.*

Dry plants have very little or no power to affect air; but, when moistened, they affect air.

All plants possess a power of correcting, in a few hours, foul air unfit for respiration; but only in a clear light or in the sunshine.

All plants yield a greater or less quantity of dephlogisticated air in the day-time, when growing in the open air and free from dark shade.

Plants evaporate by night bad air, and foul the common air which surrounds them; yet this is far overbalanced by their beneficial operation in the day.

All roots, few excepted, when left out of the ground, yield by day and by night foul air, and infect the surrounding air. Flowers ooze out (by day and night) an unwholesome air, and spoil at any time and in every place a considerable body of air in which they are placed.

All fruits in general exhale a deleterious air by day and by night, in the light and in the dark, and possess a remarkable power of spreading a poisonous quality through the surrounding air.

The power of plants in correcting bad air is greater than their faculty of improving good air.

Plants placed in a room so as to receive all the light of the sun possible contribute somewhat to purify the air of the room; the contrary, if placed in the most shady part.

At night they absolutely tend to foul the air. I should not suffer them to be kept in a room at night where a sick person is.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, June 23, 1783.

My dear Sir, — I got home the Saturday before last, after an absence of about three weeks, which is a very long one for me. I find that Mr. Libbey * has distributed the papers you sent him, and that two of them have found their way to Dover. A difficulty has arisen here about the subscription, which would never have existed but in *such* a place. You must know, sir, that in this lumber country it is common to pay debts and give obligations

---

* Mr. Jeremiah Libbey, so often mentioned in these letters, was postmaster at Portsmouth, N. H. — Eds.

to pay them in *boards*. When the phrase "*in boards*" came to be read, which immediately follows the dollar and one-third in the conditions, they were at a loss where the boards should be delivered, and who should receive them. Accordingly, I was gravely made acquainted with the difficulty; and you may guess how I received their information. I was obliged to shew them a book stitched and covered in the form I expected this would be, and tell them, as I would a child, that the boards mentioned were pasteboard with which the book was to be covered, and not pine boards received for the pay. Thus you have a specimen of Dover. How it will be understood, or what effect it will have in other parts of this ignorant wooden world, I know not.

I mentioned to you, in one of my letters from Boston, that my brother Eliot desired to correspond with you while in England, whither he will go in a few days, and I suppose will be absent near a twelvemonth. I now add that, since the very kind proposal you made to me about printing my book, he is *earnestly* desirous of being acquainted with you. It will not be improper that I should give you a short sketch of his character and connexions. He is a merchant who thoroughly understands business, and has large connexions in England, where he was about twelve years ago. He is a man of good sense, quick perception, high sensibility, pretty largely acquainted with modern authors, among whom Dr. Johnson is a great favourite. He is a person of strict integrity, has acquired a pretty considerable fortune entirely by his own industry; but these late times have given a severe check to his pursuits, as he could never give into the arts of peddling, speculation, or monopoly. He is now a widower, has an only daughter of 7 years old, who is a sweet, engaging child, and in whom his whole soul is wrapped up, having lost two before her birth. He is a bitter enemy to all quackery in religion or politics, and zealously attached to

the West Church, of which he is a member, being initiated by the late Dr. Mayhew. He has had a long and intimate connexion with your Gen. Mifflin. Lately Dr. Gordon has got into his good graces, being esteemed by him a *consistent* friend to liberty, and a man of an independent spirit. He is also warmly attached to Pater West, not only for his sterling good sense, but for his "simplicity and godly sincerity." Our friend the Freemason is another of his intimates, so that you see you are like to be in good company, if you are numbered among his friends.*

I have given him a full power and particular directions respecting a London edition of my work, which he appears to be engaged in with his usual zeal. You must direct your letters to the care of *Wright & Gill, in Ab-Church Lane, London,* and put them into the hands of the shipmaster, with orders to deliver them in person, either there or at the house of *Harrison & Ansley.* This is his particular direction.

PORTSMOUTH, Monday, P.M.

Have received the other bundle of papers of Mr. Libbey. Hope I shall hear from you next week more particularly than this. Mrs. B. desires her respects, and hopes soon to be able to send the same to Mrs. H.

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

[The following memorandum is indorsed by Dr. Belknap, "Hazard's new calculation, June 24, 1783." — EDS.]

The volume is to contain, say 400 pages. Each sheet makes 16 pages. Then 16 in 400 — 25 times, or 25 sheets in a book (or volume).

In a ream there are 18 quires, deducting the two outside ones,

---

* Mr. Samuel Eliot, the brother of Mrs. Belknap, became a wealthy merchant and a benefactor of Harvard University. He died in 1820, aged 81. He was the father of Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, mayor of Boston, and of several other children, by a second marriage. — EDS.

which are usually spoiled by the cord, but serve to paste on the inside of the covers, and for fly-leaves.

18 quires of 24 sheets each, 432 sheets in a ream.

We propose to print 1000 books, which at 25 sheets per book will require 25,000 sheets.

How often 432 in 25,000? Answer, 57 reams, 15 quires, 16 sheets; say 58 reams.

Then we shall want 58 reams paper at 20*s.*	£58	0	0
Printing 25 sheets at £5 10*s.*	137	10	0
Stitching 1000 books, say at 1*s.* each	50	0	0
Whole cost of the edition	£245	10	0

20

Equal to . . . . . shillings 4910

12

or pence 58,920

Pence.

Number of copies 1000 in) 58920 (58 pence.

5000

8920

8000

920

4

1000) 3680 (3 farthings.

3000

680

Then, according to the above calculation, each book, in boards, will cost 4*s.* 10¾*d.* Pennsylvania currency. Say that it costs 5*s.* If you dispose of the whole edition at 10*s.* (the price proposed), you will just double your money.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, June 28, 1783.

My dear Sir, — Yours of the 11th came to hand this morning, by which I perceive you have got the fragment of the Bishop's love letter. You enquire for the rest. I never had any more. It was given or rather lent to me near 18 years ago. I copied and returned the original,

previous to which time the lady to whom it was addressed was defunct. He lived with her but a very short time, and that in a very uncongenial manner, as she would not reside at his house; and he was obliged to make her a visit of a week long at her own, with the interval of about a fortnight, so that they were together about one-third of their time. The distance of their habitations was about 6 or 7 miles. I suppose the reason of this singularity was the disagreeableness of the match to the children on both sides.

When I was in Connecticut, I got a copy of their Act, so shall return yours. Pray what say your assembly? I think you spoke of your design to push for such an act? The recommendation of Congress has reached our General Court, and Mr. Pickering is to draw a bill, for which purpose I have furnished him with copies of the Connecticut and Boston Acts. But it cannot be passed till *October*. I thank you for your repeated invitation to Philadelphia, and wish it were in my power to accept it. Mr. Libbey was asking me the other day whether you had thoughts of coming this way this summer. I answered that I had heard nothing of such a design, but that there was *another* in hand (you did not enjoin secrecy). He replied that you were consistent with yourself, because you had often said you would not marry while the war lasted. He is an obliging, clever fellow, and has collected a number of subscriptions. So has Dr. Brackett.* Others I have not heard from. *Some* pay one half down, others say it shall come when called for, others decline subscribing on such terms. But the mistake about "boards," which I mentioned in my last letter, creates some embarrassment among people who know of none but "deal boards." It is as natural for them to understand it so as

* Dr. Joshua Brackett, frequently alluded to in these letters, was a distinguished physician in Portsmouth, N.H. He died in 1802. Dr. Allen has honored him in his Biographical Dictionary, and so has Adams in his "Annals of Portsmouth." — Eds.

it would [be] in Virginia if the word "tobacco" had been used in the place of boards, for lumber is as much the staple commodity here as tobacco there. I was asked at Portsmouth whether any allowance would be made to the purchasers of dozens or half-dozens. This is a circumstance I did not advert to in forming the Proposals. I wonder it escaped you and Mr. Aitken.

I observe the direction is that *the papers* be returned to him by the 1st of August, and I suppose the design of this is that the number of subscribers may be known. I apprehend that can as well be done, by enquiring of the persons with whom the papers are lodged, and transmitting the number. If the papers are then returned, the subscription, of course, will be *closed* at that time, which I think would not be eligible. The method which I have thought of to conduct the matter is this. As the papers have been distributed in this and the Massachusetts State *partly* by my direction and *partly* by yours, and those in the other States *wholly* by yours, let us divide them into two districts: those in Massachusetts and N. Hampshire to be wholly under mine, and those to the southward wholly under your management, or Mr. A.'s, if you do not choose to have your name mentioned. By the 1st of August, I will have a list of all the subscribers in my district, and all the money collected into the hands of one or two persons, and send you an account of it; you will do the same in your district, and let me have an account from you. But let the subscriptions go on, and the original papers, with the receipts of each subscriber's money, remain in, or afterwards be removed to, the hands of those persons who are to be *distributors* of the copies, who will be much *fewer* than the collectors of subscriptions. When things are thus brought into a focus, business can be managed better, and remittances made as needed. And here I beg you to let me know the manner in which they may most safely and conveniently be made, whether

by bills of exchange, or sending money per post, or how else.

I asked you in one of my letters whether it were necessary or proper that any formal written contract be made between me and the printer, and, if so to dictate the form. I forget what letter it was in (for I keep no copies), but you have said nothing in answer to it. The other query respecting the variation of the price from war price, and the consequently different calculation of expence of paper, printing, and stitching in *boards*, has yet but just reached you. I think the communication between Philadelphia and Portsmouth is 16 days; and, if I remember right, I wrote that at Boston just before my return.

If the proposal about dividing the work as above meets your approbation, please to let me know immediately, as the regular return will be but a few days before the 1st August, or not till then, and, if you please, write to Mr. Hastings at Boston on the subject. I will also. Those papers which he distributed may be returned to him, and those which I distributed thereabout I will direct to be returned to one of my friends there.

There is a strange, wild writer in the Freeman's Journal (and by the way that is as good a paper for speculative readers as any of them, let Oswald say what he will about it) by the name of Brackenridge, who has advanced some thoughts about Indian titles which deserve to be attended to, though he is too precipitant, and would have them drove into the hole where the N.W. wind comes out rather too soon. Our policy with regard to the Indians must undergo a change; we must let them see that we are not *afraid of them*. We must not *purchase* their friendship with guns and rum and strouds,* as heretofore; and, as to the plan of civilizing or converting

* A kind of garment used by the North American Indians. — Eds.

them, it is indeed highly benevolent, but totally impracticable in any methods that have yet been adopted here. Those of them who have been partly civilized and educated prove the worse rogues for it. Joseph Brandt, I am told, was one of Wheelock's scholars. What, then, shall we do? Here, like many other scheeming politicians, I am more at a loss than to say what we must *not* do. To argue from fact and experience, the method which the Jesuits in Paraguay have taken have been most successful. But we have no *such* Jesuits among us. Our Jesuits are all for serving *themselves*, not for benefiting mankind.

I thank you very much for the "Short Way with Deists." I know of but *one* in this town, and I'll serve him with a copy. It would be a kindness to the Metropolitan to send him a dozen. He is much worried by having so many young *cubs* of that litter, or *puppies* I might have said, under his nose; and I dare say would be glad of an opportunity to put into their hands so clever a *bone to pick*. Pray who is Charles Leslie?

With regard to Longman, I have not heard from him; but I have given Mr. E. directions very particular about treating with him or *some other* of the fraternity; and told him that, in case I should find it advisable to begin to print here before I hear of a contract being formed there, I should send, or direct the sending, the sheets to *him*, that he may dispose of them to such persons as he thinks may best serve my views.

On examining and comparing, I am of opinion that my volume will contain *more* than 400 *such pages* as the specimen, unless the Appendix be contracted or printed in a much smaller type. One of my MS. pages contains nearly as much as one of the printed specimens, and I have 325 pages in 11 chapters. The 12th is yet unfinished. When I said the whole would be about 400 pages, I supposed that one of my manuscript pages would contain less by a

$\frac{1}{4}$ or a $\frac{1}{5}$ than an 8vo page in print. But the difference is not so much.

I should not have troubled you with the letter to the army, but know of no shorter nor safer way of sending it. I thought you might see some person that was going thither, and did not wish to have it go by the post, but you are always very obliging.

Have you ever read Dr. Hurd's "Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies"? If you have, you certainly have enjoyed great pleasure: if not, I beseech you not long to be without it.

What tremendous accounts we have from Sicily and Italy! Vesuvius, too, has ceased burning, which is a presage of convulsions! We have had no earthquakes in this part of the world for a long time. The last, I think, was in September, 1774, which was, like most others for 19 years before, a slight one. Is it not time to expect a repetition?

With my warmest wishes for your happiness, in which Mrs. B. cordially joins, I remain, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. Enclosed, you have the last *Egg*. If you find any nonsense in it, you will not wonder when you cast your eye on the Hibernian signature.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favour of 23d ult. is received. The mistake about the *boards* was very natural, considering in what quarter it was made; and yet it discovered so much simplicity that I could not help laughing very heartily at it.

The character that you give of Mr. Eliot is a very pleasing one, and I shall be happy in corresponding with him, if I can get time. But I am so much encumbered at present, that it is with difficulty I go the round of duty in season. I will attend to your directions about writing to him.

We have advertised the History in this day's paper, and shall put it in two more. The Metropolitan has wrote to me lately in such a way as shews he is deeply interested in your favour. He hopes the work will be made as profitable to you as possible. Respects to Mrs. B. Adieu. E. H.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Monday, July 14, 1783.

My dear Sir, — Your very kind letters of June 18th and 24th, enclosing Mr. Aitken's, came to hand Saturday P.M. You will forgive me if I should not reply to every particular just now, considering that the affair of my son must engross my chief attention; and this letter must, if possible, get to Portsmouth to-day. Your kindness in this, as well as many other things, deserves my sincere and cordial thanks. I am very fond of my child's being put under such a man as Mr. Aitken, and am persuaded he will not be found far short of the description which Mr. Aitken has given of the apprentice which he should like to have. I wish he could be persuaded to find him in shoes. I am told it is common for apprentices, when their parents find the rest of their clothing.

There are two difficulties to be encountered: one is that of getting him to Philadelphia, the other is the small-pox. As to the former, his youth and inexperience in travelling, and the prevalence of *maternal* fondness, strongly plead that he should go under the care of some very trusty person, and one whom he has some knowl-

edge of. Were it possible for me to pick up cash enough for expences, and provide a supply for my pulpit, I would embark with him on board some vessel bound into your river. The next best expedient would be to find some shipmaster or passenger whom I am acquainted with, or who could be properly recommended, under whose care I might place him. This I have not had time to enquire for as yet. As to the small-pox, which I am told is generally, if not always, in Philadelphia, it would be advisable to have him innoculated either before or soon after his coming. The former cannot be done, as there is no hospital here or at Boston. Have you one in Philadelphia, and what would be the expence of his going through it? The solution of these difficulties, together with the time and continuance necessary to equip him properly for the enterprize, will oblige me to suspend my final determination for the present. If some time in the month of September will be soon enough, I should be glad to keep him with me till then; and, if things turn out as I wish, I will do my best endeavour to convey him to Philadelphia, that Mr. A. may take him *for a time on trial* before any indentures pass, and I should be glad to know how long a probation would be proper. He is now in his 14th year, which will be completed the 2d of December next.

You will be kind enough to shew this letter to Mr. Aitken, for I consider you and him as one person in this matter, and be so kind as to let him know that I will write to a friend at Boston about pasteboards, &c., according to his desire.

Pray what would be the expence of *binding* a number (say 100) of my books gilt and lettered?

I should also be glad to know whether Mr. Aitken would allow my son any time for schooling? He has had but little advantage for learning here. I have not been able to attend to it in the manner I could have wished, and the town are *above* such things as providing schools. He

is not perfect in *arithmetic*, and he has an inclination to learn *singing*. If some time could be allowed for these, it would be an additional satisfaction.

With my regards to Mr. Aitken, and cordial salutations to yourself, in which Mrs. B. truly joins, I am

Your obliged friend and servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. here puts in a word about the long absence from home, which must be the consequence of his going to such a distance, and wishes to know *how often* during his apprenticeship she may expect the pleasure of a visit from him? which may also conduce to the convenience of fitting him with clothing, linen, &c.

Mr. A. will pardon my not writing to him separately, when he considers that I write to you on no other subject by this post, and have nothing more to say on *this* but what I have said above.

P. S. Do you expect your office will follow Congress in their peregrinations from one State to another?

O that the 5 per cent impost had been seasonably *agreed to!* Have you a *Cromwell* or a *Joyce* in the Pennsylvania line?

What should you think of admitting some of the less obnoxious of the refugees, upon their paying a handsome capitation, to be applied toward discharging the public debt?

Had not nations better be governed by their interest than their passions? If I am not mistaken, the Dutch are.

You see I can't suppress some ebullitions of things that I have been thinking on, though I meant to confine this letter to one thing only.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, July 18, 1783.

My dear Sir, — When I wrote last week, I had not time to reply to any thing in your last letters but about my son.

You have been guilty of one oversight in answering, or rather pretending to answer, a question of mine. If I remember right (for I keep no copies), I did not ask *you* for a character of Miranda, but said: "If she was a lady of *your* choice, I could judge of her by a former specimen." I am pleased, however, with the account you have given me of her, which serves to confirm my former judgment, and shew you a consistent man. I think it is most prudent to do as the Vicar of Wakefield, who chose his wife, as she chose her wedding gown, for such qualities as would *wear well.* For your edification and encouragement on this occasion, I have transcribed one of Govr. Belcher's letters, when his son Jonathan was about committing matrimony with a Miss Tench in England, which will also shew you something of the judgment and affections of the writer, and answer in part a question of yours whether any thing curious appears in these letters. In future, I may extract some other things. I find a number of hints that will be of service in my compilation, as he kept up a close correspondence with his *friends* in N. Hampshire, and sometimes wrote *to* his enemies, but oftener *about* them. A Plantation Governour was thought by many an enviable situation, but, from the correspondence of several which have fallen into my hands, I cannot think so. They were a set of dependent creatures, — dependent on the breath of a favourite, or the smile of a minister, or the avarice of a clerk. At home they kept spies in the public offices to watch the words and looks of their superiors, and the motions of their enemies; and here they

were plagued with cross assemblies, their support withheld, their views obstructed, their temper (unless like Job) always in a fret; and to steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of offending their master and the people whom they governed, was a laborious task. But enough of this.

The account of dephlogisticated air is entirely new and pleasing, and I thank you for it. I suppose there have been experiments to confirm these remarks, and, if in any future time you should be able to point out any of them to me, I should take it as a favor. Please to let me have the whole title of Ingen-Housz's book, — its size and probable price.

As to *my* observations on the Northern Light, they are no otherwise mine than as I was the vehicle of communicating them to you; and I am glad they have got into the hands of gentlemen who are capable of making use of them, which I hope some of them will do. Were it necessary, I could produce a great number of persons, and some of superior characters for judgment, critical observation, and veracity, who have been witnesses of the fact, of which indeed I have no more doubt than of the luminous appearance. Pray, were these observations, or rather the thing observed, as *new* to the Society as to yourself?

The calculation about my book is satisfactory. I suppose, if the number of sheets should be increased, the same £5 10*s*. must be added. But I hope by crowding the Appendix, or printing it in a smaller type, it may be made to do as proposed. I shall not have a long preface. I am transcribing the second chapter, and shall send it along when done. The third will take me longer, as I find it must be corrected in several places. I hear from several quarters, Why did you not promise a seventh gratis to those who subscribe for six? To tell the truth, I thought nothing about it, and how it escaped you and Mr. A. I cannot tell; but I suppose it can be

mended by an advertisement, when the books are ready to be delivered.

By the week after next, I hope to be able to say how many are subscribed for in New Hampshire.

I have heard nothing from Longman; but, if I find it adviseable to begin before any plan is settled with him, or before I hear of any, I shall send the sheets to Mr. E., whom I have instructed on this head.

So no more at present; but wishing you all the blessings and happiness that you can wish for yourself, and in particular that your union with the amiable Miranda may be the source of mutual felicity, I am

Your sincere and obliged friend,

JER. BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. joins in the most cordial congratulations and wishes, especially on that account.

Is the paper on which your late letters are written the manufacture of Pennsylvania, and what is the price?

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — As I am preparing to leave the city for about ten days on a visit to my female friend, I have but little time to answer yours of 28th ult. Our Assembly will sit next month. It is not my intention to apply to them about the Act respecting literary property: my interest is not sufficient to do any thing in that way; but I shall pursue some other method, which may perhaps do better. You did not do wrong in giving Mr. Libbey the hint of my design. No secrecy has been intended or attempted *ab initio*. It is not necessary to return the subscription papers. Only inform me of the *number* of books subscribed for, and you may get as many more

subscriptions as you can. Mr. Aitken and I have been talking upon the subject this morning, and I have desired him to give orders for the paper to be made immediately, that it may be finished before rains come on and muddy the waters, when it would not be so white. I think we shall determine to print; but, if we should not, the paper may be sold again. I thought of an allowance to those who subscribed for a quantity; but, supposing that nobody would do it, I made no allowance. Notwithstanding this, you may promise a thirteenth *gratis* to those who subscribe for twelve. *When remittances are to be made, I will tell you how to do it.* It will not be improper to have something in writing by way of contract, that, in case of mortality (as my uncle used to say), those who come after us may know upon what plan we acted. I will write more fully upon this subject hereafter. In the mean time, I wish you to forward the MS. as expeditiously as you can, that we may meet with no delays after we have begun to work. I sent you the *calculation*. We shall get a good profit, if we find a ready sale. Am sorry you mistook about the number of pages. Perhaps we may include the whole by printing the *Appendix* in a smaller type, which Mr. A. says *ought* to be done. I have no objection to your "dividing the work" as you propose, but must beg you to write to Mr. Hastings and others about it, as my *particular situation* will not admit of my doing it.

Charles Leslie was an *old Scotch* writer, a clear-headed man.

Hope we shall hear from Longman soon. I have just glanced at *Dr. Hurd* some years since. I think he is too fond of ascribing to Divine inspiration what may be easily produced by a brilliant fancy connected with a sound judgment, as in the case of Seneca's *Venient annis*, &c. But as I did not read him through, and have not seen him for at least eight years, I am not qualified to

pass a judgment. If I get time, will give him a reading. If you have not read Bishop Newton on the Prophecies, you will find a feast there. The *Egg* should have been signed "*Major General.*"

I am (in haste) yours and Mrs. B.'s friend,

EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. We are told that the Definitive Treaty has arrived at New York.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, August 2, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — You mention in the letter which I last received that the Metropolitan has expressed his wishes, &c. I am much obliged to him for this, and for many other expressions of good-will. Indeed, he is a friendly man, and a very good neighbour, and it adds not a little to his worth that he chose so good a partner for himself.

I cannot as yet ascertain the number of subscriptions in these parts, the gentlemen who had the papers having not yet returned them, though I have wrote to them requesting it. I intend, as soon as the weather grows cooler, to ride round and collect them, which will be the surest way.

You have herewith the second chapter transcribed, the third is begun, and I shall go on with the rest as fast as I can.

Is your rib reinstated in *proprio loco?* Must you move after Congress, or shall you keep your station? Will the late offer from N. Jersey to Congress be accepted?

Yours affectionately, J. B.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

August 4, 1783.

My dear Sir, — As I am fond of sending you an account of every thing curious and remarkable which falls in the way of my observation, I shall communicate to you the following case, which has been the subject of much conversation, and (as it often happens) has been emblazoned by the addition of other circumstances to render it *more marvellous*. I shall give it you as I had it from the lady's own mouth last week.

Mehetabel Whiddon, a young lady of eighteen years of age, was struck blind with lightning on the 20th June last, at Portsmouth. There was no stroke of lightning on or near the house. She had just been stooping to a cradle, and was raising herself up with her face towards a west window, and not nearer to it than five or six feet, the sash being down, when a sharp flash of lightning met her eye, which, as she says, caused the sensation of heat in her face, and immediately deprived her of sight. She remained so three weeks, but was not all the time so totally blind but that she could discern night from day, and in one or two instances the colour of people's clothes who were near her. Blisters and cold baths were applied to no purpose. On Wednesday the 9th of July, she dreamed that she should recover her sight on the following Friday, which accordingly happened. When she awoke on Friday morning, the 11th, she found that she could open her eyes, but with pain; and by little and little, in the course of the forenoon, she got them completely open, and could see clearly. For several days afterward (and I know not but the case is the same now) she was obliged to open her eyes gradually in the morning, and this was attended with pain. She cannot bear a strong light, but sees clearly and dis-

tinctly within doors, or in cloudy weather. She seems to be a modest, sensible girl, and has a grateful sense of the Divine goodness in her recovery.

Yours affectionately, J. B.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, August 11, 1783.

My dear Sir, — I hope this will find you returned from your excursion to your "female friend," and the negotiation so far advanced as to promise a speedy conclusion, much to your mutual satisfaction and to that of all persons concerned.

I have been endeavouring to get in the subscription papers; and, tho' I have not succeeded as to the greater part, yet it has served as a quickening to some gentlemen who had them and had been dilatory in putting them about. I shall give you an extract from a letter I received last week from Col. Waters, of Boston, who had the care of distributing the papers there, and who had, according to my desire, called on the gentlemen for returns: —

"I now come to the last part of your letter, concerning which I wish I could give more pleasing accounts. The matter of the History does not seem to take at all, at least but trifling. The Proposals being burdened with the payment of one-half the sum does, as I expected it would, stop its progress; besides this, some think it (*i.e.*, the History), at present, not necessary; others, that by and by it may do as well; and, again, that there are printers in New England that might perform the jobb to as much satisfaction; but my real opinion is, that if nothing had been said of payment till the book was delivered, hundreds would have been subscribed for before now." After this, he gives me an account of 28 subscribers, and

12 who had promised to subscribe. Mr. Eliot has got 40 books subscribed for, but no advance. Mr. Hale, at Cambridge, has collected 16. What Mr. Hastings and Dr. Gordon have done, I have not heard. So much for Boston and its environs.

Mr. Libbey has had 3 papers returned to him: these, with what he has himself collected, amounted last week to 89. Dr. Bracket has got a considerable number, but I cannot exactly ascertain it. I have had four papers returned to me, all which contain 35; so that, from the returns which have been made hitherto, the number does not much exceed 200, and, if the papers which are yet out in these parts produce 100 or 150 more, it will be as much as I expect. I have received about £8 L.M. in advance. Mr. Libbey and Dr. Bracket have more in their hands, perhaps as much or more than that. The remittance shall be made in time and manner as you shall direct.

From the paucity of subscriptions in these parts, I am led to entertain a doubt of the expediency of printing so great a number as you proposed; viz., 1000. But, as you are a much better judge than I can be of the proportion which the subscription may bear to the probable sales, I shall leave it to you to limit the number.

I shall continue sending you the number of subscriptions, and should be glad if you would give me an account of those at the southward.

Mrs. B. desires her respects, and I remain

Your affectionate and obliged friend,

J. Belknap.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Sunday evening, August 17, 1783.

My dear Sir,—As this is to go by water to Portsmouth by sunrise to morrow morning, I can only say

that, as I sent you the second chapter the week before last, so I now send the third. I have heard nothing *yet* from England, nor do I *now* expect it, till I hear of Mr. E.'s arrival, which, as he sailed the 7th July, cannot be till the latter end of September, in a common course. In case I do not hear before then, I shall give leave to have the work begun. But I suppose there is no necessity for it yet, as by your last the paper cannot be ready.

I wrote you last week that the number of subscribers at Boston and in these parts jointly did not much exceed 200. I think it was 208. Since then, I have an account of 67 more, and there are outstanding 6 or 7 papers. Dr. Gordon writes me that he has returned his papers to you. If he has, I beg you would enclose it to me; for it is proper that the *original* subscription papers be deposited with the persons who are to deliver the books, to prevent any disputes. He does not say whether he has received any money or not. If Mr. Libbey has received any more subscriptions, I shall desire him to note them on the cover of my packet, which encloses my third chapter, and a copy of the oration and charge, which, with other circumstances, gave birth to —— what I suppose you have by this time received.

This will doubtless find you returned from your rural excursion, the bargain pinn'd, and all ready for the knot. I wish you success in the ligature, and am, my dear sir,

Your obliged friend and most humble servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. desires her respects.

I have wrote to Boston, according to Mr. Aitken's wish, for pasteboards and scab-boards, but have as yet no answer.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, August 25, 1783.

My dear Sir, — Last week I sent you my third chapter, with an account of 275 subscriptions, or rather books subscribed for. Since that time, I have had return of 53 more, which makes the whole number that has yet come to my knowledge in Massachusetts and N. Hampshire 328. Dr. Gordon's list not included; and there are several papers out yet, which I hope to get in this week. I have received £20 L.M. in advance, which waits your call.

If any letters came by the last post, they are not yet come to my hands. I send my son to Portsmouth with this and on some other errands. He will not probably return so as that I can make you any answer to what you may have wrote (which I expect is concerning him) till next week. I would go myself, but am not well: the heat yesterday overcame me.

With much respect and affection, I am, dear sir, your obliged friend and servant,

Jeremy Belknap.

P. S. Have you among your papers a return of a survey of the line between Massachusetts and N. H. in 1696 — three miles north of Merrimac R.? I cannot find it in the Secretary's office, and I think I saw a minute of it in one of your books. If you have it, please to send me a copy of it.

If you are not now reading Garcilasso La Vega, why could you not send it to me by some Pascataqua vessel, to the care of Dr. Bracket?

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — If I am a little deficient in punctuality *now*, you will naturally ascribe it to uncommon hurry. Your three letters of 2d, 4th, and 11th inst. are before me. Shall attend to the alterations in the oration. The second chapter of the History is received. I must beg you to be expeditious in transcribing the rest; for when the press once begins we shall go on rapidly, and it will not do for the workmen to be stopped for want of copy. I do not know what Congress will determine about my removal. Their own place of residence will not be fixed before October. Thank you for the case of Miss Whidden. A sudden flash of light naturally produces that effect. I don't like her *dreaming*. Yours of the 11th found me returned from my "excursion to my female friend;" and the negotiation is so far advanced that I expect to revisit her this day week, and the definitive treaty is to be signed on the 11th September.

People here do not object to paying half the subscription money for your History; but we have but very few subscribers, about 30, though the number will doubtless be encreased. Many will *purchase* who will not *subscribe*, and I feel no doubt but we shall be able to pay all expences out of the books. I imagine that "there are printers in New England who might perform the jobb to as much satisfaction," is a principal reason with many in Boston for not subscribing. You know they have a strong attachment to "town-born children." The paper-maker has brought us 11 reams, for which I have paid him £11, and we daily expect 19 more. If you can remit me the money you, Dr. Bracket, and Mr. Libbey have received, either in a good bill of exchange upon this city, or in bank-notes, it would afford me considerable relief. Per-

haps bank-notes may be bought at *a discount*, in which case you would gain something; and the risque of sending them hither by post is very trifling.

It will not answer to print less than 1000 copies; because the smaller the number, the greater in proportion is the cost. Besides, 500 disposed of (or perhaps a few more) will pay the whole expence.

I have received no returns of subscriptions, except those you have been informed of, and 5 from Dr. Gordon. Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Saturday, August 30, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Expecting to take a ride eastward on Monday, and having not received any thing from you for a fortnight past, nor known whether there be any thing this week or not, I only can tell you that, since Monday, when I sent you an account of 328 subscriptions, I have received but 11 more, which makes the whole 339. In a few days I expect to have more returns.

With this you have the fourth chapter, and the third went by the post before last.

Wishing you all manner of happiness, I am, dear sir, your much obliged friend and servant, J. B.

Mrs. B. desires her respects.

If you find the printing incorrect, or if you see any grammatical or other errors in the copy, I shall be obliged by your correcting them.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Monday, Sept. 1, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Having received your very kind letters of August 9th and 11th, I cannot but immediately

make a return, though it is uncertain whether I shall be able to get it to the office before it be too late for this week.

So many circumstances seem to concur, and so many judicious friends agree in their advice, that I have determined to send my son Jo to Mr. Aitken for a trial, and shall now do the best I can to prepare him for his voyage, and desire my friends in the sea-port towns to look out for him a good opportunity of conveyance, and some careful person with whom I may trust him. How long this will take I cannot possibly say, but I will endeavour to forward it as much as lies in my power. I esteem your kindness towards me and him in this matter very highly, and your intimation of the benevolence of Ulysses is peculiarly obliging. The child will need friends, being so far removed from home; and I hope he will conduct himself so as that your friends may be his. I wish it may so happen that you may not be obliged to remove from Philadelphia.

I wrote you a short letter on Saturday, and intimated that I should take an Eastern tour this week; but the company which I expected did not arrive, so it must be deferred. I enclosed my fourth chapter, and have begun to copy the fifth. I gave you an account of 339 subscribers, to which 9 more are to be added, which makes the number 348. I observe what you say about additional sheets, and hope we shall not be obliged to make the volume more bulky than 400. I can suppress part of the Appendix. I do not think I shall have any bound, at least no considerable number.

As to Mr. A.'s literary paper, I shall cheerfully do any thing to forward it. But why does he publish it weekly? He has his reasons no doubt, and I trust they are good ones; but if his magazine failed, which was only a monthly performance, because he was obliged to give so much scattering credit, will not a weekly paper be subject to the same

inconvenience in a greater degree? I should have proposed an *annual* one: the matter then would have been better digested, and the pay more certain. As to Pickering, he writes nothing but in the way of his profession. Sewall is a dabster at essays. Mrs. B. is reserved, but an application from *you* might educe something perhaps. As to the African oration, I know you will do nothing but what is "decent" So I rest it safe in your hands, and it is in the hands of no other person.

I shall bear in mind the 11*th of September* as a memorable æra in the life of my friend; and, when it comes, shall fancy myself at the nuptials, and wish you *joy of the day*. You must be my proxy to administer the salutation of your friend to Mrs. Bride. I am, dear sir,

Your hearty friend, JER. BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. is exceedingly obliged by your care of her child, and wishes you a thousand blessings.

P. S. Whenever Mr. Aitken thinks proper to begin his press-work, I am willing, only you must fix the number of copies according to your best judgment. I shall continue sending you the number of subscriptions every week. As soon as a sheet is struck off, be so kind as to send, per the first opportunity, one copy to Mr. Samuel Eliot, directing the shipmaster, or whoever carries it, to deliver it (without going through the London post-office) at the house of Wright & Gill, in Abchurch Lane, and let me have another sheet. If you think it best that Mr. E. should have a duplicate to prevent miscarriage, you may either send him one yourself or send me two sheets, and I will forward one of them to him. I shall send on the MS. as fast as I can transcribe it.

[On the outside of the letter was written:]

I have received a subscription paper since this was sent to the office for 23 more books. J. LIBBEY.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Sept. 12, 1783.

My dear Sir, — We did not forget last evening to drink, or, to speak in the Johnsonian style, to "bibulate to the salubrity" of our friend and his bride. By this time, I conclude you have taken leave of your bachelorship, and are initiated into the science of matrimony, which I wish may prove to you and your partner a source of enjoyment. You must accept of this wish, "warm from the heart," instead of an epithalamium, which I am [in] no capacity for composing; and, if I was, it would be needless, for no more than this fairly implies could be said, though the sentiment be drawn out into a Pindaric of a yard long. They say gaping is catching: perhaps marrying is. Our friend, the freemason, had kept up his heart "in an ivory box" till he heard of your manœuvres in the hymeneal field; and now he has let it fairly be catched up by a girl of 17, a daughter of Mr. Treadwell, of Portsmouth;* and so, as good brother Harvey says, "the world is peopled," and so it ought to be, say I; and there's an end of my discourse on the subject.

Enclosed with this, you have the latter half of my fifth, and the whole of my sixth, chapter; and I believe you may count what I have sent as *one-half* of the copy, exclusive of the Appendix. There will be a short Preface, which, with the Contents and the Title-page, may, I suppose, be put into *half a sheet;* and, as to the Appendix, I can curtail it well enough of those papers which are already in print, and perhaps some others: so that you can calculate

* The person called in these letters the "Freemason" was the Rev. John Eliot, who succeeded his father, the Rev. Andrew Eliot, as pastor of the New North Church in Boston. He married, Sept. 10, 1784, Ann Treadwell, daughter of Jacob Treadwell, Esq., of Portsmouth, N.H. He was one of those who co-operated with Dr. Belknap in the formation of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was a cousin of Mrs. Belknap. — Eds.

whether my work will, or will not, consist of the number of pages mentioned in the Proposals. I should rather not exceed it.

Since I wrote last, I have had a return of all the remaining subscription papers; and, upon casting up the whole, I find 393, — including 23 which Mr. Libbey says he noted on the outside of my last letter to you. I have left 5 or 6 of the papers in the hands of some particular friends, who think they can yet pick up some recruits; but I believe, if for a round number you set down 400 for this and the State of Massachusetts, it will be as many as can be depended on.

Mrs. B. is preparing her son for his expedition. I have not yet heard of an opportunity to send him, but am on the enquiry.

Pray, my friend, how goes on your collection of papers? When do you intend to begin the printing of them? I have heard nothing of the work for a long time.

Sept. 13.

This morning I am favoured with yours of 27th ult.; and, by the same conveyance that this goes to Portsmouth, I write to a friend there to enquire for a bill of exchange or bank-note: if neither can be procured there, shall make the enquiry at Boston, and send it on as soon as it can be had. For several weeks past, I have set my self a stint to copy a chapter, or, if too long, half a chapter of my History; and shall continue it, so that you may have it in season, that there may be no stop in the work after it is begun: if I go on no faster than I have of late, you will probably get the whole in six weeks from this time. But, however "rapidly" the printing should go on after it is begun, the *publication* must, at all events, be delayed till some arrangements are made with respect to a transmarine edition, or till (if that should be the case) I am informed of the impracticability of it. I shall be

looking for letters from Mr. Eliot, in about 3 weeks from this time.

Mrs. B. joins in congratulations on the (supposed) nuptials, and wishes you every kind and degree of happiness, as does your sincere and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mr. Bailey's *extracts*, which compose a considerable part of his paper, are very agreeable to me. I hope, when Mr. Aitken begins his, he will dedicate one or two pages to the same purpose, and let it answer, in part, the end of *the Reviews*. I fancy I could get some subscriptions for such a paper as his will be.

Bell, I see, has got a book of Travels through North America, by *Abbé Robin:* pray, what is it, and who is Abbé Robin?*

Will the Map of the United States, advertised by Wm. McMurray, answer the character given of it?

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Sept. 20, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have no letter from you this week; nor did I expect it, as you told me in your last that you was likely to be engaged in business that required your *personal* attendance out of town. But I have received a gleam of consolation by some hints in the papers that Congress are desirous of returning to Philadelphia, and that your Legislature have given them an invitation: if this is determined, as I hope it will, you will still reside there, which I will "hold up both hands for," as an old Representative said about burying Governour Shirley.

---

* L'Abbé Robin was a chaplain in Rochambeau's army in America. His "Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amérique Septentrionale, en l'année 1781," &c., was published in 1782. An English translation of it was published at Philadelphia in the following year. — EDS.

You will think by the enclosed that I have been very industrious this week, *for me*, in the copying way. You have here the 7th and 8th chapters. I wish I could have divided the work more equally: some of the chapters are much longer than others, but the nature of the matter required such an unequal division. I have put a loose piece of paper between the leaves toward the end of the 8th chapter for your inspection. It will serve to give a true picture of the temper and language of the people at that time; but I cannot determine, though I have been debating it with myself the last 24 hours, whether it will suit the gravity and decency of an History or not. I know some readers will be pleased, perhaps others will be disgusted. I therefore beg to refer the matter to your decision, and, if you think it best to let it go in, please to make a mark of reference at the end of the paragraph where the story of Mason and Barefoote being thrown into the fire is recited, and let it be a marginal note there.

A gentleman fully competent to the business has been making enquiry the week past, in Portsmouth, for bank-bills and bills of exchange: but neither can *there* be had. He informs me that finance notes and bank-bills are plenty in Boston, and the former may be had at 5 per cent discount: the latter are not sold with any. I shall immediately write to Boston, and get some friend there to negociate for me; and, as soon as the result is known, you shall have it.

I cannot yet hear of a passage for Jo. The tailors are fitting him up for his voyage.

With Mrs. B.'s kindest respects, I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JER. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

February 4, 1780.*

Dear Sir, — Having promised you an extract from "An Essay on the Agitations of the Sea, and some other Remarkables attending the Earthquakes of 1755," † being some remarks on Long Island, I now shall transcribe it; and, if you do not think it of any importance in a *geographical* account of the country, you will at least be pleased with the novelty and ingenuity of the hypothesis which it is brought to support; which is, "that lands may be supposed to decline in their altitude by settling in masses, *i.e.* by a real lowering of the body of the ground with respect to the surface of the sea," &c.

To ascertain this matter, the author says that "observations should be made on the *coasts* of such countries as are subject to earthquakes; because if the high inlands *settle*, the coasts, or at least some parts of them, may be expected to *rise*." And he says, "There are some appearances that our North American shores have suffered in this manner;" and gives "a specimen of this kind, which accidentally fell in his way some years before, and was the first occasion of his present way of thinking." This specimen is the extract which I promised you, and which is as follows: —

P. 8. "On Long Island, between Southold and New York, are two remarkable plains, one called the Pine Plain, and the other Hampstead. The first is a barren land, with little or no soil, and thinly scattered with pitch pine. It is twenty miles over, and very level excepting some little descent towards a small watercourse about the middle of it. In passing the small descents here, I

* This letter, misplaced in the MS. volume, should have immediately preceded that on p. 31. — Eds.

† See p. 25. — Eds.

observed, where the ground was worn to a little depth in the road, a number of *very smooth-looking stones.* I found them *polished, and rounded off at all corners like our common beach stones.* The earth thereabouts contained many of them, some of which I dug out of the banks on each side of the road. These stones were all of the common sort, which are naturally rough, unless long justled against one another by waters in motion, the dashing of waves, &c. This, therefore, I imagined to have been the case here in some period of ancient time, the island having, as I supposed, been once under water, and since emerged.

"The other plain is called Hampstead. It lies near the west end of the island, and agrees with the former in its very equal, horizontal surface; but in other respects it is a place of a very different aspect and kind. It is clear of all woody growth, unless at the eastern entrance to it. The soil is deep and rich, and the herbage more than sufficient for the numerous flocks and herds that graze in all parts of it. It is more walled by rising lands, to the northward more especially, which, perhaps, might be one original cause of its extraordinary soil; for I imagine, by this circumstance, in the latter part of the island's emerging progress, it might hold the waters as in a bason, to settle more or less every tide, while perhaps it constantly washed over the other to the last, and left it clean and bare. It seems that *the same smooth and polished stones are to be observed here* as I mentioned in the other. A reverend gentleman, who has often travelled it, and is well acquainted with the island, assures me that he has seen many there too; and, upon my observing to him the particulars above, he gave me the following remarks: 'The same smooth stones I have frequently observed at Hampstead Plains, where the surface is by any means removed; particularly in the small, gradual descents which are about the middle of these

plains; though toward the west end, which is the highest of the plain, there is a large descent and nothing but sand appears. The town of Hampstead which bounds the south side of the plain, at the west end, is nothing but a sand heap.' (To which he adds:) 'I think there are neither rocks nor hills to the south, but vast meadows; and about a quarter of a mile from the shore there is a bank of sand, near 100 miles long, intersected by a few inlets, through which the tide ebbs and flows, and forms a channel between the island and the bank.' Thus far he.

"The island is long and narrow, pointing north-east and south-west, situated near the main land, and *parallel to the general range of the coast*, which agrees well enough with an apprehension of its having been *forced up* by the weight and settling of the neighbouring continent, especially as there are no marks of former volcanoes or subterraneous fires: neither does the shape of the island agree to any such original; in which case it should have been rather circular, if we may judge by what has been observed in such cases."

There is a very remarkable place at the west end of Martha's Vineyard, called Gay Head, which I think deserves to be taken notice of in an American geography, not only for the beautiful appearance which it exhibits at a distance, from the reflection of the sun-beams on its various coloured cliffs, but for the materials of which it consists. I was there once when very young and not capable of making the most accurate observations; but I well remember that the cliffs consist of red, blue, and white marle (the red and blue are used as paints, the white serves for pipe-clay); there is also a yellowish appearance intermixed, which is caused by a vast number of loose stones, containing a ponderous substance, which is either some mineral or else sulphur. I remember I brought away a number of these stones, which I gave to

different persons, supposing them to have more curiosity to preserve them, or discover what they contained, than myself, in which I was mistaken. There were, also, specimens of petrification; one of which, being perfect stone on one side and perfect coal on the other, I brought away, and (like a fool) gave it to a person who was making a collection of curiosities, which is now scattered and lost by his death. There was, I well remember, an whole stump of a tree standing on one of the cliffs, one side of which was burnt to coal, and the other completely turned to stone. There was also an appearance of a considerable body of earth at the edge of the cliff, having settled the depth of two or three feet below the surface of the adjoining grounds, and as it was the year after the great earthquake, I remember the company who were with me thought it was done at that time.

The settling, or rather sliding, of land into adjoining waters, is a thing not uncommon, especially in the bends of large and rapid rivers; a melancholy instance of which happened some years ago in the neighbourhood of Quebec, when an house with its inhabitants were overwhelmed in the sinking earth.

Now I have got into this track I will mention a discovery which has been some time since made within this State, but which has not been much known till very lately. It is of that species of *talc* vulgarly called ising-glass, and which is described in the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, under the title of *Specularis Lapis*. There is a quarry of it at *Boscawen*, a town lying above Penicook (so famous for *Eggs*) on Merrimack River, which contains large broad leaves, some say 18 inches, and some more, in bigness; but it is certain that plates of 7 by 9 have been cut and used as window-glass, and, in the present scarcity of that useful article, this substitute is so valuable as to have been sold last fall for a dollar per square. It is said there is a very great plenty of it. Possibly it may exist

elsewhere. There is a stream about six miles from hence, known by the name of Ising-glass River, where specimens of the same substance have been observed. I intend in the spring to make a particular examination of the ground thereabout.

I hear there is a species of grind-stone lately discovered at or near Pigwacket, which is said to be equall in fineness of grit to that which comes from Nova Scotia. Doubtless, this part of the globe is as well stored with useful minerals, fossils, and earths as any other quarter, it being equally the product of infinite wisdom, power, and benevolence. It would be well if there could be some method taken by persons properly qualified to make search after the productions of nature, and premiums given for discoveries and communications of discoveries. The American Philosophical Society might possibly do something in this way; or, if there were inferior societies, or boards of correspondents, in the several States, connected with the principal one at Philadelphia, and united in the same views, there might by such means be some valuable things brought to light, which, if discovered by individuals, are but imperfectly known, or neglected, or undervalued, or perhaps concealed, so as to be of no general use. Why may not *a Republic of Letters* be realized in America as well as a Republican Government? Why may there not be a Congress of Philosophers as well as of Statesmen? And why may there not be subordinate philosophical bodies connected with a principal one, as well as separate legislatures, acting in concert by a common assembly? I am so far an enthusiast in the cause of America as to wish she may shine Mistress of the Sciences, as well as the Asylum of Liberty.

Should any thing else occur which may serve for your use or amusement, it shall be communicated by, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend,

Jeremy Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — Since my return, I have received your favours of 25th and 30th ult. and 1st inst. The 3d, 4th, and part of 5th chapters have come safe to hand. We have got one way or other about half the proposed edition subscribed for, and therefore may print very safely; but I have no returns made me yet, except what I have informed you of; and I think (as Mr. Aitken has an unfinished job in hand) we shall not begin the History 'til about a month hence. Should you be asked about it, you may say that the southern returns are not yet made, and therefore we cannot tell what number is subscribed for; but it is probable it will not be long before the printing will be begun. I have not the return of Survey you want, unless it is amongst my Massachusetts papers in Dr. Gordon's hands, which I expect to receive soon. If I find a safe conveyance, I will send you De la Vega. Shall take the same liberties with your History, as to correcting, pointing, &c., as if it was my own. We shall keep a look-out for your son: he shall have all the friends I can procure him. Your friend was married the 11*th* September: he has administered your salutations to the bride. He was married on *Thursday:* on *Friday* his wife's sister lost a child, which was buried on *Saturday*. You may guess at his situation, obliged to rejoice and mourn at the same time: it was singular.

We came to town last Thursday evening, since which we have been very busy receiving congratulations and *compliments*. This ceremony will continue 'til the end of this week, and after that we shall begin to settle a little.

Respects to Mrs. B. from

Your friend, EBEN HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Sept. 29, 1783.

My dear Sir, — I was so engaged one way or another, the last week, that I could not do any thing at copying, but hope to do something this. I desired Mr. Joseph Russell to procure a bill or bank note to the value of £20, our lawful money, for you, and he has promised me, by the last post, that he will do it and send it forward to you. When it reaches you, I shall be glad of a receipt.

He also tells me that he has collected a number of subscriptions, and that he will engage one hundred copies, and be accountable to Mr. Aitken for the pay. This is generous and clever, and that is his character. His hundred, added to the rest, will make above five hundred in N. H. and Massachusetts.

We have nothing remarkable here except a wet and changeable season. The seaport towns are very sickly, and we hear Philadelphia is remarkably so, which makes us concerned about Jo, though no passage presents as yet.

I am, dear sir, with much esteem,

Your obliged friend and servant,

Jer. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, October 1, 1783.

Dear Sir, — For want of better paper, I am obliged to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 12th ult. upon this. Thanks to you for your remembrance of your friend and his bride: they were united the 11th, according to agreement; and, thus far, your wishes for their happiness are accomplished. "Esto perpetua," as Father Paul of Venice prayed for the liberty of his country.

Our friend, the Freemason, wrote me some time ago that he only waited for *me*, but I thought he was in jest: from your account, there seems to be something serious in the affair. The youth, the inexperience, and the feelings of 17 may assist him in carrying on the siege; but, perhaps, they may produce inconveniences afterwards. So young a person can hardly have sufficient acquaintance with the management of family affairs: pray, what is *his* age? The latter half of your 5th, and the whole of your 6th, chapters arrived safely. While I was out of town, the paper-maker called with 25 reams paper, for which Mr. Bryson paid him, so that we have now 36 reams ready. I think you have done capitally about subscriptions in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. We have not been successful here, though we published our design in three different papers. The country of which you write is so far from hence, that people this way seem to feel no interest in it: they have, moreover, an aversion to subscriptions, having been frequently cheated either by the book not being published at all, or done in so slovenly a manner as not to be worth half the money. I am not without hopes that, when we have published, numbers will purchase who will not subscribe. As to my collection, it goes on very slowly; indeed, no addition has been made to it for a long time, except the last volume of the Pennsylvania Assembly's Minutes, which I petitioned for, and obtained a present of from the House. Between courting, marrying, building, and a thousand other things, I have been too much hurried to think of the collection: if the cares of the world don't encrease too fast upon me, I may perhaps find leisure to resume it. When I consented to delay the printing of your History, I had the transmarine edition in my mind, and was in hopes we should hear from Mr. E. by the time we should begin to print; whether we do or not, I think it will be adviseable to *begin*. When Mr. Aitken determines upon his newspaper, I will let you

know. Bell's Book of Travels, by the Abbé Robin, is a paltry performance, by an uninformed chaplain in the French army: there is genuine French vivacity in the stile, but the man has miserably mistaken facts. I cannot form an opinion of Mr. McMurray's map, having no acquaintance either with him or his character.

Mrs. H. joins me in respects to yourself and Mrs. Belknap. I am, my dear sir,

Yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Oct. 4, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have heard nothing from you since August 27th. I do not complain of it, because I suppose the old excuse, "I have married a wife," is good in this case; and I am willing to deny myself so far as to wait one revolution of the moon, from the 11th of September. I am happy all this time in thinking that you have much superior enjoyment.

You have herewith the 9th chapter of my MS. The number of subscribers in my district somewhat exceeds 500. I have heard nothing yet from England, but am daily expecting.

No opportunity yet presents itself for my son; but there is a prospect of a vessel's going from this river soon, when I shall endeavour to get him a passage. We hear of a great sickness in Philadelphia and the places adjacent: if this be so, it may be best for Mr. Aitken not to have an addition to his family, nor for Jo to be absent from home, till it is abated. We are as healthy here as ever; but most of the seaport towns have been visited with mortal sickness, in a great degree.

Wishing you all health and happiness, in which Mrs. B. most cordially joins, I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate and obliged friend,

JER. BELKNAP.

[Written on the outside of the letter.]

I wrote per last post that Mr. Jo. Russell, of Boston, had promised to forward you bills or bank notes to the amount of £20 of our lawful money.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, October 8, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — By the last post I received yours of 20th ult., with the 7th and 8th chapters. You go on very well. I have thought about the contents of the loose piece of paper, and see no impropriety in printing them, as they will certainly serve to give a true picture of the temper and language of the people at that time, which, you know, is one design of history, and in a *philosophical* point of view it is important. Nor will it be inconsistent with the gravity and decency of an History, because it has been thought worthy to be made matter of public record, and was delivered in evidence accompanied with the solemnity of an oath. I shall therefore make the mark of reference as you desire, and print the extract.

We have no news. Mr. Aitken has lately refused an apprentice, and is anxiously expecting Josey's arrival, as he now wants him. I called to see Ulysses the other evening: he asked me, according to custom, if I had heard lately from you; for, you must know, I have frequently highly entertained him with parts of your letters. I told him I had, and that one of your sons was coming to be an apprentice to Mr. A. I then mentioned some diffi-

culties you laboured under about sending him here, particularly that he had not had the small-pox, and what I had said about the expence of inoculating him. Ulysses immediately told me that, from the opinion he had formed of Mr. B., he should be happy in rendering him any service in his power, and, when his son was to be inoculated, he would chearfully do it *gratis*. I expected this would be the case.

Present Mrs. H.'s and my respects to Mrs. B., and be assured of the warmest attachment of

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Oct. 12, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — This comes with part of my 10th chapter: the rest of it, which is as much as this, shall be copied this week, if I can get time from my Indian harvest to do it; so wet a season as we have had greatly retards that kind of work. I thank you for yours and Mr. Aitken's of 24th ult. We have had truly formidable and alarming news of an epidemical sickness in your city. Last week, I was told by a gentleman of character, whose information seemed direct, that it was a yellow spotted fever, and that great numbers had died. The papers mention, under the N. York head, that the stages were stopped by reason of it. These accounts, you may well think, have affected the minds of parents concerned for a son whom they are about sending thither; but they have not retarded his going, because there has been yet no opportunity. Your letters relieve me in some measure, for in the first place you say *nothing* of the sickness: then you write that you have moved your wife into town so lately as the 18th ult., which you would not have done if the infection had been alarming; and

another comforting circumstance is, that Mr. A. mentions nothing of it; and surely, if the pestilence were raging to the degree we have heard, he could not desire an addition to his family, nor to have me send one of mine into the midst of it. From these considerations, I conclude either that the sickness has not been so great as we have heard, or that 'tis on the decline, as is the case in our Eastern great towns, where there has been a great mortality this fall season.

Mr. Sheaffe, of Portsmouth, is preparing to send a vessel to your port, and I have the promise of timely notice; so that I hope it will not be long before Jo comes. I thank you for your goodness in saying "he shall have all the friends I can procure him." There is a distant relation between a family in Philadelphia and my mother. My grandfather Byles, had a brother Thomas, who lived and died in Philadelphia. He was a pewterer, and lived in Market Street: he had a son Daniel, who is dead, and left a son who, I am told, has been a Major in the army in this war. He, *i.e.* Thomas, also had a daughter married to a physician in Philadelphia, but I cannot learn his name, unless I was at Boston: all I know of them is, that they have no children, and were very kind to some of my relations who moved from Boston thither in the time of the late siege. If by this description you can find that you have any knowledge of these persons, and will be so kind as to assist Josey, when he comes, in introducing himself to an acquaintance with them, I shall be exceedingly obliged. It will be a comfort to him to find anybody that has the name of a relation; and, from what I have heard of that family, they will not be displeased at finding him near them. Mrs. B. begs you will present her very respectful compliments to Mrs. Hazard, and accept the same yourself; and I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate and obliged friend

Jer. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — By last post I was favoured with yours of 29th ult. As we have not began printing yet, your not sending any copy last week will produce no inconvenience.

I will send you a receipt, as you desire, when the bill from Mr. Russel comes to hand. He has acted a very friendly part in engaging 100 copies; "and this leads me to observe, in the next place," that *Ulysses* is at work for you. It popped into my head that, as his business at this season of the year leads him to see many people, he might procure you a number of subscribers, and I asked him to carry a subscription paper in his pocket, and produce it as occasion offered: to which he immediately consented, in a way which convinced me he entered fully into my views. He was at my house t'other evening, and shewed me subscriptions for 22 books. He told me "he felt an *ambition* to procure them for 100, and hoped to be able to do it." He is not apt to be sanguine, and therefore I expect it. Both country and city have been very sickly this season, but here there have been but few deaths. A fever has prevailed, but has not proved mortal: indeed, considering the number of inhabitants, I believe few places are more healthy than Philadelphia; and, when you recollect that the same Providence takes care of the Philadelphians and Dover people, and that we have the advantage of you in point of medical abilities, I think you need not make yourself uneasy about Josey. A woman died here in child-bed yesterday, but I think it probable he will be safe enough on that score. However, it is natural for parents to be anxious about their children, when absent, even though they have the highest confi-

dence in the care and attention of their friends. Dr. Gordon has just arrived here. With every sentiment of respect and esteem for yourself and Mrs. B., I am

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Oct. 17, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since I wrote you last week, I have had the very great pleasure of hearing that Mr. Eliot is arrived, after a passage of 30 days, at Plymouth. No letters have as yet come to me from him; but I have one from Mr. Longman, written before Mr. E.'s arrival, of which I shall give you a copy, that you may be better able to form a judgment of what is proper for me to do: —

"LONDON, July, 1783.

"SIR, — Your favour of the 3d of December came safe to my hands, under cover from my good friend, Mr. Eliot. It will always be a pleasure to me to render every service in my power to any of his connections. Am much obliged by the offer you have made me of purchasing the copyright of your History of N. H. The following considerations will clearly shew the impropriety of my engaging in it: first, that it would be absolutely necessary for me to have the MS. in my possession for a reasonable time, to take the opinion of some literary friend upon the execution of it; secondly, as you have not mentioned what consideration you should expect for it. Perhaps these objections might be got over; but the most material with me is the apprehension that the History of one particular province in New England would not be of sufficient importance to engage the attention of this country, and particularly as it is at present brought down no lower than the year 1714. Upon the whole, it appears

to me to be most for your advantage to print the book in America, and that when printed a number of copies should be immediately sent over here, which may be sold for your benefit. If this method should be adopted, and you should think it right to consign them to me, you may depend on my best services in promoting the sale; and I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"THOS. LONGMAN.

"P.S. Gov. Wentworth has been with me, and proposed writing to you."

To this last mentioned I wrote at the same time that I did to L., desiring him to forward my views, which from his former friendship and candid acceptance of that part of my work which was written before his departure I thought I had reason to expect. From him I have not yet heard.

What alteration may have been made in Mr. L.'s mind since Mr. E.'s arrival, or whether any, must be judged of by the letters which shall next come to hand. At present we can only query this. If neither Longman nor any other printer there should be prevailed on by Mr. E. to undertake an edition, would L.'s proposal to send over part of the edition for him to sell be the *next* best measure? Or is it adviseable at all, and, if it is, how many more than 1000 copies would it be adviseable to print for this purpose? And how much more expence will be incurred by adopting this plan? If I was within *one* hundred miles of Philadelphia, I would certainly take my horse and hold a council with you and Mr. Aitken on the subject. (How clumsily that is expressed! But you will not think that I mean that my *horse* should be *of the council.*) At present it is impossible, and therefore I must beg of you to consider the matter, and let there be some provisional measures adopted. As it is *not impossible* there may be a change in favor of our first plan, I think it cannot be

amiss (unless in the mean time we should hear decisively) to send, as I desired, one copy of each sheet, as it comes from the press, to Mr. Eliot. It will, at least, be shewing some attention to him, and I have given him ground to expect it.

Monday, October 20.

A violent storm Saturday and yesterday has prevented all intercourse with Portsmouth. So know not whether there be any thing from you last post.

I have been so hurried about domestic affairs that [I] could not do any thing at transcribing last week.

With respects to your other half, in which mine joins, I am your sincere and obliged friend, J. B.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, October 22, 1783.

My dear Sir, — Though you had heard nothing from me between August 27th and October 4th, you must ere now have received several letters from me. The excuse you thought of was my apology for my silence. Hope you will hear soon from England. Yesterday I bespoke the remainder of the paper for your History. The ninth chapter is received. Do send your son as soon as you can. You seem to hear more of sickness in Philadelphia than we do who live here. We have no news. Adieu.

E. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Oct. 23, 1783.

Dear Sir, — In my last week's letter, I gave you a copy of Mr. Longman's letter. I have heard nothing more since, excepting that the gentleman mentioned in

the postscript is at Halifax, being appointed surveyor of the king's woods in Nova Scotia and Canada; so that I can expect no assistance from him other than what he may have said or done before he left England. It cannot possibly be long before I hear from Mr. Eliot, which will settle all doubts.

Yours of the 1st inst. came to hand after I had despatched my last. The Freemason's age is 29. Miss, in her teens, is rather solid than gay, and is said by those who are best acquainted with her to have an excellent mind. He follows on very closely, having made three journies since the middle of July.

I suspected that your collection would be retarded by the engagements you have lately entered into. I have long felt that the concerns of a family are a great hindrance to scientific labours, and especially during the late reign of war, paper money, regulation-acts, beggars on horseback, &c., &c., &c., when the most of my attention was engaged in keeping the belly and back from grumbling, and the kitchen-fire from going out. There is now a dawn of what we have often wished over a glass of wine; viz., "better times." I mean in a family way, for as to public matters I am afraid that the end of one revolution will be the beginning of another. But I won't teaze you with my "closet conjectures."

There is one passage in my third chapter, which, upon recollection, I wish expunged. It is when speaking of the ill policy and inefficacy of the sanguinary laws made by the fathers of New England against the Quakers. I have suggested that, had they varied the mode of their severity, and laid them under such disabilities as to prevent their recovering debts, and inheriting or purchasing real property, they might have kept them out of the country. I disapprove this, not because of any alteration in my views of the matter, but because it, being only my opinion, cannot make a proper historical reflexion, and may cause some

uneasy sensations in the minds of some of that people, and perhaps make them think that if I had been in power I would have adopted some such method. And as I am, and have long been, on friendly terms with a great number of that sect, I would not have any thing appear which might make an impression on their minds unfavourable to me. I beg, therefore, that you would revise that part, and obliterate what I have here mentioned, which I think can be done without injury to the work. Here I must apply to myself a couplet, which I somewhere met with; if it is not in Pope's Essay on Criticism, I know not *where it is;* but the topography is not material. It is this: —

> "Poets lose half the praise they would have got,
> Were it but known what they discreetly blot." *

Our good friend Lawrence Sterne calls discretion an "understrapping virtue." It may do for such eccentric geniuses to talk so, but we middling folks can do better with it than without it. (By the way, can you tell me what is the price of the Philadelphia edition of his works?) And I believe that even they themselves, thrice sublimated as they are, could not *do* at all, unless their friends had a share of it sufficient for both. But it is not an uncommon thing for men to mistake their own characters and qualifications. I heard a young fellow once say, he never would choose a wife by the "frigid maxims of prudence, but by the impulse of the heart." And yet I know no man who discovers more prudence in his general conduct than he, though he is not married. I know another who wrote me a piece of advice on the choice of a wife, in which were these lines: —

> "But if to sooth the cares of life,
> You'd have a kind, obliging wife,

* These lines are from Waller, but are not quoted with literal correctness. — Eds.

Let virtue always guide thy views;
The fair that's prudent, do thou choose,
Where modesty with beauty join'd
Adorn the body and the mind."

And yet this person was as wild, giddy, and thoughtless a wretch as any, and after marrying a girl who could sing and dance and dress and scribble, and, as Uncle Toby says, "getting a few children," grew a libertine in principle and practice, and died a beggar in a foreign country.

But I shall degenerate into a right-down story-teller, if I don't make haste to subscribe myself, with kind regards to your side companion, in which mine joins,

Your very affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

PORTSMOUTH, Oct. 27, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since I wrote you last week, I received yours of the 8th, and beg you will return my most cordial thanks to Ulysses* for his very kind and generous offer. If any thing of mine can entertain him or you, I certainly must feel a very humble satisfaction.

It is a vexatious circumstance to me that I have not yet been able to get a passage for my son. There has not that I can learn a vessel sailed from hence for Philadelphia since July; and though I have been led to expect that Mr. Sheaffe was going to send one, and been waiting with an anxiety and impatience justifiable by the occasion for her being ready for some weeks past, yet the chance now seems more distant than ever. This, however, I did not know till this morning that I came to town. I must

* "Ulysses" was Dr. Clarkson, a physician of Philadelphia. — EDS.

now convey Josey to Boston, and let him wait there, to get a passage, which there is a much better chance for there than there can be here. But it is impossible I should set out for that place, till this day se'enight. Beg Mr. Aitken's candour for me, and assure him that the delay has not been owing to any circumstance over which I could have the least control, nor shall any endeavour of mine be wanting to send him as quick as possible. I am extremely sorry that things have turned out so cross and contrary. We are now assured that the reports of plagues and pestilences at Philadelphia are without foundation. For my part, I never gave so much heed to it as to relax or delay in the least; but Mrs. B. was something afraid. However, it was and has been impossible to have sent him from *hence*. You shall hear from me again, either from here or Boston next post.

In the mean time, I am (very much in a hurry, which must apologize for the blunders in this scrawl) your very sincere and affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Oct. 31, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was on Monday discouraged about getting a passage for my son from this river, and had come to a determination to carry him to Boston next week, which determination subsisted till this morning, when I received a message from Mr. Sheaffe that his vessel would be ready next week; and I shall then, *Deo volente*, embark him for Philadelphia. Please to let Mr. Aitken know this. I am very sorry that I could not send him sooner, but it was entirely out of my power, and therefore I am sure his candour will excuse it.

You have here my two last chapters, which I do not *again* transcribe, having the original rough draught by me;

and having not time to copy it again, nor could I make it any more correct if I *should*, I only desire that where I have made *figures* they may be turned into *words*, except the figures for years, and some in the notes which you will easily distinguish. You have also the title and preface. I have a little finishing to do to the Appendix, which I have not time for this week, but will either send it by the vessel in which Jo goes, or by the post the week after.

I am, dear sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant, JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, Friday, November 7, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — After a series of vexatious disappointments of which you will have a pretty just and perhaps tedious account in my two or three last letters, I determined no longer to wait the slow and uncertain movement of our Pascataqua merchants and ship-masters, of which I had had too full a specimen; and last Tuesday I set out with Josey for this place, having previously written to have a passage engaged for him here, and at my arrival yesterday, to my great joy, found my desire accomplished. The sloop on board of which he will go is to sail on Sunday, and I have agreed with the master (or rather owner) for his passage, he to live on the ship's provisions, at the price of eight dollars, which I am advised *not* to pay beforehand; and the owner says he is indifferent whether he receives it here or at Philadelphia. I shall therefore take the liberty to give him an order on you for the payment, and shall either send some gold to you in Jo's chest, or else a small bill, per next post, for this and some other purposes. I have here found a letter from Mr.

Eliot, of August 22d, from which I shall give you the following extract: —

"I was much concerned to find, immediately on my arrival here, that Mr. Longman had declined having any concern with your History, and that, from the manner of his writing you, there was no hope of his being induced to undertake it. The letter that we forwarded to him last winter was, somehow or other, delayed to a late period before it reached him; otherwise, you would have had his answer before I left Boston, which I wish had been the case. What he has written must by this time have come to hand, and I hope was instantly opened, and *your* letter from him duly forwarded to you. I have not been in this place one fortnight as yet, and my time has been so occupied as to render it utterly impossible for me hitherto to see the other gentleman whom you addressed on the subject. Indeed, I fear my application to him will be to very little purpose, as it seems he entirely acquiesced in Mr. Longman's reasons for his decline. Still, however, I mean to wait on him the first moment I can devote to seeing him, and will again write you very soon on the subject. I am extremely concerned at the present prospects here: it gives me an uneasiness in some measure adequate to the disappointment I fear you will suffer."

On this last part, I will only remark that, from comparing the make of his mind with my own, I am fully persuaded that he will feel much more uneasiness than I shall. When I have done what I can toward the accomplishment of a favourite plan, and I find all my efforts ineffectual, I am satisfied that it is not best that my desires should be gratified, and there leave it. Such is the case here, and therefore I would not have the printing delayed one moment on account of any probabilities or possibilities from the other side of the water. Only out of respect to Mr. E., and in performance of my promise to him, I shall wish that every sheet may be sent him as it

comes from the press: then he will at least have the pleasure of seeing that I am not wanting in attention to him. As to the printing any additional number with a view of sending them to England for sale, according to Longman's proposal, I shall leave it to you and Mr. Aitken to judge for me what you think best, and shall entirely acquiesce in your judgment. I find some of the subscribers, in the towns I have passed through, are impatient for the book; and I have told them that I suppose the work is now begun, which I ground on one of your letters of about a month ago. The last sheets of the copy with the whole of the Appendix went by this week's post; if you think proper to omit any more of the papers, you may take out those which will make a part of your collection.

You may remember a small social library which we have in Dover, which is under my care, and which I am concerned to cherish and increase. The partners have lately committed a small sum to me to provide an addition, and there are some books within your reach that we should be glad to have. Will it be too much trouble for you to make use of part of the remittance now sent in purchasing the following books, and putting them up with "Garcilasso de la Vega," to come by the return of the vessel, in which Jo goes, directed to Col. Josiah Waters, Boston, who will pay the freight, unless there should *happen* to be any Piscataqua vessel in your port that will sail as soon, in which case direct to Dr. Bracket?

Cook's First Voyage round the World. New York edition, 2 Vols.

Cook's Second ditto (if to be had). Not the English edition.

Cook's last ditto. Philadelphia edition, lately advertised.

Sterne's Works. 5 Vols. Philadelphia edition.

(I put into Jo's chest two English guineas, one French one, and ten crowns, for you.)

You will be kind enough, also, out of the same, to pay Mr. Aitken for a Bible, book of Arithmetic, and Entick's Spelling Dictionary, which I have desired him to furnish Jo with. The remainder you will credit me with, if there be any.

I am, dear sir, more than ever yours,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

The gentleman whom I mentioned to you in one of my letters, as a distant relation to us, and whom I would wish him to be introduced to, is a Mr. Ball, by trade a silversmith, and not a physician, as I was first informed. I enclose to you the letter I have written to him, which I leave to your discretion whether to deliver or not: if you think best, let Jo deliver it.

To the Hon. EBENEZER HAZARD, Esq., Postmaster-General in Philadelphia.

SIR, — Please to pay Mr. Moses Killsa, master of the sloop Caroline, eight Spanish milled dollars, in full for the passage and subsistence of my son, Joseph Belknap, on board said sloop, from Boston to Philadelphia, and charge the same to the accompt of

Your friend and humble servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

BOSTON, November 8, 1783.

Received the contents in full, November 26, 1783.

MOSES KILLSA.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Before this reaches you, I hope you will have seen my son Josey, who sailed from this place yesterday on board the sloop "Caroline," Moses Killsa master, for Philadelphia. She is a fine new large vessel, laden with rum and flax-seed; and I had the very great pleasure of finding that there was a young gentleman named Myrick, a passenger on board, who was so very

kind as to let Josey have part of his cabbin and mattress on the voyage. Indeed, every circumstance since my coming into this town has been as favourable as I could have wished; and, if I hear of his safe arrival at Philadelphia, my desires will be crowned. I must beg you, my dear friend, to let me know every circumstance that you can learn relative to his voyage, his treatment on board, &c., and with the watchful eye of a father to observe his conduct while with Mr. A., and let me know impartially every circumstance that you think I ought or would wish to know concerning him and his connexion there.

I sent by him £7 11*s.* 4*d.* of our L.M. to you in gold and silver, and wrote largely both to you and Mr. Aitken.

I now have time only to add that I am, with the most sincere affection and respect,

Your obliged friend and servant,

J. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1783.

Dear Sir, — By last post I received yours of 23d October from Dover, and 27th from Portsmouth, with more of your MS. There is something mysterious in the former. You say, "in my* *last week's* letter I gave you a copy of Mr. Longman's letter." I have not received it, and therefore am quite in the dark about Mr. Longman's proposals. For a man of 29 the Freemason is one of the most outrageous *lovyers* I ever met with. From the stile of his letters, it is clear to me that if a windmill stood in his way when he was going to Portsmouth he certainly would ride over it. When I get leisure, I will review

* This letter ought to have gone in the mail that was sent from Portsmouth, October 21. It was sent to Portsmouth, if I misremember not, by Isaac Waldron. This letter enclosed one to Mr. Aitken, recommending to him Mr. J. R., as a correspondent for pasteboard. — *Belknap's Note.*

your third chapter, and expunge the exceptionable passage, or qualify it so as to make it innocent. Mr. Aitken will hope to see Josey as soon as possible, but begs you will not make yourself uneasy about accidents which human wisdom cannot prevent or even foresee. You see by my writing that I am in an hurry, and have only time to add to Mrs. H.'s salutations to yourself and Mrs. B. those of your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO JOSEPH RUSSELL, AT BOSTON.

PHILADELPHIA, November 12, 1783.

SIR, — I have already acknowledged the receipt of your favour of 16th ult., but unfortunately the mail fell into other hands than those for which it was intended. The design of this is merely to inform you that the twenty pounds lawful money, on account of Mr. Belknap, came safe to hand, and that the 100 copies of his History, when ready, shall be delivered to your order, by,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Nov. 22, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — At my return home from Boston, I found a very short letter from you. The week before last I had nothing; and last week a packet of papers arrived, in some of which I find the mail had been robbed at Princeton, by which means I suppose I am deprived of what would have otherwise come to my hands per the post before last. I hope the rogue will be detected.

You have not mentioned the receipt of the note and bill which Mr. Russell sent you, amounting to £20 L.M. I hope they have not miscarried.

By the week after next, I shall expect to hear of my son's arrival at Philadelphia. Be so kind as to deliver him the inclosed.

I find people are impatient for the publication of my History. I tell them that I suppose it is now in hand, and that it will go on rapidly. Mr. A. having advertized Blair's Lectures, I imagine mine will go into the press next.

I see in some of your papers a piece advertised against the Cincinnati, supposing it dangerous to republicanism. Is it so or not?

I forget whether I mentioned to you that our Egg is perfected at length, and is to be hatched next June. The amendments contained in the paper I sent you in the summer are adopted.

Mrs. B. joins in respectful salutations to Mrs. Hazard with your affectionate friend and most humble servant,

JERE. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Nov. 30, evening, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much surprized to find by yours of the 12th inst. that my letter containing a copy of Mr. Longman's has miscarried. It is, I think, the first instance of the kind since our correspondence begun; and I cannot easily account for it. I have been trying to recollect the circumstances of sending it from here to Portsmouth; and, if I remember right, it went by a very trusty hand, and, being myself at Portsmouth the next week, I enquired of Mr. Libbey whether he had received it, and was answered in the affirmative. I think, therefore, it may have been mislaid in his office: when I see him, I will make enquiry. In the mean time, I will tell you what is meant by "Longman's proposal." He declined printing

an edition, because it was his opinion, and the opinion of our late Governour W. (whom he consulted on the occasion, and to whom I wrote at the same time), that "the history of one single province would not attract the notice of people in England;" but advised me to print it here, and offered, if I would send some of the copies to him, to sell them for my benefit. In consequence of this proposal, I wished to know of you and Mr. A. whether it would be adviseable to send him any, and what additional number would be necessary to be printed, and what farther expence would arise. In this affair, I refer myself entirely to his and your advice. Mr. Eliot's letter, of which I sent you an extract from Boston by my son, is of the same discouraging complexion, so that I have no expectation of a transmarine edition; and yet, as I would not be wanting in case he should be able to prevail on any other person there to undertake it, I still desire that the sheets may be sent to him as they come from the press, at least till I hear farther from him. This, like some prescriptions of the Æsculapian tribe, "will do no hurt, if it does no good," and will be paying him an acceptable compliment. I am sorry on another account that the letter miscarried; for I think it enclosed one to Mr. Aitken, the want of which may induce him to think me inattentive to a request which he made some time ago, and which I had not till then been enabled to answer. I informed him therein that the price of pasteboards at Boston was five dollars per hundred weight, and recommended Mr. Joseph Russell to him as a correspondent for the purpose of supplying himself with those and other materials for carrying on his business. He was bred a printer, and is therefore a suitable person, and, having engaged 100 copies of my work, it will suit him as well to send such things to Mr. A. as to remit cash or bills. I have since seen him, and he is willing to comply with Mr. A.'s orders on this head.

There is another circumstance which gives me much concern. You have not mentioned the receipt of the remittance of £20 L.M, made by Mr. Russell. He informed that he had sent it partly in one of Mr. Morris's notes, and partly in a bill of exchange; but whether it went by the post, or by any other conveyance, I did not think to enquire. If it has not come to your hand, I beg you will immediately inform *him* of it, that the failure may be enquired into. I have paid part of the money to his order, in consequence of his having made you the remittance, but shall withhold the rest till I have some satisfaction concerning it, so as to know what part of the loss, if there is any, I ought to bear.

The Freemason continues making his approaches. Even the rugged influence of *Capricorn* does not deter him from attempting to enjoy the softening smiles of *Virgo!* I know not how he would do with a windmill, if it stood in his way; but I am persuaded, if a land journey was impracticable, he would brave the blasts of *Boreas* and the raging of *Neptune* rather than miss his object.

By the next post, I hope to hear of Josey's arrival. He sailed two days before the date of your last, and the weather *here* was fine for a fortnight or more after; and the voyage to the Capes, they tell me, is frequently made in three or four days from Boston. I must again beg your friendly and watchful attention to his conduct, and the conduct of his connexions towards him, both of which I shall wish to be informed of by every opportunity. I mean when there is any occasion for it. I have a strong hope and expectation that he will behave well: his conduct during the parting scene was so firm and manly, and he shewed such an attention to his interest in the whole affair, that I own it left an impression on my mind much to his advantage, and greatly helped my feelings on the occasion.

Monday, December 1.

I hoped to have sent this letter to Portsmouth to-day, that it might have gone by to-morrow's mail; but a storm of snow and hail which begun yesterday is not yet abated, and crossing the ferry is impracticable. This may probably be the case often during the reign of winter, by reason of which my letters may be intermitted; and you will sometimes have two instead of one, at other times none.

Now I am upon the head of storms, I would ask whether you keep a journal of the weather? If you do, I should like to have some minutes, from time to time, relative to the beginning and continuance and violence of the storms which we have from the eastern quarter; and I will make you the same communications, and now give you a specimen to begin with.

1. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at Boston. Morning wind at W. and S.W. Before noon veers to N.E. About 3 h° P.M. begins to snow; continues all night; but not a heavy gale. (N.B. This, I hope, was a fair wind for Jo, as the westerly breezes of the two preceeding days were judged sufficient to carry the vessel clear of the cape and islands.)

2. Thursday, 27. Wind N.N.E. all day. Black, heavy clouds from the sea; about dusk began to snow; increased to a violent gale in the night; snow much drifted and very light. 28. Wind N.W. and cloudy.

3. Sunday, 30. Snow from N.W. in morning, and calm. At noon changes to N.N.E., but not violent. In the evening, hail and sleet; during the night, a heavy gale, with much hail, forming a crust on the snow, continues till the morning of December 1. By noon changes to N.W. Trees crusted with ice; drizzling, freezing rain. Evening clear.

We have had no remarkable Aurora Borealis this autumn. When we have, I shall make some notes on it,

and should be pleased if you will do the same. Be so kind as to send me one of Bradford's Almanacks for 1784.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you that our Legislature have passed an act for the encouragement of literature; granting to authors the exclusive right of printing, &c., for the term of twenty years. Has yours done the same? What is the reason that we hear no more of Mr. Aitkens's intended weekly paper?

We have a melancholy account of the sinking of a Dutch man-of-war, in the neighbourhood of Cape Ann: 40 men out of about 350 were saved in the boats.

I am much pleased to find by the papers that General Mifflin is advanced to the *Cathedra Congressûs*. It will be a recompence to him for the humiliating scene through which he passed, when he found himself obliged to give the public an inventory of his estate, and by what means he acquired it. I really felt for him on that occasion; and his friend Eliot did more. But the genius of Republicanism often obliges her votaries to do penance in this manner; and it as often happens that Solomon's observation is verified, — "Before honour is humility."

Congress, it seems, are preparing a seat at or near Trenton. Pray how wide is the river at those falls? I hope, in some of the buildings, they will have an apartment for the trophies taken from the enemy at various times in the late war. The Cantons of Switzerland are extremely careful to preserve such monuments of the valour and victories of their ancestors, the sight of which serves to fan the flame of liberty and independence.

Could you have thought, my friend, that the late contest, humiliating and severe as its issue was on the part of Britain, would have produced an event which has been the aim of two rival crowns for almost a century and an half to produce, but in vain? I mean the population of Nova Scotia. And it bids fair to be peopled now (if the

poor wretches can struggle through this winter) in such a manner as such a country ought to be peopled. The only staple they can have is *fish*, for which they are more advantageously situated than any other part of America, or any part of Europe. The near neighbourhood of the banks, the extensive range of sea-coast, and the many fine harbours which they possess, will render the fishery a profitable business to them. The fishery cannot be carried on to advantage but by some men of large property, and a much greater number of poor people. Among the emigrants to that region, it is said, there are some of the former class, and there is a very great proportion of the latter; to which class, the convicts, which Brittain once poured in upon Virginia, will be added; and thus there will be employers and employed, to whom the fishery will be a mine of wealth, and you may be sure that every help and encouragement which Brittain can afford them will be granted with a more liberal hand than ever. These prospects have opened in the course of the past summer; and the maritime parts of New England, which were always benefited by the fishery, begin to regret the vengeful policy which forbad the readmission of the refugees among us. The Southern States do not feel the evil, and therefore will keep up the antipathy; but some of *our* high spirits begin to sing small on this subject. For my own part, I always reprobated the manner of our conduct, and thought we began at the wrong end; for, according to the provisional articles, it belonged to Congress to recommend to the States a readmission of our Tory brethren (you'll forgive me the expression). Then, if the legislative bodies had not thought proper to act on the recommendation without consulting their constituents, it would have been proper for the towns to have instructed their representatives upon the subject; but, instead of this, we flew into a passion, and in the face of the treaty resolved in town-meetings not to admit the

refugees; though, had we not been so rash, they would have been glad to have come among us on the same terms that the Gibeonites were spared, in the days of Joshua. And as to any harm arising to *us* from their mixing with the body of the people, when their mouths were full of curses against their king, we should have been as secure as we are now. Many of those who fled from us and took refuge in the British posts were not, and never could be, one hundredth part so dangerous enemies as some who have lived unmolested among us all the time; and yet we fear nothing from them. What, then, could we have feared from the returning prodigals?

I could enlarge; but I remember some of your expressions about these unhappy people, some months ago, were of a different complexion from what I have now said, and I did not think it best to controvert your sentiments. If you still differ from me, I know you have candour enough to let me think for myself, and cannot be offended by a communication of my sentiments. I applaud, I revere my countrymen for their firm and persevering opposition to the arbitrary claims and usurpations of the British nation; but I cannot bear that enmity should subsist, and be publickly patronized, after the conclusion of a peace. When we are at peace with the British crown, it is time to be at peace with all its subjects.

I will only add, on this subject, that so great are the prospects arising from the population of Nova Scotia, that, I am informed, some persons from these parts, who, though Toretically inclined, have weathered the storm among us, are preparing to transport themselves in the spring to that "land of frost and freedom," as it is styled in some of the newspapers. You must forgive me the horrible length of this letter, and believe that, whatever my sentiments may be respecting the abettors of Britain's usurpations (unhappy enough, and righteously recompensed by the temporary sufferings which they are at this

moment, and will be all this winter, subjected to), yet I am still what I have long been, and always ought to be,

Your much obliged and affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Mrs. B. is much obliged by your always kind notice of her in your letters, and begs to unite with me in cordial salutations to yourself and Mrs. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, December 8, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yesterday I got yours of November 19, in which I was in *some* hope of hearing of Josey's arrival, but find I must wait another week. The rogue who stole the mail at Princeton was the cause of a whole fortnight's anxiety to me; for I find, by the recovered Packet of the 29 October, that the bill I was so uneasy about had arrived and is paid. I have no other wish for the fellow than what Paul wished to Alexander the coppersmith.

The miscarriage of my letter containing a copy of Longman's is now more unaccountable than ever; for Mr. Libbey says he certainly forwarded it by the mail of October 19, with one of his own to you, to which he has received no answer. This is the fact, and it may open a field for enquiry. I remember to have seen in some London publication a plan for the security of mails, whether carried into execution or not I cannot tell: it was that it be enclosed in a strong iron box, fastened with staples and locks to an iron axle-tree; the post-boy to be seated on it, and the post-masters of the several offices to keep the keys. You will be better able than I am to judge of the propriety or practicability of such an improvement, or something similar, in our country. I am

glad that the last letter did not happen to be connected with any portion of my manuscript History, which I have the pleasure to find by your last is all safely arrived.

For the sake of a number of warm and sanguine subscribers whose patience is on the stretch, I wish the printing may be speedily begun.

There is nothing now, *on my part*, to retard it, as my ultramarine views are, I suppose, frustrated.

Yours sincerely, J. Belknap.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, December 13, 1783.

My dear Sir, — It is not usual with me to entertain you with an account of my bodily ails and complaints, but the situation I am now reduced to, by an unlucky strain in my hip, bears so near a resemblance to the state in which I lately found my *punning* uncle, Dr. Byles (who, by the way, is the only surviving brother of Thomas Byles, late of Philadelphia, deceased), that I mention it for the sake of telling you one of *his* stories; and, that I may give you a true idea of the man, I will endeavour to relate it with its attendant circumstances. He is 78 years old, and usually sits in an easy chair which has a back hung on hinges. In such a chair I found him sitting, and as I approached him he held out his hand. "You must excuse my not getting up to receive you, cousin; for I am not one of the *rising* generation."

"Oh, sir, it is very excusable in a man of your years."

"Ah, child, I cannot *put off the old man;* but that is not all that ails me. I have got the same disorder that a good man once went to Mr. Willard to get cured of: did you ever hear the story?" "No, sir." "Mr. Willard was a preacher who was very fond of using *scholastic*

terms. After having delivered a learned discourse of this sort, one of his hearers who was afflicted with *sciatica* came limping to his house, and wished to know what was good for the *disorder* that he had been preaching about. Mr. Willard stared, and wondered at the man's meaning. The man insisted upon it that he had been preaching about a disorder the name of which he could not remember, but it was a hard word and began with '*Si*.' Upon which Mr. W. looked over his notes, and found that he had used the word '*Synecdoche*.' 'Ah,' said the man, 'that's it: I have got the Synecdoche in my hip.'"

. . . . . .

Wednesday, December 17, 1783.

The travelling has been so bad for some days past that I did not till yesterday get yours and Mr. A.'s of 26th ult., informing me of the safe arrival of my son. I am sorry that he put you to any trouble to look for him, but suppose he had some reason for not going to Mr. A.'s *after* he had been to the office, which was my direction to him in case he should not find you there. Your kindness to him, and offers of further kindness, both in your own and Mrs. Hazard's name, are extremely grateful to the hearts of both his parents. I leave entirely to your discretion the introducing him to Mr. Ball, which cannot, I think, be of much avail, unless he should return to live in Philadelphia. Pray is he the same gentleman who is advertized in the paper as offering iron works to sell in the Jerseys?

You "wish to see Longman's proposal." I have already told you what it is, and will now for fear of miscarriage give it in his own words. "It appears to me to be most for your advantage to print the book in America, and that, when printed, a number of copies should be immediately sent over here, which may be sold for your benefit. If this method should be adopted, and you should think it right to consign them to me, you may depend on my best

services in promoting the sale." Mentioning Mr. Eliot, he says, "It will always be a pleasure to me to render any service in my power to any of his connections." From hence you will be able to judge of the expediency of printing an additional number, and sending them to him; and this I beg to submit to the judgment and advice of you and Mr. Aitken.

Pray where is *Sinepunxent*, the scene of such a sorrowful accident as the papers announce?

I wish we had an American Gazetteer. Why can't you and Mr. Aitken cook one up? The destruction of men by shipwrecks, on the North American coast, the year past, is immense. I have heard it computed at 1500, including the Dutch man-of-war. Flags were flying on Isle of Sables a few weeks since: 'tis thought more of the poor tories are ashore there. Five vessels were wrecked on Plumb Island, near Newbury, in the last storm, and all the people lost. The clouds are now gathering thick for another, Thursday, A.M.

Adieu, my friend, and believe me yours affectionately,

J. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, December 21, 1783, evening.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 3d inst., just come to hand, revives in my mind a subject of contemplation which has employed many melancholy hours for several years past; and, if "Mr. A. laments exceedingly Josey's want of education," how much more exquisite must be my sensations! especially when I have five more children to lament over! I have long thought, and do still think it one of the greatest misfortunes of my life to be obliged to rear a family of children in a place and among a people where insensibility to the interests of the rising

generation, and an inveterate antipathy to literature, are to be reckoned among the prevailing vices; where there is not so much public spirit as to build a school-house; where men of the first rank let their children grow up uncultivated as weeds in the highway; where grand jurors pay no regard to their oaths; and where a judge on the bench has publicly instructed them to invent subterfuges and evasions to cheat their consciences and prevent the execution of the laws for the advancement of learning, which in another part of the same charge he pretended to extol, as a means of preserving the country from slavery. You may think, perhaps, that this picture is too highly coloured. But it is *literally* and exactly true; and if you should have an opportunity of seeing General Sullivan, who is now gone on business to Congress, and is well acquainted with this town and country, I beg you would ask him whether my representation is not just. He is an exception to one part of my description; for he is a friend to literature, as men who have emerged from nothing through the force of their own genius commonly are.

It was not always so bad as it is now. Before the war, though there was not one tenth part so much regard had to the interest of youth as there ought to have been, yet there was more than now. The scenes we have passed through have extinguished every sentiment that was favourable to education in the minds of the people at large, and all the attempts which a poor lonely individual or two in a town can do to revive or rekindle the flame are totally ineffectual. I have preached, talked, convened special meetings for the purpose, offered my services in person, all to no purpose. The extreme difficulties which the late times brought me and my family into for a subsistence, the many shifts, the manual labour, the time consumed in running here and there, together with the stated duties of my office, were extremely unfavourable to family education, which I am convinced is, *at best*, a

mode much inferior to public schools. To these causes, my dear sir (of which I gave Mr. A. some short sketch), must be attributed the poor figure which my son makes, even in the common branches of education. A sense of duty to him, and a regard to his interest, in conjunction with my other children, have led me to a determination, as soon as ever they are of sufficient age, to put them out of this place. It is not in my power to place them at public schools where their board must be paid for; but if I can get them into some good family in the rank of apprentices, in places where they may have some opportunities of profiting by evening schools, and at the same time be learning some trade to get their future living in the world, it is all that I can do for them; and I must, in the use of these means, commit them to the care of Divine Providence. The child now in your neighbourhood has as good a capacity as is common; and if Mr. A. can have patience to let him gradually perfect himself in those acquirements which, had he lived in a place where schools were encouraged, he would, and ought to have, attained by this age, I have no doubt but a sense of his own interest will prompt him to go forward, and he will very soon be as accomplished as will be necessary for the business in which he is to engage. He has been an active boy in my small sphere of husbandry business, and for his age very judicious. I have many times left things to his management, and thought them better done than if I had directed them myself; and I have no doubt that, if he should take Mr. A.'s trade, as kindly as he did the business in which I was *forced* to employ him, he will prove, as his faculties ripen, a judicious and expert tradesman. He has it deeply impressed on his mind that his future fortune in life will depend on his own behaviour; he knows he *can* have no expectations from me; and I believe that a lad of tolerable good sense, who sets out in the world with such views as these, and has the

opportunity for good instruction in a decent way to get his bread, has really a better prospect before him, and is more likely to turn out well, than one who places his dependence on a paternal inheritance.

I could continue writing in such a strain till midnight; but it is well for you that my paper admonishes me it is time to conclude, by subscribing myself, with much esteem and respect, your sincere and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Dec. 30, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 15th and Mr. Aitken's of the 8th have come to hand this day, by both which I have the pleasing intelligence that my son is in the good graces of his master and mistress. Mrs. B. begs Mr. Aitken to believe that she feels with a peculiar sensibility his kind solicitude to ease *her* mind with respect to her son. By this time the small-pox must have come to some issue, and by another week we shall expect to hear further. God be praised that appearances, when you wrote, were so favourable, and that he has fallen into so good hands as Dr. C., to whom I am under sensible obligations, and wish you would give my respectful compliments.

My last to you was rather of a melancholy complexion, occasioned by what you suggested concerning the imperfection of Josey's education. I might, and ought to have added another circumstance, which is this. The chief schooling he has had from me has been in the winter season, and it is not uncommon for country boys to forget in the summer months much of what they learn in the winter. You must recollect that he came to Philadelphia *after* a summer's work in the field, and unhappily forgot to take with him his cyphering book, whereby it might

be seen that he is *not unacquainted* with the principal rules of arithmetic. If I can meet with a good opportunity in a private way, I will send it to him; for he ought to have it to assist his memory in recollecting what he has learned. Since I wrote that letter, another subscription has been started to build a school-house in this town, and I have laboured the point with a number of the most wealthy people in this place. Next week will shew the effect; but I am afraid it will turn out like the rest. Sometimes the situation, sometimes the expence, sometimes the want of a resolute undertaker, has defeated such a design; and, if all together should combine on this occasion, I shall not be disappointed.

Do they make cast iron stoves in Philadelphia? I have seen some at Boston, with an upper story that serves for an oven. If such are to be had in your city, be so kind as to let me know the price.

Friday, Jan. 2, 1784.

The above was written on Wednesday, and was intended to be sent to Portsmouth the next day, but a violent N.E. snow-storm which began on Wednesday, and continued all yesterday, has stopped travelling for the present. The snow-drifts are six feet deep, and 'tis at least three feet on a level. Our people are now turning out to break the paths. We have had scarce any Aurora Boreales this autumn and winter. I hear the *Shakers* give out that they are entirely ceased. Have you any of those creatures in Pennsylvania?

Mrs. B. thanks Mrs. H. for her kind salutations, and returns them with cordiality.

I am, my dear sir, your affectionate and obliged friend,

Jer. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of 13th ult. did not find me troubled with the "*Synecdoche*" in my hip, but with the rheumatism in my thigh, which your punning uncle perhaps would say is something not *very far* from it. I am not yet well, though better than I was. I believe I caught cold in consequence of changing my cloaths.

Your description of the interview between your uncle and you made me laugh very heartily. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Ball, or his possessions, to know whether it is probable that *he* advertised the Iron Works; but I do not remember to have heard of any other person of that name, in this city.

I have been thinking of Longman's proposal; and, upon the whole, would not advise you to send any books on your own account to London. Five shillings sterling is the London retail price of such a volume, bound and lettered, which is equal to 8*s.* 4*d.* this currency; and this is 1*s.* 8*d.* less than we charge them *in boards*. Besides, if you send any, you must be at the expence of boxes to pack in, porterage, freight, insurance, charges in England, and commissions for selling, which altogether will make such a deduction as, if the case were mine, I would not choose to allow. I would rather advise to be content with the profits of the American edition, and let the English print upon you if they will, which will be the case, unless Mr. E. can agree with one of them, as we proposed.

"Sinepuxent" is upon the Atlantic, about 10 leagues south of Cape Henlopen, which I suppose you know is the southern cape of Delaware. Aitken and I have both got our hands so full that we cannot cook up a Gazetteer, or any thing else. We have had, a few days past, a deep

snow; on Monday and Tuesday, a remarkable thaw, accompanied with a thick fog; yesterday it was clear and cold; to-day, *very* cold, and the river fast.

Josey is well. Mr. A. says "he does not know what is in him, but the folks downstairs (the workmen) like him, and the folks upstairs (the family) like him." My respects to Mrs. B.

Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. The river at Trenton is about one-fourth mile wide.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Jan. 13, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 19th and 21st December, with Dr. Clarkson's, and Mr. Aitken's, and Josey's, coming all together, produced a flood of gratitude to our Divine Benefactor, and to the worthy instruments which he has been pleased to make use of in conferring benefits on me and mine. It would be vain for me to attempt to express the feelings of my heart on this occasion; but I shall not fail to return my thanks in such terms as I am able to the "beloved physician," as well as to the careful master who seems to have the interest of my son so much at heart; and, if I add that I am more than ever attached to my first friend who has introduced me to the others, I shall but do him justice, while I do myself peculiar honour.

I am very glad you have at last found the lost letter, and that it was through an innocent mistake that it was supposed to be lost. Till this discovery was made, it appeared unaccountable to me; and I am afraid my kind namesake at Portsmouth has been worried about it. I hope his mind is now at ease. I have full confidence in Mr. Eliot's fidelity and knowledge of the world, especially the mercantile and busy part of it; but yet it would not be

amiss for you, when you write him, to tell him (and you may say, it is by my desire, if you please) to keep the sheets totally to himself, unless he can make a bargain to my advantage. As to the continuation, I fully intend it, and have already begun to collect and compile; but considering the situation I am in, and the many duties that are required of me as a son, a husband, a father, a pastor, and a friend, and making allowance for foreseen and unforeseen impediments arising out of the nature of the work, it is not a supposable case that a second volume *can* be got ready for the press, in less than two, or perhaps three, years from this time. The other cost me off and on nine or ten years. I know that it might be run through in a much shorter time by a Grub Street Gazetteer, who would take every thing on trust, and had materials ready prepared; and such a character I must suppose the great Doctor Johnson had in view in the 122d number of his Rambler, where he says: "No writer has a more *easy* task than the historian. The philosopher has the works of Omniscience to examine, and is therefore engaged in disquisitions to which finite intellects are utterly unequal. The poet trusts to his invention, and is not only in danger of inconsistencies to which every one is exposed by departure from truth, but may be censured as well for deficiencies of matter as for irregularity of disposition or impropriety of ornament. But the *happy* historian has no *other* labour than of *gathering* what tradition *pours down* before him, or records treasure for his use," &c. One may venture any bet that, at the time when this number of the Rambler was composed, Dr. J. had not undertaken an History. I have heard since that he has wrote the Lives of the Poets; and I dare say, if he did *that* work thoroughly, he has seen occasion to correct his sentiments in some measure. But if he had to write the History of a country, and to search for his materials wheresoever they were likely or *not likely* to be found; if he was to find that the "treasures"

contained in "records" are to be explained by private papers, and that these are to be sought in the garrets and rat-holes of old houses, when not one in a hundred that he was obliged to handle and decipher would repay him for the trouble; that "tradition," whatever it might "pour down," is always to be suspected and examined; and that the means of examination are not always to be obtained,— in short, if he had to go through the drudgery which you and I are pretty tolerably acquainted with, and to humour the passions of those we are obliged to, all the while, he would be fully sensible that to write an History as it should be is not so easy a work. Lawrence Eckard had a much *more* just opinion of it, as you may see in his preface to his Roman History. But I will not tire you with any more quotations. The sum and substance of all that I have said is that I cannot promise to prepare a second volume, so as to make it worth while to set any particular time for its completion, nor tell the precise period at which it will be proper to stop. I must know a great deal more than I do now, and must take a great deal of pains to obtain that knowledge, before I can pronounce decisively on either point. What I have said of two or three years must therefore only be understood by a figure, as putting a certain for an uncertain time, which at present appears *not less* than that.

You know I have made a practice of communicating to you every observation, occurrence, discovery, or improvement that has fallen within my sphere of knowledge since our acquaintance, and which might either gratify curiosity or be useful. I shall therefore, without any further introduction, inform you that some time last fall, in looking over an old Dublin magazine for 1770, I met with an extract from a piece published by a Dr. Buchner, a German physician, which relates the success of an experiment made by a merchant at *Wesel*, who had been deaf above fifty years. He and his brother con-

trived a method to make him hear by means of a speaking trumpet applied to the upper fore teeth of each, and afterwards found that a stick would answer the same purpose. Soon after I had read this, a deaf man coming to my house, I tried the experiment with a Gunter's scale, and was pleased to find it succeed. I then communicated it by letter to an uncle of mine, æt. 60, in Connecticut, who has been deaf ever since I can remember, and who last spring, when I saw him, laboured under as great a degree of deafness as any person that I ever met with, — so great that, as I was walking with him in his field, and a thunder-shower was rising, he did not hear the claps till the cloud had almost reached the zenith. The effect of my letter I will give you in his own words, in a letter of the 12th December: "The experiment you sent me I have tried, and found it successful and advantageous. I first tried a rod about the width and thickness of a Gunter; but that did not answer, though it convinced me that there was something that might. The voice of the speaker *spread* the width of the scale, and seemed to come about half way. I then tried my tobacco-pipe, and that proved better than the scale. I then tried a rod about half the width of the scale, and that did better than the scale; but still the voice of the speaker spread, and did not come distinct. I then brought the rod to about a quarter of an inch wide, and made it very thin, and that answers the best. The speaker says it is *not a quarter* of the trouble to talk with me with *that* rod, as it is to talk without it; and I can hear better with it than without it. One of my upper teeth being gone is a great disadvantage. You can't think how it is with deaf people without you were so. When I first tried the rod the width of the scale, *you can have no idea* how the voice of the speaker *spread* the width of the rod; though I could hear him, but he must speak louder than he need to do with the narrow one. Time and experience will, I hope, teach me more. I shall

just tell you of an experiment that I have made myself for a number of years. When I have been sitting in my chair with my face to the back of the chair, and my upper teeth on the upper rail of the chair, I can hear any person walk the room as plain as any person in it; and, if any person touch the chair with the end of their finger, I can hear it, when the person that touched it cannot. I am musing every day about the experiment, and I think some small rod or instrument with a hole through it will be more serviceable than solid matter."

These, my dear sir, are *facts*. I shall not presume to examine them theoretically. The good Ulysses can inform you whether there is a communication between the dental and auditory nerves before they reach the sensorium. All that I *dare* say on the matter is that there seems to be some analogy between this experiment and the effect which certain *sounds* are supposed to have on the *teeth*, to "set them" (as we say) "on edge." But it is not half so much matter to account for it as to let it be known, for the benefit of persons labouring under the very great disadvantage of deafness. This I shall endeavour to do as I have opportunity, as I doubt not you will; and a communication of farther improvements or success will be mutually beneficial. I shall only add that grasping the instrument too hard with the hand is an impediment to the hearing, and therefore I think it better to suspend it in the middle by a thread, or fix it on a pivot like a ballance, and cut a notch at each end to receive the edge of the upper teeth of the speaker and hearer. I have desired my uncle to try sticks made of different sorts of wood, to see which is best; for I suspect that his thought of a perforated rod, in preference to solid matter, is not just, and that what approaches nearest to the consistence of the *teeth* is best, for which reason I wish to try the experiment with an *ivory* stick.

I thank you for Bradford's Almanac. The chief thing

I wanted it for is the places of the planets, which our N.E. almanac-makers have for some years omitted.

Mrs. B. desires her kindest respects to Mrs. Hazard. I wish it were practicable for us, or even for me, to visit your parts. I cannot but *hope* that such an event may take place one time or another. If Mr. A. thinks he can make Josey a profitable apprentice, and you will take the trouble to act in my stead to bind him, please to send me the proper form of a letter of attorney for the purpose, and also the form of the indenture which is used in such cases. I am, my dear sir,

With inviolable regard, your friend,

JER. BELKNAP.

More shipwrecks daily.

P. S. In a late letter, I mentioned another projection of the school-house in this place. I was not mistaken in my conjecture that it would prove abortive.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am very sorry that my letter of 3d ult. should have revived in your mind a melancholy subject of contemplation. It was not the design of it; but this I need not have told you. After reading your reply, no man would wonder that the creatures thought of paying for your History *in boards*. As Mr. A. and Dr. C. appear to feel an interest in what concerns you, I let them read your letter. They were astonished and as much hurt as myself at the thought that a man of your genius and education should be doomed to drag out a miserable existence among such savages. The Doctor immediately asked me if there were no vacancies within the bounds of the Synod. It would make him very happy

if you could be fixed in our neighbourhood. If a good plan could be thought of for yourself, I think your children might easily be provided for in the way you propose. Josey is in a very good place, and gives great satisfaction. Indeed, Mr. A. told me this day that he is "a boy without a fault." He says his children are all very fond of him, and will "see that he has his right. If one of them comes to get but a piece of apple-pye, there must be a piece for Jo too." These are trifling things to tell a person at so great a distance; but I consider I am writing to a *father*, and fathers and mothers know that *such* trifles, in the point of view in which I attend to them, are matters of importance, and can draw very comfortable inferences from them. You would be pleased if you could be in a corner, and hear both Mr. and Mrs. A. talk of your son. They seem happy in an opportunity of praising him, and he appears to be well pleased with his place. He came home with me to-day to get some newspapers that I wanted to have bound, and I asked him how he liked his situation and business: he answered, "Very well." Mr. A. intends to surprize you. He has given Josey half a quire of paper to fold and *bind*, and designs to send it as a present to you. He says it is almost too much for him yet; but he will stand by him, and shew him how to do it, but every part of it shall be literally J.'s work.

The obstructed navigation prevents my sending the books for the library, and De la Vega; but I shall not forget them.

I felt the first shock of the earthquake very sensibly, and so did all my family. The noise was like that made by rolling a full barrel over a floor. Our maid-servant, who had gone to her bed-chamber in the third story of the house, came running down stairs in a great fright. She said her chamber door was burst open, and the house reeled so that she expected it would have fallen. Mrs. H. and I, who had not yet gone upstairs, did not perceive so

great a motion. We slept too soundly to feel the other shocks.

The Freemason continues long vibrating between *Sagittarius* and *Virgo*. I hope he will never get into *Capricorn*. Pray when is he to become *stationary?*

Yes, our wags take great liberties with Congress about their *permanent* residence. Did you ever see the piece in which a *moving town* was proposed, to which the equestrian statue of General Washington was to be attached?

I suppose you know we are to have a grand exhibition here in honour of General Washington: a triumphal arch, &c. The exhibition is to be on the 20th inst., if the weather is fair. They have begun to erect the *arch*. I have seen the *paintings* which are to be illuminated, and think they will make an elegant appearance. The Assembly at their last sitting voted £600 for this purpose.

Mrs. H. hurries me so much to come to supper that I have only time to send our joint respects to Mrs. B., and assure you that I am unalterably yours,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, January 24, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — In consequence, I suppose, of the very uncommon weather we have had of late, I am without a letter from you. Perhaps I may receive one on Monday, 'til which time I shall leave this unsealed, that I may make the necessary *addenda*. In the mean while, I will tell you what I have to say at present, lest I should not have leisure then. To begin, you are a member of the "American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful knowledge." I took the liberty of proposing you as a candidate some time ago, and on the 16th inst. (the stated time for choosing new members)

you were elected. As you live at a distance, and are considered as an *honorary* member, it will be no expence to you; but, as you have a turn for philosophical speculations, I wish you to make some now and then, and send them to me, and I will communicate them to the Society. Have you ever enlarged and methodised your "Conjectures about the Population of America?" Do you make any meteorological observations? Can't you sketch out a short Natural History of N. Hampshire?

A comet was observed here on the night of the 20th inst.; on that of the 21st, Mr. Rittenhouse informed me of it, and I saw it with the naked eye, but have had no opportunity of viewing it through a telescope, every night since having been cloudy. Our weather of late has been remarkable, — one day intensely cold, the next a thorough thaw. The Delaware has been so frozen that it has been crossed with horses and sleighs; at present this cannot be done, but there is no passage for vessels. Wood is consequently scarce, and very dear: hickory has been sold as high as 18 or 20 dollars per cord; it is now about 12.

We were disappointed about our elegant exhibition. Through some mismanagement, the paintings caught fire; the flames communicated to the rockets, which were not fixed up; they flew horizontally among an amazing concourse of people, killed some, wounded others; hats, caps, bonnets, cloaks, handkerchiefs, shoes, canes, were lost; all was uproar and confusion. The great success attending the *bank* has induced a number of monied men to propose a second, and I have no doubt they will succeed. I think it will be a public benefit. The present bank has been both useful and pernicious: useful to the stockholders, who got a prodigious interest for their money; and useful to the man in trade, because, by paying a moderate discount, he could turn his notes of hand into cash. But it has been prejudicial to the middling and poorer classes of people who wanted money on inter-

est; for, as the bank yielded 9, 12, and even 16 per cent, none could be had at the legal rate, which is 6, and many were much distressed for want of money who could give good security, but could not afford to pay so great an interest. The brokers took the advantage of people's necessities, and have lett money out by the month, at $4\frac{1}{2}$, 5, and even 6 per cent per month, which is 54, 60, and 72 per cent per annum. Such folks can always find means to evade the law. A new bank, I think, will tend to prevent such practices, because it will bring more money into market, and consequently make it more plenty.

Josey called upon me to-day with a book to send you, as a specimen of his abilities as a bookbinder. He gave it to me in the sheet, wrapped up in paper. I told him I would send it. "Please to look at it, sir," said Jo. He said this in a way that shewed he was pleased with the work himself, and wished me to admire it. I did not disappoint him. It so far exceeded my expectations that I could [not] help addressing him with, "Now, Jo, tell me if you did all this honestly and fairly yourself." He said he did, except stretching the leather over it. You have the book herewith. I think it a pretty specimen, and am sure you will think so too; but I must know more about it. I will ask Mr. A. all the particulars, and will venture to assert that, if Josey could do such another *himself* (I mean without being shewn particularly how to do every part), he knows more about the business already than one-half the bookbinders in New England; but this cannot be expected.

27th.

Josey was shewn how to do the different parts of the work, as I expected; but I think his being able to do it so well, even with this advantage, discovers a genius and attention to business which promise something clever.

Mrs. H. joins me in respects to Mrs. B.

I am your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, February 14, 1784.

My dear Sir, — After an interruption of three weeks (caused I suppose by the weather and roads), I am happy this week to get yours of January 7th, enclosing the Cincinnati pamphlet, for which I thank you. It is a well wrote piece, and calculated to set us thinking. I have already had some thoughts, but they are not mature enough to commit to paper.

Having submitted Longman's proposal to your judgment, I am fully satisfied with what you have suggested. I hope the work is begun by this time. I am continually questioned about it by one and another. Captain Kellsa is returned to Boston without the books which I wrote to you for; and, as you have mentioned nothing of them in your letters, I apprehend the multiplicity of business in which you are engaged has put the matter out of your mind. If this be the case, I ought to ask pardon for giving you the trouble, and now beg the favour of you to give the memorandum to Mr. Aitken, in whose way it more naturally falls. What you write of Josey is very pleasing to me. I hope he will continue to be agreeable both above and below stairs.

With Mrs. B.'s respects to Mrs. H., I am, dear sir, your affectionate and obliged,

Jer. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, Feb. 23, 1784.

Dear Sir, — Looking over the contents of my coat pocket, which generally contains as large a budget as ever Lord *North* had, I was surprised to find the enclosed

among them, though I formerly told you I had then sent it.

"Hence we learn" one of the effects which hurry produces on the human mind. I have received no letter from you since my last. The paper-maker has disappointed us about the remainder of the paper for your History, and now insists upon three dollars per ream. If it was not that he lives in another county, and I have not time to attend courts, I would prosecute him for breach of contract, and am clear I should recover damages. Mr. A. and I are endeavouring to get another man to make the paper at 20*s.*: if we fail, we shall be obliged to give the first the 22*s.* 6*d.*, rather than retard the publication of your History, which we are now almost ready to begin upon.

Josey is well. Respects to Mrs. B. from

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, February 27, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letters of January 16, 24, and February 5, with the several enclosures, all came to my hands together yesterday; and the reading them took up almost the whole day. I have so many things to say in reply and remark that I know not where to begin nor to end. But not to stand hesitating about order — that which *pleases* me most is the proficiency which my son has made in his business, and the good esteem in which he is held by the family where he lives. With respect to this last circumstance, it recalls to my mind a thought I had upon his departure from home. I could not but recollect a passage in the "West Indian," where the sailor tells old Stockwell concerning Charles: "Lord love him! bless his heart! a' might have brought over the whole

island if he would; a' didn't leave a dry eye in it." Upon which Stockwell remarks: "Tis no bad prognostic of a man's heart when his shipmates give him a good word." I think your story of the "piece of apple-pie" is in unison with this. Such circumstances, however trivial in vulgar eyes or ears, make deep impressions on the hearts of parents; and your mentioning them shews that you have an insight into human nature, and know how to touch its tender springs. As to the *workmanship* of the book, it is much beyond what I could have thought him equal to; though the squaring of the covers and the cut of the leaves bear evident marks of imperfection, yet the goodness of the back, which is the principal part to be regarded, gives me reason to hope that, by taking the best care of the most essential part first, he will by degrees grow to be a good workman. I consider also Mr. A.'s attention to me in putting him on such a work, and sending it to me, as a specimen of his fatherly feelings, from which I "augur well."

I am much obliged to you and Dr. C. and Mr. A. for your pity and good wishes. To live in a warmer climate and among a more polished people would be very agreeable; but could a man be member of "a Synod" without subscribing formularies?

How much am I indebted to the good-natured partiality of my friend for introducing my name into the list of the American Society! If by an "honorary member" a distinction is intended between an active, useful searcher after physical knowledge, and a mere sustainer of a title, I may as well be one of the latter sort as many others; but I have always been of the mind that, if a man does not honour his title, it cannot honour him. I have certainly one very strong inducement to do something in the way which you recommend; and that is *to save your credit*, which you have on this occasion greatly risqued. But what shall I do? Though I am conscious of being a

passionate lover of nature in *all* her forms, yet I am unfurnished with any kind of instruments but a *sun-dial* and a *burning-glass*. I can make no *meteorological* observations but such as every child can make. I am waiting the arrival of your Garcilasso de la Vega, before I can properly review my Conjectures on the Population of America. As to a sketch of the natural history of New Hampshire, I have made some beginning, which I intend as a part of my second volume, together with some other observations in the form of our geographical grammars. The comet which lately appeared I never could get sight of: indeed, I did not know of it till about a week after it was first seen. Some of our people then asked me if I had seen "the strange star." You may judge from hence that I can derive no great advantage from my neighbours in point of speculation. Notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances, I shall endeavour to bear in mind that you are my *sponsor;* and, if I can frame any thing which I can think will be likely to meet with a candid reception from so respectable a body, I will put it into your hands to be communicated. In the mean time, I would ask whether it would be proper for me to write to the secretary of the Society, acknowledging their favour; and, if so, whether I must first have a ticket certifying my admission, or take the notice published in the *Packet of January 27th* for sufficient. I would further ask whether there be any of the Transactions of the Society in print, and what would be the expence of purchasing them; whether there be any rules or institutions with which I ought to be acquainted, and any methods agreed upon to direct enquiries and observations, &c., &c.

I thank you for your information and cautions respecting *stoves*. The only inducement I had to wish for one was to *save wood*. I would place it only in my study. But I have since found that they are made at Portsmouth,

of plated iron, and at about half the price of a cast one. However, I shall suspend the matter for the present.

So the triumphal arch is blown up! Will not the wits on the other side call this *an omen*, in return for our observing the fall of one of the crown jewels, at the coronation of the present king?

The jarring of your "Council of Censors" has set me on thinking closely about the practicability of our supporting the democratic form of government. This jar, with the institution of the Cincinnati and other circumstances, concur to strengthen a suspicion which I have had from the beginning of our confederation; viz., that our Union cannot *long* subsist in its present form. Experiment is the surest and fairest way of coming at knowledge; and I think it will not be much longer before we shall all be convinced that a democratic government, over such a large and increasing number of people, inhabiting so vast an extent of country, is, to say the least that can be said, extremely inconvenient in itself, and very inadequate to the purpose.

Our winter has been very severe: a long spell of cold, dry weather and deep snows have rendered travelling, for a great part of the time, impracticable; but we have had no such mighty thaws, as in Connecticut and Rhode Island; no rivers northward of Cambridge have been broken up. We have had sufficient evidence from the appearance of three or four Aurora Boreales that the Shakers are *false prophets*. They have come within six miles of us, and perform their agitations with a volatility and flexibility which the ignorant observers can account for only by witchcraft. It is confidently said, and I believe it is true, that one of their late meetings was introduced by handing round a bottle of rum; of which each taking a large draught became *inspired*.

I wish to know whether Jo goes to an evening school. I shall try to send his cyphering book; and, if I don't

get a private opportunity soon, shall take the liberty of troubling the post with it.

What is the reason that the printing of my work is so long delayed? I am at a loss how to answer the enquiries that are frequently made on this subject. The Freemason is yet vibrating, but will fix, I suppose, before long. He will probably be in *Gemini* before *Taurus* or *Capricorn*.

Mrs. B. says no cordial revives her like your letters. She wishes she could see Mrs. Hazard. Our best wishes attend you both. Yours, J. B.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — When I wrote you last, I was in great wrath, to be sure: since then, I have been put into a better humour by another man's undertaking to make paper for us at the old price.

Mr. A. has finished Blair, and is now going to work for you. I was really so hurried when Kelsa was about sailing, that I had not leisure to enquire the time, or your books would have been sent; indeed, I can hardly ever call an hour my own: it is but seldom that I get home to dine with my family. You have heard of Robert Bell. I send you a genuine petition of his to put among your *miscellanea curiosa:* it was thrown *under the table.*

Josey *is* well, and does well. Mrs. H.'s respects to Mrs. B. as well as those of

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

March 8, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — As I have always used to write my thoughts freely to you on every subject, I shall make no

apology for the following detail with which my mind has been labouring for some time, and wishing for an opportunity to give it vent. I have in some late letters hinted to you my apprehensions that the present Constitution of this country could not long subsist in the form it now wears. I shall now throw together the reasons on which I have grounded these apprehensions.

It is well known that, before the disputes with Brittain began, an union of the (then) colonies was, by the wisest men, thought impracticable. Efforts were made about the year 1754 to bring such a thing into existence, but they all failed; and a writer, whose judgment and information no one can suspect, wrote thus on the subject: "They (*i.e.* the colonies) have different forms of government, different laws, different interests, some of them different religious persuasions and different manners. Their jealousy of each other is so great that, however necessary an union of the colonies has long been for their common defence and security, and how sensible soever each colony has been of that necessity, yet they have never been able to effect such an union among them, nor to agree in requesting the mother country to establish it for them. If they could not agree to unite for their defence against the French and Indians, can it reasonably be supposed there is any danger of their uniting against their own nation? There are so many causes that must operate to prevent it, that I will venture to say an union among them for such a purpose is not merely improbable, it is *impossible*. When I say impossible, I mean without the most grievous *tyranny* and *oppression*. The waves do not rise but when the winds blow. What such an administration as the Duke of *Alva's* in the Netherlands might produce, I know not." These were the sentiments of the great Dr. Franklin in 1760. He has lived to see the only case happen which he supposed could possibly effect an union of the Amer-

ican colonies, and in consequence thereof the Union formed. It was formed by a sense of common danger, or rather by the pressure of a common calamity, "the most grievous tyranny and oppression." But this question has since arisen, If an union could not be formed until we were driven to it by external oppression and tyranny, is it likely that such an union will hold when that pressure is removed? Will not the principles of internal repulsion again operate; and, if they do, what force will counteract them? This thought has been familiar to me ever since the first formation of our Union; and I could not help arguing, *a priori*, against the probability of its long continuance after the removal of the force which compelled its formation.

But ought we not in such cases to argue from experience? Well, the experiment is now in hand; and what does it promise? Thirteen *equally free, independent, sovereign* States are confederated for their mutual defence and security, each one retaining its own *sovereignty* (a darling word, but highly intoxicating), which is represented in the assembly of the whole. This assembly has by the Confederation "the sole and exclusive power of peace and war; receiving and sending embassies, making treaties and alliances," and other attributes of sovereignty. But have they the power of commanding a shilling out of any man's pocket on this continent? They can *incur* expences and *allow* them, and *defray* them out of a common *treasury;* but how is that treasury to be *supplied?* By taxes "laid and levied by *the authority* of the legislatures of the several States." Then the *united sovereignty* runs in debt, and the *individual sovereignties*, acting separately and independently, are to provide the means of payment; and without payment, or at least prospect of payment, we know business cannot be done. Well, how are the supplies to be obtained? Must all the States agree in one specific mode, or are they left to themselves to contrive

the mode? And, in either case, is there any *compulsive power* to oblige each and every State to furnish its supplies? This last question, we know, must be answered in the negative; and, as to the two former, we are vibrating between yea and nay. Though the Confederation seems to point out *one mode*, yet an attempt has been making to alter it: how far it has succeeded, I know not; but *another mode* has been proposed once and again, viz., an impost which cannot be obtained without the consent of every State. The first proposal of this kind seemed to be pretty well relished by all but Rhode Island, who threatened to give it a mortal stab. Congress, alarmed, ordered a deputation to persuade the refractory State to forbear; but, before they could execute their commission, Virginia, with a backhanded stroke, completed its downfall. What now? Congress newmodels the proposal, and sends it forth again. Majestically slow and solemn it stalks along, receives a sweet smile from one, a soft kiss from another, and a friendly shake by the hand from a third; but surly Connecticut gives it a kick, and down it falls again.

Now where are we? What shall we do? How are our debts to be paid? Sell your new lands, says one. Who will buy them? says another. We want *cash in hand*, and purchasers are not to be found in a day. Well then, raise it by a tax on poll and estates. But, say the southern States, must we pay as much for our negro polls as you New Englanders for your white labouring men that can earn three times as much? And must our poor land, says N.E., that is frozen half the year, pay as much as your rich Virginia and Carolina soil; or our paltry huts and sheds, as much as your palaces? Here we are altogether by the ears about modes and forms of raising cash; and all the while creditors are dunning and complaining, Congress remonstrating and *exhorting*, and, what is worse than either, all the current coin is going

out of the country as fast as water runs over a damm, and all the powers of nature or art cannot stop it. Such I take to be a true picture of the present time. Our federal government is a huge, complicated, unwieldy machine, like — what? Comparisons sometimes illustrate subjects; but where can one be found to illustrate this? Imagine, my friend, thirteen *independent* clocks, going all together, by the force of their own weights, and carrying thirteen *independent* hammers fitted to strike on *one bell.* If you can so nicely wind and adjust all these clocks as to make them move exactly alike, and strike at the same instant, you will have, indeed, a most curious and regular beating of time; but, if there be ever so small a deviation from the point of identity, who will be able to know the hour by the sound of such an automaton?

The plain English of all this is that our present form of federal government appears to be inadequate to the purpose for which it was instituted. A *combined sovereignty*, subject to be checked, controuled, and negatived by thirteen *individual sovereignties*, must ever move so heavily and awkwardly that no business can be done to good purpose, if we are to judge by the specimens of its operation which we are daily witnesses of. But is it not a pity that such a machine as we have been at the pains to construct should fail of its effect? What fitter place can there be for a republic than America, where liberty is so well understood and the rights of human nature so clearly defined? Let the republican system "have fair play" in this part of the globe, and it will be seen that men can live together on a plan of equality, and govern themselves without foreign connections or domestic usurpation. All this is very pretty in speculation; and, if you will lay your foundation as deep as *Lycurgus*, you may stand a chance to see as fair and lasting a superstructure. Are all men by nature equally free and independent? Let them remain so, or let means be found out to prevent them

from rising one above the other. Let there be an agrarian law and an equal division of property; let there be an end to all foreign commerce and navigation; let every ounce of silver and gold be sent back to the mines, and let there be a grand coinage of iron, every twenty shillings to weigh a *ton;* let the inhabitants of every city, town, and district on this continent breakfast, dine, and sup together daily on black broth, at one table; let the produce of every man's labour be brought into a common stock; in short, let *individuals be poor and the State rich,* and then set off in your republican career: but, if you attempt it on any other plan, you may be sure it will come to nothing. "Equality is the soul of a republic." Where, then, is our soul? Do not our principles (I mean our practical principles) all tend to inequality? And can it be said that the State is rich, though individuals are poor? Where is the man whose promissory note is not preferable to a State security? Where shall we look for an equal division of property? Not in the five southern States, where every white man is the lordly tyrant of an hundred slaves. Not in the great trading towns and cities, where cash in funds yields 13 or 16 per cent, and in trade much more. The yeomanry of New England are, in point of *equality*, the fittest materials for a republic; but they want another grand prerequisite, public virtue. They are as mean and selfish as any other people, and have as strong a lurch for territory as merchants have for cash. From such premises is it any forced conclusion that the people of this country are not destined to be long governed in a democratic form?

But all men are by nature equally free and independent, and therefore there should be no power but what is derived from the people and exercised by their consent and for their benefit. Granted. It is a good principle, and ought to stand at the head of every constitution of government and every code of laws in the world. It

may serve to check the advances of tyranny and usurpation, and be a foundation for bringing tyrants and usurpers to account; but what is the natural tendency of things? All beasts are equally free and independent; so are birds and fishes: and yet do we not see in fact that the wolf devours the lamb, the vulture the dove, and the whale will swallow a whole shoal of mackerel? And is there not as much inequality among men? Will there not be a superiority and an inferiority, in spite of all the systems of metaphysics and bills of rights in the world? How can you prevent one man from being stronger, or wiser, or richer than another? And will not the strong always subdue the weak, the wise circumvent the ignorant, and the "borrower be servant to the lender"? Is not this noble creature, man, necessarily subject to lords of his own species in almost every stage of his existence? When a child, he is necessarily under the dominion of his parents; send him to school, place him out as an apprentice, put him on board a ship or into a military company, and he must be subject to the commands of his superiors, and to laws which he had no hand in framing. Consider him as a member of public society, and what chance have the greater part of the species of having any voice, or share, or concern in any department of government, or what do they care about it? If once in a year they can put in a vote (perhaps handed to them ready written), or once in three years are put on the jury, 'tis all they can expect, and more than most of them wish for; and, if they had never been used to these privileges, they might be as happy without them as they now are by the abuse of them. In short, take man as he is, if there be not some government framed and provided for him, and kept up over him, he will be a miserable creature. This is not an airy speculation. I have seen it realized. I have seen men so inattentive to their acknowledged rights that, when they have been called upon for their votes for a form of

government for themselves and their posterity, not one of them in ten cared so much about it as to give their vote pro or con: a few busy men did all that was or could be done, and the rest acquiesced.

Now, if there is *in fact* such an inequality among us, why all this pother about reducing every thing to equality by metaphysical rules? If Providence has placed us in a mountainous country, why should we reduce it to a plain? Let it stand as a principle that government originates from the people; but let the people be taught (and they will learn it by experience, if no other way) that they are not able to govern themselves. Let us take care to improve the advantages arising from our situation, and not miscall those inequalities which *necessarily* spring up among us by the name of disadvantages. Let *literature* be duly cultivated, and liberty will not be in danger without sufficient sentinels to give the alarm. Should even a limited monarchy be erected, our liberties may be as safe as if every man had the keeping of them solely in his own power.

But I have done, and I believe you will think it is time.

Adieu, my friend, and believe me ever yours,

[Jeremy Belknap.]

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, March 15, 1784.

My dear Sir, — I have this day received your favr of 26th ult.

You ask me, "Could a man be a member of a synod without subscribing formularies?" I believe not. It would be expected that he should at least declare his assent to the doctrines contained in the "Westminster Confession of Faith," larger and shorter catechisms. If you are acquainted with that book, you will be able to judge whether you

could subscribe to the Articles of Faith and mode of Church Government contained in it. Perhaps I conveyed a wrong idea by the phrase "honorary member." I did not mean by it a *philosophical drone*, but intended to intimate to you that, as you lived at a distance from this city, the annual payment of 10*s*. would not be expected. I knew you had a philosophical turn, and was confident that the activity of your mind would produce something that would be entertaining and useful, and therefore proposed you as a member of the Society. You need not fear to submit your speculations to their investigation, as you would be convinced, could you attend a few meetings; and the *youth* of the Society makes it easy to add to the stock of their Transactions. Your sending your sketch of the Natural History of New Hampshire, should it even be published, need not prevent it being printed in your History; for, as it will be *your own*, you cannot be accused of plagiarism, in case of a republication. As our river now *begins* to open, I hope it will not be long before I shall be able to send you Garcilasso de la Vega, accompanied by two copies of Blair's Lectures, one of which Mr. Aitken tells me he intends as a present to *you*, and the other to your Social *Library*. I think you will be much pleased with this performance, which contains an amazing fund of entertainment for a literary genius. You need not take the newspaper information of your election into the Society "for sufficient," but wait for a line from one of the Secretaries. There has been a fourth volume of Transactions published, from which the Society derived great reputation; but I believe they are now *out of print*, as the booksellers say. I met with one once at an auction. I think there are no rules with which you need be made acquainted; and, as to observations and enquiries, every member is at liberty to conduct them in what manner he pleases.

Although the *plated* iron stoves cost *less* money, they

are dearer than the *cast*, because they soon *burn out; i.e.*, the *sheet iron* is soon destroyed by fire.

I think it probable that the Tories have supposed in their hearts that the destruction of the Triumphal Arch was *ominous*. But as in case of the Phœnix, so in this. A new one is to rise from the ashes, for we have been lately informed that the paintings are nearly finished.

My opinion of the durability of our government coincides exactly with your own. There is too much jealousy of Congress: their power is too much restricted, and local prejudices and attachments are too prevalent.

Are there any persons among you foolish enough to attach themselves to the *Shakers?* They must be more governed by the *flesh* than the *spirit*. Let them alone. Opposition will serve only to encrease their numbers.

Josey has gone to an evening school 'til now: the nights have grown so short that the master has left off teaching 'til next winter. Mr. A. now intends sending your son to day-school.

The printing of *Blair* has been the only obstacle in the way of your History; and, to enable him to finish it, Mr. A. was obliged to use your paper, as the severity of the season was such as to prevent any being made then. This will not finally delay your work, because he could not begin upon it before his own was finished; and, had he been obliged to wait 'til paper could be made, Blair would have been unfinished yet. I blame him for not asking my consent about it, but I suppose he depended upon having paper to supply us long before now, which he would have had in any common season. We expect to be supplied in the course of this week.

I spend my evenings now in revising your manuscript, in which I find some few inaccuracies, such as the too frequent repetition of *which, but,* &c., at too small distances. When I meet with such, I correct them, and in short, upon all occasions, shall use the liberty you gave me

of acting the part of a severe friend with respect to this publication. Your account of Burdet reminded me of some extracts I had made from the Province of Main Records about him, and inserted in my collection of *miscellanea curiosa*. They are rather indecent, but one of them has enabled me to confirm your assertions by adding the following note: "The Court Records mention him as 'a man of ill-name and fame, and infamous for incontinency.'" — Lib. A., &c.

March 18.

So far I had written the 15th, but being unable to finish my letter was obliged to postpone it. Mr. Aitken informed me yesterday that he persuaded a Mr. Lesley to take Josey into his day-school. This Mr. Lesley is famous as a teacher, and was in such repute when he lived in New York that I have known children kept from school for two years, that they might be at liberty to get into the first opening which offered in his. He will remove to New York soon, but Mr. A. thinks not before Josey has had sufficient schooling.

The ice in Schuykill broke up a few days ago: it formed a dam below what we call the *middle ferry*, which occasioned a flood, and strewed the bank with a great number of congeries of ice. These now form a very romantic scene. They appear like huge rocks irregularly placed upon the shore, and are in form something like haystacks. One of them which was measured is 15 feet in height. Much damage has been done upon the banks of the river.

The Freemason is a perfect model of patience and philosophy: so long engaged, his bliss so long delayed, and he alive! Who would have thought it possible? Is not Mrs. B. surprised at it? Why can't you gratify Mrs. Belknap's wishes by bringing her with you in the spring? And then she may see Mrs. H., Josey, Philadelphia, &c., &c., all at once? Josey is well, and still continues to

please. He has done this so long that I think there can be little doubt of it in future. I am glad that my letters afford Mrs. B. amusement. Tell her that I shall watch opportunities of communicating agreeable information, and from the goodness of her son's character and conduct I am persuaded she will receive it frequently. Remember me very affectionately to her, and tell her that Mrs. H. will be happy to see her. I am, dear sir,

Yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, March 18, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — Your favours of the 10th and 23d came to hand yesterday, and not before. The continuance of my son in the good graces of the family where he resides gives me the highest satisfaction, and from the account you give me of your feelings for him and me (if I had no other proof) I can confidently rely on you to be his faithful friend and overseer. You ask me whether those feelings were not similar to my own: to which I answer that they differ only in this. I had the fullest confidence in your integrity and friendship, both in recommending my son to Mr. A. and him to me. The prospect was inviting, and every thing concurred to satisfy me that it was my duty to place him there. Under this impression, I committed him to the care of a gracious Providence; and though I was anxious to hear of his safe arrival, and passing through the small-pox, yet, as I knew you nor no other person could be answerable for *events*, had he been lost at sea, or died of the sickness, I should not have entertained any such thoughts as you express by "repenting of having taken your advice." I had revolved the whole matter deliberately in my mind, in the season of uncertainty, and was then as well fixed in this conclu-

sion as I am now. I enclose you a power of attorney, drawn agreeable to your form, with the addition of the precise age of my son, that there may be no misunderstanding on that head. You must allow me to repeat my thanks for your obliging care of him and goodness to me.

It is not probable that I shall visit Philadelphia so early, if ever, as to interrupt the mysteries of Lucina, in the celebration of which I wish you may be as punctual to the *day* as to the *month:* if it should fall four days later than the 11th, it will coincide with the *dies natalis* of your humble servant, who will then complete his 40th year.*

I cannot enough express my gratitude to the good Ulysses for his superlative kindness to me and mine. How should I enjoy myself in the frequent company and conversation of such friends! But this is not the case. I have not one of the right sort within a dozen miles of me: I mean a sympathetic and congenial soul, with whom I can *mix essences*, and talk upon *every subject* with equal ease and pleasure.

I am sorry the paper-maker has disappointed you: however, I had rather give the additional price than run the chance of getting worse paper and retarding the publication. Suppose an additional shilling were put on each book sold to non-subscribers: would there be any disingenuity in it? This would more than pay the extra price of the paper.

When the ceremony of binding Jo is performed, I wish you would take that opportunity to comment upon the several articles in the indenture, that he may have his duty fixed in his mind, and remember that each part of the covenant is a condition on his part of the fulfilment of the stipulation of his master. I leave it to you to determine whether it will be best for the indenture to

---

* Dr. Belknap is said to have been born "4th June, 1744," probably O.S., corresponding to the 15th, N.S.—Eds.

remain in your hands, or be sent to me after they are executed.

The weather and travelling, for a month past or more, have occasioned some irregularity in conveying my letters to the post-office and receiving yours from thence. One of the last that I made up waited here at a tavern, a whole week, for a conveyance. I then took it up and covered it again, but it lay several days longer, and finally, having an opportunity, sent it to the post-office in Boston. You may possibly get this equally soon.

Mrs. B. joins in cordial salutations to yourself and Mrs. H., with your affectionate and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, March 28, evening, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I am pleased to find by yours of the 1st inst., received this day, that your "wrath" about the paper has subsided, and that you have procured some of another person; so that my book is now likely to go on. I hope some of the copies will be done, so as to be at Boston by the time of Election; when, if I am there, I shall expect many interrogations, and wish they may by that means be prevented. When I read your many apologies occasioned by an hurry of business, and consider that your department, from the numerous foreign connexions which have of late years been formed in the country, must have extremely increased its importance and utility, I cannot but consider you as an instance of Solomon's observation, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." When, at the same time, I reflect on your continued and unremitting attention to me and my concerns, I draw an argument as much in favour of

your benevolence as of your industry, and have a proportionable exercise of gratitude.

As for your puffing "Professor of book auctioneering," I think it is a pity that a man of his enterprising make (and I am told he is of a friendly turn too) should have so little self-knowledge, and so much conceit and arrogance. The assembly did wisely to throw his petition under the table.

There is advertized by Oswald "An Essay on Matter," which, by the contents, seems to be a work of genius. Pray what is its character, and is it worth my sending for? I see Bell has reprinted the Life of Wortley Montague: that must be a curiosity, if it is well written. Pray let me have your opinion of both, before I send to Mr. Aitken any directions about putting up my books.

That Josey *is* well and *does* well gives me singular pleasure. If Mr. A. can make him a profitable apprentice to *him*, I hope he will be so to himself when he comes of age.

Mrs. B. begs her respects to you and Mrs. Hazard, as does your affectionate and obliged

JEREMY BELKNAP.

I sent Jo's cyphering book and a power of attorney last week.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, April 11, 1784, evening.

MY DEAR SIR, — The papers contained in your packet of March 18 afforded me much pleasure: some of the pieces, particularly the *Dialogue of the Dead Dog and Cat*, and the experiment to prove the inflammability of *bowel-air*, served to dissipate the stagnating vapours of a week's confinement.

What a set of wags you have at Philadelphia! How

can your Society bear such ridicule? or what have they done to deserve it? Are your streets really so dirty as the dialogue represents them? I observe you repeat your invitations to me to come there. I am extremely obliged by your kind wishes, and should be as much pleased as you can be with the prospect, if I could fairly enjoy one, of going there. Though I may, as you say in the Quaker phrase, "feel a drawing," yet something more is necessary. Could I, like them, take a certificate from the monthly meeting for a viaticum, and leave my people to entertain themselves with six or eight Sabbaths of silence, it would be an easy matter for me to take such a journey. But I must wait till my finances are in such order as to have enough to *spare* for the purpose of supplying my pulpit, and bearing my expences, before I can think of performing the journey in earnest: if this should ever happen, I shall then obey "the drawing" with the greatest pleasure.

You have answered my query respecting subscription to formularies as I expected; and I suppose, if I should stand up before such a venerable body, and have the question put to me, Do you believe or assent to the doctrines contained, &c.? I should answer in much the same manner as a brother of mine did before a Council respecting the Cambridge platform, "Yes, I believe it *so far as it is agreeable to the Scripture;*" which did well enough for the *moderate* part of the Council; and, as to the *bigots*, they were too blind to see through the artifice. Now, if your synods were composed only of moderate men who view the declaration as nugatory and kept up only for form's sake, and would be content with such an answer (which in reality means nothing at all), I could make such a declaration before them; and so I could respecting the articles of the Church of England, and the decrees of the Council of Trent. But, if an *hearty assent* to the doctrines delivered in the Assembly's Confessions and

Catechisms be required as a term of communion, I should be inclined to question the authority of such a requisition, and should ask where was the Christian religion, before the Assembly of Divines at Westminster had an existence? If it be answered, *In the Bible*, I would ask, Why may not I go to the Bible to learn the doctrines of Christianity as well as the Assembly of Divines? If it should be said, You must believe the doctrines of Christianity *as* explained and held forth by the Assembly of Divines, I should beg leave to tell them a story, which I remember to have seen quoted on such an occasion. "A man came to another to buy a bushel of corn. The seller calls his servant, 'Here, Tom, measure a bushel of corn to this gentleman; but take notice there are two half-bushels in the store, an *old* and a *new* one, and do you measure the corn by both, and be sure to make such measure in the *old* one as will exactly fill the *new* one.' 'What is that for?' said Tom. 'Why, that you may be sure to do right.' 'Why, master, is the new half-bushel just as big as the old one?' 'Yes, I *believe so*.' 'Then why need I measure the corn in both? Do you, master, sell your corn by *faith* or by *measure?*' This answer so disconcerted the master that he could only bid Tom go along and do as he was ordered. He went out muttering, 'My master is as cunning as a serpent about every thing except half-bushels.'" But, to be serious, my friend, I would beg leave to put a case. Suppose at the time of the institution of the Royal Society, which I think was in Charles II.'s reign, there had been a scheme of Philosophy drawn from Aristotle, Descartes, Rohault, or some other writers that were then in vogue, containing what the Society thought the true systems of nature, and it had been made a standing order that no man should be admitted a member, but those that would subscribe it, or declare their assent to it. How would such a term of admission consist with the design of such a society which is to

enquire into, and make discoveries in, natural philosophy? Would it not be a *bar* to enquiries? How could our modern improvements be reconciled to those old defective and exploded principles? To apply this remark. The book of Nature and the book of Scripture, being works of the same Author, are open to the inspection of all men, and our business is to search them, and learn what we can of them. If it is the business of a philosopher *freely* to enquire into the works of the Creator, it is equally that of the divine *freely* to enquire into the word of God. Both may meet with difficulties which cannot be solved to every one's satisfaction, or some may think they are to be solved one way, and some another; and all this may consist with *charity*, which is of tenfold more importance than *uniformity*. But creeds, either in philosophy or divinity, should never be imposed, because they tend to fetter the mind and stop its genuine excursions into the field of truth. For this reason I have long since utterly discarded all confessions or standards of human authority. I never subscribed but one, and that was of my own drawing, and I subscribed it in no other view than as exhibiting my *then present* thoughts on some of the points in divinity; but I have since enquired farther, and *now* could not subscribe the *whole* even of that. I am ready at any time, when decently requested, to declare what *I have learned* from the oracles of God; and this is all that ought ever to be expected from any Christian minister. As to forms of Church government, I never owned any but the New Testament, in which there are some directions given, but much is left to the prudence and discretion of ministers and churches; and, as to the things that are not expressly commanded, there must be a diversity of opinion; so that, perhaps, experience may be the best guide; and we may say, as Pope does about forms of government, "That which is best administered is best." Thus, my dear sir, I have given you such a sketch of my sentiments as that

you may see I love to *breathe a free air*, which, thank Heaven, is my lot. Though in many respects my situation is not as I could wish, yet I live in a neighbourhood of ministers, who, though they do not entirely agree in speculative points, maintain a brotherly connexion, and live without any jar among ourselves, which is so far happy. I admire the sentiments of good father *Robinson*, a part of whose farewell sermon to the N.E. planters I have quoted in the third chapter of my History, and lay great stress on the reflexion which I have subjoined to it. The consequence of such views is that I desire to hold communion with good people of every Christian denomination, let their opinions on speculative points or ritual institutions be ever so different from my own. For this, I suppose, some gentlemen stigmatize me with the name of a "*Latitudinarian;*" but, if I err, I had rather err on the side of catholicism than of bigotry. I have almost got to the end of my paper without saying one-half of what I intended, and you will certainly be tired of reading such long letters as I persecute you with. However, as the good apostle Paul once said on another occasion, "bear with me a little in my folly;" and, if you will let me have *my own* way, I will, another time, consult *your* ease, and be shorter.

What you said about being "an honorary member" was perfectly unexceptionable. I forget what I said, but suppose it was in some awkward strain of modesty, not worth regarding.

I see you have got my observations on the Aurora Borealis put into a list of the communications to the Society, and in the same list I observe a letter from General Sullivan (by the way, I had the honour of his being one of my auditory to-day, when I preached an *Easter* sermon), wherein he gives an account of the *talc* lately discovered in this State. I wish, if it be not too much trouble, you would procure me a copy of this letter. Pray is he

a member? As to the natural history of New Hampshire, I have at present some sketches which, with the help of what I expect to get, partly by corresponding with gentlemen in different parts of the country, and partly by my own observations, if I should get opportunity for a circuitous journey, will make a pretty long chapter for a close to my second volume; but I have at present nothing of the kind so perfect as to be worth communicating. However, I will think of what you propose. I have made a rough sketch of two chapters in continuation of the History, viz., from 1715 to 1725; and find that I can go on with more celerity than in my first volume, for the same reason that a man who has built one house knows better how to go about a second.

I shall be much obliged to Mr. Aitken for Blair's Lectures; but I am sorry the publication of my book is so long delayed by it, because many of the subscribers are wondering why it does not come out. I hope you will be able to get some of them to Boston by Election. Your care in the correction and supervision of the MS. is peculiarly obliging. I would have you exercise "the critical reviewer" without restraint, but not to multiply marginal notes. As to Burdet, I believe he was a great rogue, and have no objection to the confirmation of it from Province of Maine records. If you have got his Christian name in any of the MSS., please to insert it in my work at the first place where he is mentioned, but not with the addition of *Mr.*, which I choose always to omit, even to better men than he.

As to the *Shakers*, there are a few of them at Barrington, about 6 or 7 miles from here, and another parcel at a place called Loudon, which is near the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Winnipiseoge Rivers, and some at Massabesick, in the county of York, about 30 miles E. from us. They have strange postures and actions; the common opinion is that they are under the power of

witchcraft. This is the usual way (among ignorant people) of solving every uncommon appearance. If you recollect the account of *Ludowick Muggleton,* in the last century, and of the *French prophets* in Queen Anne's time, you will have a pretty just idea of them. They have one very strange fancy; viz., that they are judges of the world, and that the dead are daily rising, and coming before them to be judged. They say they have had George Fox and George Whitefield before them, and that they are both absolved from their errors, and are now at rest. I am entirely of your opinion, that, if they are let alone, they will die of themselves; but it is curious to observe the succession of *epidemic disorders* (if I may so call them) in the religious world. There have been four since my remembrance; viz., the New Light, Sandemanian, Baptist, and Shaker. What will come next, time must determine.

Your account of the ice in the Schuylkill reminds me of a similar effect which attended the breaking up of our river in January, 1770.

No part of your letter, though I mention it last, gives me or Mrs. B. more pleasure than where you mention my son. I think he is happy in having so good a master and so worthy a friend. May his profiting be in proportion to his advantages, and his industry equal to the pains that are, and will be, taken with him.

Pray how is Mr. Aitken's name commonly pronounced? Is it *Atken* or Aikin; or are none of the letters quiescent?

Sir William Hamilton's letters from Naples always gave me high entertainment: this about the earthquakes in Calabria is peculiarly interesting. Three parts of it are come to hand: I hope you will send me the rest; and, if it be not too much trouble, I should be glad to have the Packet of Feb. 28th, which contains a part that I have not seen. Those which I have are of Feb. 21, March 6, and March 13.

Our friend the Freemason is certainly a prodigy of patience and of prudence for a man in love. To persevere for six or eight months in such a line of conduct requires as much skill as to regulate the movements of an air-balloon. He appears to have a sufficient quantum of *gas* in his composition; but he keeps it so well counterpoised and tempered that it does not carry him beyond the force of gravitation, so that I hope his flight will be steady, and his return gradual and safe.

Do you not think of exhibiting something at Philadelphia on the plan of Montgolfier? Would it not make a pretty addition to the Triumphal Arch?

Tuesday, April 13.

This morning we have one sure indication of the breaking up of winter, viz., the flight of pigeons; but there is a great quantity of snow yet on the earth, in spots. We have had an extremely long, severe winter.

Mrs. B. joins in the most respectful salutations to Mrs. Hazard, and has as high a sense of your kindness as your sincere and affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. Just as I am closing this, I have a letter from the Freemason, by which I expect to see him at Portsmouth next week. I shall then, perhaps, be able to tell you whether his amour is near consummation.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, April 16, 1784.*

MY DEAR SIR, — After so long silence, the cause of which I rightly apprehended, it was a very agreeable refreshment to me this week to receive your two letters of March 9 and 24, which came together. The travelling has been so exceeding bad that I am told the post was

* This letter is evidently out of place. Its true date is 1785. — EDS.

obliged to leave his horse last week at Hampton Falls, and travel to Portsmouth on foot. The snow is now two or three feet deep in the enclosed lands, and so hard frozen every night that they go on it with teams till 9 o'clock in the morning. I yesterday walked two miles, and great part of the way on the just warmed surface of the snow, frozen underneath: it was like walking on coarse sand. Very different was the season 10 years ago. I had set posts for my fence, and had my garden made and sown by this time, and was ready to leave home on the first news of the Lexington battle, but four days later than this!

I thank you for your kind answer to my queries, and think it a very great honour and favour that you are so attentive to me in the midst of so much business of more importance. Your information respecting the Federal town (by the way, I hope it will be called *Columba*) has altered my views of it: it may be a *saving*, instead of an expensive undertaking. You expect to be an inhabitant of it, and for *that* reason I should wish to be one also. Will they not want a chaplain? and would such an one as your friend suit? I can engage to be liberal and catholic, as far as will consist with truth * and a good conscience; but as to coming under the bondage of subscribing formularies of *any* kind, in *any* sense, or with *any* view, I must say *nolo*. The only "form of sound words" is the Bible, the sense of which it is our duty to enquire into, and as far as we think we have found it to declare it, but never to come to a pause in our enquiries, or set up what some people call a "standard against error," by reducing divine truths to a creed, or a system of human composure, which is as likely to keep *truth* as *error* from prevailing. But I have said enough to you on this subject!

* I mean *moral* truth. — *Belknap's Note.*

If you approve it, and it is not too much trouble, I could wish you would procure some of my books from Mr. Aitken, and put them into [the] hands of some booksellers at New York, to be sold at *such a price as they will fetch*, be it more or less. I wrote to Mr. A. last fall, desiring him to reduce the price of the stitched copies from 12 to 10 shillings Pennsylvania, as I found myself obliged to do at Boston and Portsmouth. I am now told that, if they were set at *less* yet, they would sell better, and am actually on the point of reducing them from 8 shillings of our L. M. to 7 shillings, and the bound ones to 9 or 10 shillings.

Necessity has no law: money is scarce, and people that have it will not part with it unless they can get a good *bargain*. I wish the price of these books had been set lower at first, but am fully convinced that, if it be not lowered, they will stick on hand till converted into tobacco-wrappers and pye-bottoms. I wish Mr. A. could be convinced of the same: if I can but pay him, I shall be perfectly easy, though I get nothing for myself.

Your kind attention to my son is very pleasing to me, and deserves my warmest gratitude. I am sorry on his account that you cannot reside at Philadelphia. To lose one out of the few friends that he has there, and the chief of them too, is a great loss. But we are told, "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;" and I wish he may profit by it. I cannot help *dreaming* that I shall see Philadelphia, and call on you on my way thither;* but at present it is only a *dream*.

I wish Congress would find some business for the Postmaster-General in these Eastern States, that I might have an opportunity of seeing him: a small matter should not prevent my going 12 or 20 miles on purpose to meet him, if he could not come so far out of his way to see me.

* This letter was addressed to Mr. Hazard at New York. — Eds.

With my best respects to Mrs. H., if with you, or if not it makes no difference, I am, and Mrs. B. joins me in saying so, your affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P.S. If you should get any of my books to New York, and they should be advertized, why could you not put in something by way of recommendation at the same time?

My friend, the Freemason, is about doing the same at Boston.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — Your Memoir upon Parsnips was read before the Society last Friday evening, and proved very satisfactory.

Enclosed are the two first sheets of your History. They are *in the rough*, but smooth enough to enable you to judge of their correctness, and convince judges of printing that the work will be elegant. You may expect more per every post. The marginal notes occasion much trouble in composing.

Remember me to Mrs. Belknap.

Yours in haste,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

April 20, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I write this partly to cover one to Mr. Aitken, and partly to mention to you a thought which has lately popped into my head; viz., as Mr. Eliot will, probably, be on the water before any of the sheets can reach England, to prevent any advantage being taken of what you call "printing upon us" by anybody there, I am thinking to send a complete copy, as soon as one is

ready, to Longman, and tell him that if he thinks it worth reprinting he may have the first chance, and leave it to his generosity what acknowledgment to make. If you think this a good plan, I will leave it to you to do the business, or else I will write a letter myself for you to forward with a copy.

Our friend the Freemason's *eternity* is to end in June. He is by this time tête-à-tête with his dearest; but, as our legislature have appointed a fast this week, I cannot get time to go to Portsmouth as I intended, so shall miss of seeing him.

Jer. Libbey called here yesterday: he is much engaged as a committee man, to build a meeting-house at Portsmouth, for Noah Parker, which is to be raised this week. Should you like to hear this new preacher?

With respects, but in haste, yours,

JER. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

PORTSMOUTH, April 30, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the information concerning the cause of Josey's illness: he was subject to sudden ill turns on occasion of any irregularity in his diet, but they are soon over. The money I sent him was the fruit of his own earnings last summer, which it seemed hard to deny him, as he had repeatedly sent to me for it, and promised that he would not spend it *foolishly*. He will not have any more very soon, and if I send any will put it into his master's hands. I am sorry for the trouble which Mr. A.'s family and the doctor have had on the occasion, and wish my son may attend to the good advice which he has doubtless received along with the medicine. Please to give my respects to the doctor, and thank him for both.

You are very kind in correcting my bad orthography: I find that writing sermons in my way has made me careless about spelling. Could you see some of these manufactures composed of long hand, short hand, clipped words, hieroglyphics, mathematical figures, and arbitrary marks, you would think the appearance not unlike some of the columns in the Polyglot Bible.

As to quoting Hutchinson, I am content you should refer to the Records which were his source, if you think it consistent with honesty to quote what I have not seen: there are some references to his collection of papers, which it may be best to adhere to, as they are public.

When my books are ready to be sent, I should be glad to have those I wrote for, for our library, and De la Vega, put up with them.

I shall leave the *number to be printed to you*, but would have them disposed of in the following proportion. If 1000 be printed, let 400 be put up for Mr. Hastings, at Boston; and 400 for Mr. Libbey, of this place; and let the 100 *bound* books, which I wrote to Mr. A. for, be equally divided in these boxes. Those in boards will be delivered to the subscribers at 8 shillings, our money, as was promised; but I would have Mr. Libbey and Hastings informed by you and Mr. A. what would be a proper price for the others, both bound and in boards, or let them know the selling price at Philadelphia, and let them add the charges and commissions to the whole number, and put it on as *their* price equally divided. They will account with me for the money they may receive, and I will see your account paid as soon as possible. Mr. A.'s dealings with Mr. Russell will not make the affair too complex.

As to my coming to Philadelphia, I have told you my mind at large in a late letter: therefore Mr. A. need not delay binding Jo, if they both like one another. You may depend on it, my *heart* is with you, and, when my

purse shall say *yes*, I shall need no farther invitation; but an empty purse is a poor travelling companion.

Enclosed is a letter which I wish you would seal, and forward with a copy of my book, in sheets, as soon as the last shall come from the press. I think it the *next* best thing that can be done, as Mr. E. is now, undoubtedly, on his way home.

Have Congress the art of necromancy? Have they conjured up any of the old builders of *Babel* to furnish them with names for the ten new States? Such a mixture of Greek, Latin, English, and Indian, perhaps, never was seen before. The learning of Sir Hudibras is, perhaps, scarcely equal to the decompounding it.*

The Freemason is *here*, and goes on swimmingly. I told you his eternity was to end in June, but I believe the point is not yet settled.

The Metropolitan, at whose house I write this, is a good soul. I cannot but love him more and more. His lady is *enceinte*, and has had an ill turn lately: her constitution is too tender to stand many such trials. . . .

Mrs. B.'s nerves are weak, and I hope a journey will do her good; she has a high sense of our obligations to you. By the way (and *sub rosa*) she is a little mortified that no notice has been taken of a letter she wrote to Mrs. Aitken, and the more so as she writes but seldom; but don't say a word in answer to this, unless as I have sometimes requested you on a loose piece of paper. I hope the correspondence of Mr. A.'s children with mine will not be troublesome to you. I think it discovers a good disposition in them. I am, dear sir, your affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

* A committee of Congress, engaged in framing an ordinance for the Northwestern Territory, had proposed that ten new States should be created out of it, bearing the following names: Sylvania, Michigania, Cheronesus, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington, Polypotamia, and Pelesipia. See North Am. Rev. for April, 1876, p. 238. — EDS.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — You will receive herewith three more sheets of your History, from which you will see that we do not forget you, but are going on regularly, and with a good degree of expedition. I think we may now be pretty certain that a fourth part of the printing work is done, and those who have so anxiously enquired about your History may expect to be gratified with the reading of it before long.

I wish you could contrive to pay us a visit. You may come under the idea of seeing your son. My reasons for wanting to see you are particular, and I do not choose to commit them to writing. But you may conjecture what they are, when you recollect some passages in some of your own letters, some hints in some of mine, the questions which I have told you Ulysses asked, &c. The distance between us is too great to admit of asking questions and communicating information. More may be done *here* in half an hour than in three months in our present situations. September will be a pleasant month to come in, and October equally so for returning. Do you think you could manage matters so as to come then? If an earlier period would suit you better, it will answer as well here. I mentioned the fall only because it is a pleasant season for travelling, and the heat will not be so troublesome and oppressive as in summer. I have received no letter from you lately. Josey is well. With best respects to Mrs. Belknap, in which Mrs. H. joins, I am, dear sir,

Your friend and very humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, May 3, 1784.

My dear Sir, — I have received the 2 first sheets enclosed in yours of the 19th ult. The paper is not so good as that on which Blair's Lectures are printed, so that we have got nothing by the exchange, unless this is of a less price. I am sorry it so happened, more for Mr. Aitken's sake than my own, as it was expected that the paper would be as good as that on which the Proposals were printed. It may be as serviceable, but it is not as fine: that on which Blair is printed comes much nearer to it.

I observe no material error in these sheets except in the 2d line of the 17th page: John *Gorton* should be John *Cotton*, and I beg this may be noticed at the end. I wish I had seen and read Blair's Lectures before I sent my copy to the press. I should certainly have corrected the style in many places; but it is now too late.

With the kindest regards to Mrs. Hazard, in which Mrs. B. most cordially joins, I am, dear sir, your affectionate friend, Jeremy Belknap.

P.S. I left your copy of the Minutes of the Pennsylvania Assembly, respecting the Louisbourg expedition of 1745, at Portsmouth, to be forwarded to you.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1784.

Dear Sir, — I did not receive yours of April 11th and 20th before Saturday, and then they both arrived together.

Yes, the dialogue between the cat and dog, and the experiment upon Bowel Air, were funny enough. The

former was written by a Mr. Hopkinson, our Judge of Admiralty, who is fond of such *jeux d'esprits*, and was highly resented by the Commissioners, one of whom threatened to throw him into one of the heaps of mud which had been collected; and, to save himself, he promised to write a piece in their favour, which he did, and afterwards published it under the signature of C. D. I think I sent you the paper. The streets were very dirty indeed, but the Commissioners were not justly censurable, as the frost was not out of the ground, and they had prepared materials for collecting and removing the dirt as soon as it was practicable. What was published about Bowel Air was an old thing altered. A gentleman in this city had it; and, as the balloons made much noise, he thought it might be new dressed, and afford some amusement to the public. It was originally published in England, and intended as a hit upon the Royal Society. One of the papers now sent will dissipate some of your vapours, by presenting you with a laughable specimen of modern learning by Judge Hopkinson: it is too just a satire upon our university.

I am sorry that your finances will not admit of your coming this way yet, but hope it will not be long so: you may be assured that I shall be happy to see you whenever you can find freedom to come (as Friends say), "excepting *as before excepted*." Some particular friends (say Ulysses and his brother) to whom I communicated your political letter are very anxious to see you: they think you could be useful among us without any injury to yourself. You know *my* partiality. Compare this with my last letter.

A late member of Assembly, to whom some of your sentiments had been verbally communicated by Ulysses's brother, desired me yesterday (though it was Sabbath) to set his name down in the list of subscriptions for your History, and assigned your sentiments as the reason.

I find we are upon the same plan as to creeds and confessions. As Presbyterianism *qua talis* respects only *the mode of Church Government,* and I like the mode of governing adopted by Presbyterians, I have joined them, but have no violent attachment to any particular mode: in short, I conceive every man to be as much at liberty in choosing what form of church government he will live under, as we are in giving the preference to any particular *civil* constitution; and, as to articles of faith, I am neither of Paul, Apollos, Cephas, Luther, Calvin, nor anybody else, but will think for myself, in spite of all the popes, councils, kings, bishops, general assemblies, synods, presbyteries, and church sessions in the universe; so that you see I am as much of a latitudinarian as yourself, notwithstanding the Presbyterians have lately chosen me one of the trustees of their temporalities. I will endeavour to procure a copy of General Sullivan's letter about *talc* for you.* He is a member of the Society. I am pleased to find you are going on with your 2d volume, and that the task is not so difficult as at first. As your request that I should add Burdet's Christian name did not reach me before the sheet in which it ought to have been mentioned was printed, I cannot comply with it: it is of no importance, but it was *George.* Pray what are your objections against "*Mr.*"? Your forefathers blamed the Quakers for refusing that "title of civil respect." It was good policy in the Shakers to acquit Fox and Whitefield: perhaps they may gain friends by their civility. Josey is well: I saw him a few minutes ago. None of the letters in Mr. *Aitken's* name ought to be quiescent, but many people call him *Aiken.* I will endeavour to procure the remainder of Sir William Hamilton's letters for you. The *exhibition* is to be this evening: *it is said* that an air balloon will form a part of it. We now have beautiful

* A copy of this letter is preserved among Dr. Belknap's miscellaneous letters, in the library of the Historical Society. — Eds.

spring weather. So the Freemason has fixed upon *June!* As he contains such a quantity of *gas*, it will be well if he does not become ignited in consequence of the heat; and then, woe betide him, he'll never live to top another chimney.

I like the thought of sending Longman a copy of your History: it will enable him to judge of the propriety of reprinting it, and, should he put it to the press, he will possess neither gratitude nor politeness, if he does not make you a genteel present for your attention to him. I intend to have your book entered at the Prothonotary's office agreeably to our law for vesting the copyright in authors and their assigns. You had best write to Longman a letter to accompany the copy I am to send him.

I did not think Jere Libbey had so much sectarian zeal. What says the Metropolitan to the intended schism? But I must go and get you some sheets of your History.

Mrs. H.'s and my respects to Mrs. B.

Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. The longer your letters, the better. Dr. Gordon went from hence this morning, towards Annapolis and Mount Vernon.

General Washington is here.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, May 11, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have received the third and fourth sheets of my History, in which I find no error; and for this I am, no doubt, much obliged to your critical eye. How you spare time from your necessary business to attend so much to me and my concerns, I can judge only from my heart, which tells me that I would gladly do as much for you, were it in my power, though I should

redeem time from sleep. My two last letters were rather jejune, being written, one when I was from home, and another when I was in an hurry. I ought to have taken notice of one sentiment in one of your late letters; viz., that Ulysses and you and I would, if together, enjoy congeniality. O how desirable is such a situation! I cannot but hope it will some time or other be realized. I think on coming to Philadelphia with as much earnestness as the crew of Æneas's ship did on Italy, Commodore Anson's on the island of Juan Fernandez; but if I should never see you there, yet there is a place where, I trust, we shall meet, and all our social affections find full and uninterrupted indulgence.

There could not have been a more agreeable present to me than *Blair's Lectures;* but why did not our friend Aitken send a few of them to Portsmouth? There are about 12 or 20 persons in that town and its environs who are, or would pass for, readers; and I seriously recommend it to him to send so many of his books there. For want thereof, I must lend mine to them, and each one will keep it 3 or 6 months. They would have thought it an honour to the place to have had some sent there for sale, and I wish they could be gratified.

In a late conversation with the Metropolitan (who, though nervous to a high degree, has an excellent heart), — there, if I had minded Blair's rules, I should not have put in this parenthesis, for what I am going to say of the Metropolitan is not an exercise of the heart, but of the understanding, — *I say*, he was observing that a very good use might be made of these air-balloons which are so much talked of, without endangering anybody's life or limbs. He supposes that one of them, fixed to a *wheel* carriage and properly blown up with gas, would so counteract the force of gravity as to abate the friction of the wheels and axis, by which means a less power might be sufficient to move it. A carriage going up an hill might

be as light to the horse as on plain ground, and one on the plain ground as light as on a declivity. Some of your philosophical friends may possibly refine and mature this thought; and, if it should prove to be valuable, I wish our friend may have the honour of it, for he is a worthy good soul, and makes Sally an excellent husband, though sometimes rather too gloomy, which he cannot help. As for her, you know in what estimation I always held her; but the dearest blessings cannot last always, and I am seriously afraid that, after the effect of her present pregnancy shall have appeared, her nature will be too feeble to support a third. Her mother died young! Her father talks of journeying to the southward, and I wish he may put his design in execution. It will agreeably relieve him from the dull business of preaching to a few sleepy fishermen, and paddling up and down to Portsmouth every week, which is all his amusement.

I am at present in a kind of widowed state, Mrs. B. having taken a ride to Boston with our "sesquipedalian doctor," as you called him, to try the effect of change of air, and the motion of a carriage on her nervous system, which from many concurring causes seems to be giving way. If this journey should not mend it, I shall begin to expect the worst; but I beg you would not mention a syllable of this in any of your letters, for she constantly reads them, and is always highly delighted with them.

Enclosed are two letters for Jo. I have nothing new to tell him of. The children of the family and neighbourhood are fond of keeping up a correspondence with him; and I think it much to *his* credit, as well as ours, that Mr. A.'s children appear to wish for a further acquaintance. With the kindest respects to Mrs. Hazard, I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

Jeremy Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — Saturday's post brought me your favour of 30th ult., with my extracts from the Minutes of Council relative to the Expedition against Cape Breton in 1745. From your account of your *notes* they must cut a curious figure; and, should they fall into the hands of an antiquarian a century or two hence, they would probably puzzle him as much as the inscription on the stone at Dighton does Dr. Stiles. There is nothing inconsistent with either "honesty" or morality in quoting records which *you* have never seen, if they are fairly quoted. Indeed, in this case *you have seen* them; for *I* saw them for you, and the law says, "*qui facit per alium facit per se;*" ergo. I would always choose to go to the fountain-head, when it could be done. When your books are ready to be sent, they shall be divided as you desire, and the price sent to Messrs. Hastings and Libbey. The letter to Longman shall be forwarded with a copy of your History. I thought you would laugh at the names of the new States; but *I* must say nothing.

The poor Freemason! Why don't you instruct him how to shorten his eternity? I wish the Metropolitan better success this time than he had the last; but the misfortune of it is that such mishaps tend to produce more. I most sincerely pitied him upon the former occasion, for I found from his letters that his expectations were raised high indeed. *My* prospects are at present fair. . . .

The printer has but one of the papers you want, which I now send you. One is wanting to complete the story. You will also receive sheets L, M, N, of your History.

Josey is well, as is Mr. A.'s family in general, except his wife, who has been an invalid many years, and prob-

ably never will be otherwise. Remember me very affectionately to Mrs. B.

I am, dear sir, your friend and humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, May 17, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — Three more sheets are come to hand, in which I observe but two errors: whether they were owing to a slip of the pen, or were overlooked in the correcting, I know not; but I wish they may be noted as Errata. P. 78, line 12 from bottom, for *settlement* read *sentiment;* p. 87, line 9 from bottom, for *east* read *earth.*

From yours of the 3d inst. I find you had not yet received my letter, wherein I had expressed my thoughts on subscribing formularies. I am under disadvantage about regularity in writing. I generally receive your letters on Saturday or Sabbath day; and though I often write in the Sabbath evening, or Monday morning, yet if Monday be foul weather, or there be an high wind, I cannot get any letters down so as to go by the post on Tuesday, and am therefore obliged to detain them a week longer. Besides, sometimes I cannot find an opportunity to send them till Tuesday, and then they lie in Libbey's office for a week. Now that the winter is gone, I hope to have a more regular communication.

I am overwhelmed with your goodness in so often repeating your invitation to come to Philadelphia. I assure you, my dear sir, that I have as ardent a desire to comply with them, but need add nothing to what I have already said on the subject. You know the reason why I cannot *determine* on any precise time; as soon as I can, you will have notice of it.

Mrs. B. is returned from her excursion to Boston: she had pleasant weather, and is bettered by the journey. She desires her kindest regards to you and Mrs. Hazard, as does your sincere and affectionate

JER. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, May 24, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — I find by yours of the 10th that my acquaintance at Philadelphia is likely to increase. I should like to know who the *Assembly man* is, and the name of *Ulysses's brother*. It would give me great pleasure to see any persons whom you rank among the number of your friends, and it must be a great honour to be able to account them mine. I wish, however, that when the time shall come for me to see them they may not have cause to alter that opinion which you say they have formed of me. It was always my unhappiness not to be able to express myself so well in conversation as in writing; at least not so much to my own satisfaction, for which reason my friends must always be in the exercise of candour towards me.

Pray who was *Tammany?* and what was the origin of St. Tammany's day? and by what order of men is it kept?

I see that old Anthony Benezet is dead; and I find he has preserved a consistency of character in giving his estate for the purpose of educating negro children. I wish we had more such good men. Let them appear in what garb or belong to what denomination soever, my heart will always love them.

Your Judge Hopkinson has a fertile imagination and a lively wit; and, if your College needed a little merry castigation, he has given it to them pretty handsomely. Will they not resent it?

Since I have been reading Blair's Lectures, I have reflected, with a mixture of indignation and regret, on the absurd method, or rather the total want of instruction in rhetoric, at the time when I was at college; it was precisely according to Hudibras's description: —

> "For all the Rhetoricians' rules
> Teach nothing but to *name* his *tools*."

We learned from old *Dugard* the *names* of a hundred different *tropes* and other modes of speech, and were set to find examples of them in the Bible or in the classics; but what *use* to make of them we were left to find out as we could, which, to carry on the Hudibrastic idea, was just as absurd as if a boy was put apprentice to a carpenter, only to learn to distinguish a saw from a hammer, and a plane from a chisel, without knowing how to handle, or what use to put them to. It must be a vast privilege to be placed under the tuition of such a professor as Blair; and, if I were acquainted with any gentleman who had a correspondence with him, I should be extremely fond of sending a copy of my work to him, that I might have the honour of passing his examination and censure, if he would condescend to bestow so much attention upon it. By the way, what think you of my sending a copy to General Washington? I have had such a thought, but submit it to your advice: you know the high esteem I have for his character.

My objection to using the word "Mr." does not proceed from any thing like denying "a little civil respect," as the Quakers do. My only reason is that it seems ill to suit the *simplicity of style* in an historical work, to load it with titles, which, with respect to men of established reputation, is a needless compliment; and, if I omit it when speaking of them, it would be absurd to use it when speaking of such fellows as *Burdet*.

I have sent you a letter for Longman, to go with the

sheets; and I wish you would mark the errata in the margin of the pages where they are. In the two sheets received per last post, I observe two more, but they are not material. One is p. 118, the date on the top of the margin instead of 1666 should be 1671: the other is 129, line 17, the omission of the letter *s* in the word *purposes*. However, it is best to correct them. Pray contrive, if you can, to get Longman's packet to him without much expence of postage.

I hope the books for our library will not fail of coming when my box shall be sent to Portsmouth. Have you purchased all that I wrote for, or are any of them not to be had? As to Cook's Second Voyage, I know not whether it has been reprinted in a lesser than the original 4to edition, which would be too costly for us; but, if it is, please to send it.

Your offer of entering my book at the Prothonotary's office in Pennsylvania is very kind. I know not what conditions are required in the Jersey law, nor whether New York and Rhode Island have made any, but I intend to enter it at Connecticut, and give two copies to the college in Massachusetts: our N. H. law requires no condition but *publication*.

Jere Libbey is a clever, candid, obliging man: he has joined the Murray Society from principle. The Metropolitan's nerves are much agitated by the prevalence of these sentiments in his diocese; he is *totally* opposed to them; consequently he and I are not of a mind, for though I am warmly set against the *antinomian* part of Relly's scheme,* yet I cannot oppose the universal extent of redemption, provided repentance and holiness are taken in as necessary to the completion of the work; and without these essential prerequisites it is absurd to talk of salvation. I have been waiting for the publication of Dr.

* James Relly was a Universalist preacher and author, of London, 1720–1778. — Eds.

Chauncy's book, and it is now printed and coming over in the same ship in which I expect my brother Eliot every day. When it arrives, and begins to be read, I intend to be more open and explicit on the subject than I have yet been. Hitherto I have been loth to anticipate what the Dr. has said, and said in such a manner as must carry conviction to many minds, though I fear not to *so* many as would have been open to it, if there had been no skirmishing among the *light* infantry upon the subject.

I would put a long pause between the end of the last paragraph and the beginning of this, for the sake of a gentleman's name, whom you have mentioned as on a tour to Mount Vernon, Annapolis, &c. What mean these frequent long peregrinations? Did he return his subscription paper to you? If he did, please to send it to Mr. Hastings, who has all the original ones in his hands, that were collected in Boston and its neighbourhood, and is to be the vendor and distributor of the copies. I have written to him to fix a price to those which may be sold to non-subscribers according to the advice he may receive from you or Mr. Aitken of the *selling price*, both of bound and board ones at Philadelphia, with the addition of the freight, his commission, and advertisements.

Pray what is the office of *Curator* in the Philosophical Society?

I thank you for so frequently mentioning my son. I wrote to Mr. Aitken to send me every six months an account of his expences for schooling and clothing. The first term is now expired, and I wish he might be put in mind of sending it, that I may be providing means to satisfy him, for I love to keep the sounding line a-going, that I may know whereabouts I am. As to matters which are of too delicate a nature to be committed to writing, let me suspend them till we can confer *viva voce*.

Our spring is very backward. We had some warm weather about the time you mention it at Philadelphia.

The May storm is now upon us: it has continued three days, and the wind is yet N.E. Our apple-trees are now but just beginning to shew the blossom unfolded: the usual time for full bloom is the 20th of May. I have not yet done planting my corn at the parsonage, which Josey can tell you I used to do 12 days sooner than this.

Mrs. B. begs an affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Hazard. We hope to hear in a few weeks that she is *as well as can be expected.*

Adieu, my dear sir, and believe me most affectionately and sincerely yours, JERE. BELKNAP.

I suppose this will be a week in Libbey's office; but I cannot help it.

Tuesday, May 25th. N.E. wind and rain; the fourth day of the May storm.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, May 25, 1784.

DEAR SIR,— Since closing my letter yesterday, I have received one from my uncle in Connecticut, concerning the method of assisting deaf people to hear; and as I think his observations, drawn from experience, may be of service in perfecting so useful a contrivance, I will transcribe what he says on the subject: —

"I have got a small chesnut sprout, almost six foot in length and about half an inch through at the biggest end, and have cut a notch at the biggest end for the speaker to hold in his teeth, which answers very well when I can get anybody to use it. I am convinced that a round rod doth better than a flat one. I am fully satisfied that a small rod, *with a hole through it*, let it be what length it will, would do better than solid matter, provided there was a piece of tin or some other metal fastened at the end that

the speaker has, made like the end of a speaking trumpet, so that *all his voice* may come through the hole and come to the hearer. I am fully satisfied such an instrument would answer the end, let the speaker speak ever so low. My little grandson some time last winter was playing about the house with a spool that we wind yarn on, about 9 or 10 inches long, with a hole through it: he ran to me with his mouth at one end, and put the other end to my mouth, and spoke to me so loud that it almost made my brains tremble. When I use the chesnut rod, I can perceive, when the speaker speaks, *part of his voice is lost*, which would be prevented if it was like the small end of a speaking trumpet."

I cannot but wish that such an instrument as he here describes might be tried by other deaf people, and the result of the experiments made by different people compared. If I lived where artists were handy, I would certainly interest myself in the affair from a principle of benevolence, as well as for the sake of improving natural knowledge. I will recommend to a friend in Boston the getting one made and sending it to my uncle; and if I hear any thing farther from him will communicate it to you.

I am, dear sir, sincerely yours,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — I find by yours of the 11th that so far you had received the sheets regularly, which I hope will continue to be the case, as they have been regularly sent to you. Three more accompany this. That part of your letter in which you express an earnest desire to visit Philadelphia is peculiarly pleasing. Mr. Bryson is just taken very ill, and we have an uncommon crowd of business, so that

I must leave off; but I must first tell you that last Wednesday evening Mrs. H. was safely delivered of a son, and that both she and the child are as well as can be expected. Here's *multum in parvo* for you! Affectionate regards to Mrs. B. Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — Last Monday was a day of uncommon hurry, so that I could hardly write you any thing. I write now on Saturday for fear of accidents. You ask how I can spare time to attend to you and your concerns? I can only say that I have so much of the old bachelor left as to be *methodical* in my business, and I find that method saves a vast deal of time. Besides, as it was through my solicitation that you had concerns here at all, I think my honour particularly engaged, and that attention to them has become my duty. I believe Mr. A. will order some of Blair to Portsmouth. In consequence of yours of 11th ult., I shall be anxious 'til I hear how it fares with the Metropolitan's lady, for whom, as well as for her worthy husband, I have a very sincere regard. Notwithstanding . . . *my* prospects, my most sanguine wishes have been gratified. Mrs. H. continues remarkably well for the time, and the young gentleman thrives cleverly. We intend to call him *Samuel*, which was my father's name. If he discovers as good an *ear* as he does a *voice*, I think he will be fit for a professor of vocal music, should he live. So you are no longer a widower, but Mrs. B. has returned from her excursion to Boston, as I find by yours of the 17th ult., which came to hand this morning. I congratulate you upon her return, and dare say it afforded you particular pleasure. I judge by my own feelings when absent from home, which has happened

but once since my marriage. You see I am quite a domestic character.

The errata you mention remind me of a story I have heard of a man in Europe who printed a Bible, and determined there should not be an error in it. For this purpose, when he had very carefully corrected a sheet himself, he hung it up at his door, with an offer of a guinea to any person passing by for each erratum he should discover. He soon disliked his plan, for he found his guineas went much faster than he expected, and at length concluded to be contented with his own corrections. I did intend that your work should be as correct as he proposed to make his, but it is almost impossible. Both the eye and the mind become fatigued, after viewing several pages with that critical attention which is necessary, and in such a situation errors do not, and indeed cannot, affect either as they ought. However, as many as possible shall be avoided; and for the rest we must atone by candidly acknowledging them in a table. I have already the receipt of your letter containing your thoughts on subscribing formularies. They appear to me to be perfectly just, and I cannot help hoping the time will come, and that before long, when men will dare to assert their Christian as well as natural liberties.

There must be Constitutions of *Government* in Church as well as State; but it does not follow that the governed should necessarily be of the same *faith* with the governors. I may believe the government of Pennsylvania to be the best in the United States, and therefore choose to live under it; but I am not therefore obliged to believe it would be right for the assembly to tax me 10*s.* in the pound, and themselves but 5*s.*, if they should think so. A *woman* has come to my house, and she keeps such a talking that I can write no more. I propose sending you more History and news on Monday. Mr. A. thinks we shall exceed 400 pages, even if we omit the papers you have marked

for the purpose. We shall want a few more rheams of paper.

Mrs. Hazard joins in love to Mrs. Belknap with your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, June 6, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—I should judge, by your mentioning the Dighton Rock as puzzling to Dr. Stiles, that you had never seen his late Election Sermon, wherein, among a thousand pretty stories, he tells us that a copy of the inscription had been sent to a learned professor in France, who has discovered the characters to be *Phenician*, and that they are a proof that America was visited by some of the Canaanites "who fled from the robber Joshua, the son of Nun." The Doctor has given the whole detail of the population of America, which was certainly the work of these Phenician navigators, who, having set up a pillar at Tangier, passed the straits, got into the trade wind, and were wafted to America. How the trade-wind blew them to *Dighton*, I know not: its natural course would have carried them to the West India islands; but perhaps they could sail close upon a wind, or perhaps they might coast the continent northward; or — or — or —there is no end of conjectures when one's imagination is warmed, as the Doctor's apparently is with his system. But the drollest part of it is that some of these same Canaanites (who were all bound for America) set out by land, and travelled north-eastward to Kamtchatka, and from thence paddled from island to island, till they got to the N.W. part of America. When I came to read this, I could not forbear bursting out into a great laugh, and repeating part of a little song, which I remember was part of a childish play: —

"Some go *east*, and some go *west*,
And some go over the crow's nest."

I suppose you may see the remainder of it in Mother Goose, or Nurse Truelove, or some other compiler; and I expect in the next edition of some of these books we shall have a song formed on the Doctor's new system, and perhaps an exemplification of the Dighton monument! If I was acquainted with the Doctor, I would suggest to him that the Sachem Madockawando, of Penobscot, was probably a descendant from Madoc, the Welsh prince, who is said to have been *blown over* to America in the 12th century!

As to the Freemason, he is likely to retain the privilege of lying diagonally in his bed (like Uncle Toby) for three months longer. The old folks have, I know not for what reason, concluded to defer his conjunction till after the dog-day heats are over, so that you need not so much fear an ignition.

The Metropolitan's "home" can "now salute him with a father's honoured name." He had a son born the week before last, and I heard last week that all was well.* I hope to hear as good news from your bedside before long.

I thank you for your particular care of Sir William Hamilton's letter: I admire him as a naturalist.

I am willing to own that my judgment of paper is not so good as Mr. A.'s; and, if he is "willing to risque his reputation on the goodness of the paper," I am satisfied. In the seven sheets received per last post, I observe but one thing that needs correction. The word *the* (p. 152, line 16) is redundant; whether it is so in the MS. or not, I know not, but I wish it may be noticed, because *the* seems to admit that something had been said before of *messengers*. I think there is great care taken to make the work correct, and I know not in whose hands the business could be placed to more advantage. The name *Gratfort* (p. 240) should have been *Graffort;* but the error is not worth noting. I suppose it happened from my making

* This was Joseph Stevens Buckminster, b. May 26, 1784. — Eds.

the first *f* too short, as I frequently do. I thank you for all your care and pains in the matter, and I think myself happy to have such a friend.

G. Sullivan's letter on talc is a pretty modest one. This substance does best for lanthorns: when put in windows, the dust is apt to get in between the laminæ, and in time causes it to lose part of its transparency. There is a small house in Summersworth that was glazed with it 3 or 4 years ago, and the windows now look very dirty and shabby. They tell me also that the *wind* shatters it. It did well enough in the time of war, when glass was not to be had; but it is now not much used, except for lanthorns.

Mrs. B. is much obliged by Mrs. Hazard's kind notice of her, and wishes her a good — what shall I say? — *parturition* is the Johnsonian word. Mr. Eliot arrived at Boston the 25th May. I hope to see him soon. Please to tell Jo of this when you see him, and that all our family are well and send their love to him.

I am, dear sir, with much affection and respect, your obliged friend. JERE. BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — "The Assembly man" is a Mr. Atlee, who lives in Lancaster, 66 miles west of this city. Ulysses's brother is Matthew C—, merchant of this city. Tammany was an Indian Sachem, whether real or fictitious I do not know; but the first of May has long been considered as his day. When I was a boy, I used to wear in my hat upon that day a buck's tail, gilded, and a picture of an Indian (Tammany, no doubt) shooting a deer with a bow and arrow. We used to talk of *King* Tammany then; but it seems he has been canonized since the Declaration of Independence, and has now become a *saint*. He will make

as good an one as any in the Calender; though I have not heard that he has been approved by *his Holiness.* However, as he is, I suppose, to be the tutelar saint of Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania is one of the United States, Congress ought to have been consulted about it. Should the "balance of power" between the States be destroyed by this accession of weight to the Pennsylvanian scale, it would be a sad affair. This same saint's day is kept principally by natives of this State; but I apprehend that anybody might be admitted who would pay his club towards a good dinner and liquors to get drunk with.

Yes, honest Anthony Benezet is dead, and in my opinion this State lost one of her most valuable citizens when he died. I believe no man ever died here who was more universally or more justly beloved: he was truly *a Friend* who embraced all mankind in the arms of his benevolence; and, had it been practicable, I have no doubt his beneficence would have been equally extensive. The College deserved castigation: what they received will not be resented. Your rhetorical instructor was not singular in his mode of teaching: we have had but few *Blairs* in America.

I think it will be quite polite to present General Washington with a copy of your History, and it will produce a letter from him in *his own handwriting*, which will be worth preserving. I have several, which I intend to hand down carefully to posterity as highly valuable. Shall note the errata in the copy of your History which will be sent to Longman. I have not purchased any of the books for your library, as I understood you intended writing to Mr. A. for them; but I will review your letters to see what they are, and endeavour to procure them. Libbey is such a man as you describe him.

Why do you consider repentance and holiness as necessary to complete the work of redemption upon the uni-

versal plan? Does not suffering the penalty compensate the transgression? Are repentance and holiness, upon your plan, to be considered as *meritorious* of salvation, or only as *evidences* of a change of heart?

The gentleman could not, in his last tour, gain admission to the secret papers of Congress, which made a second journey necessary. He has now succeeded, finished his business at Annapolis, and is at present at Mount Vernon, examining the General's archives, — all with a view to his History. He is indefatigable, and will make a valuable collection. He did not return his subscription paper to me, but sent a copy of the subscribers' names.*

The office of a Curator in the Philosophical Society is to take care of models of machines, specimens, fossils, books, prints, &c., presented to the Society. I will apply to Mr. A. for an account of Josey's schooling and clothing, but apprehend you will have no account of either. I do not suppose he will expect you to be at any charge about them. I form this conjecture from my knowledge of the man's generosity. Your spring is much more backward than ours: we have had green pease three weeks or a month. You will have heard before this reaches you that all are *as well as can be expected*, and better too. The young postmaster has paid the *Lower House* a visit, and his *mother* flatters us with the hopes of a similar honour from her. If I can get time to attend to it, I propose trying some experiments with deaf people, upon your uncle's plan. But it is near 4 o'clock, and I have not got my dinner yet. Best respects to Mrs. B. from your hungry friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

* The reader need not be told that the person here referred to is Dr. William Gordon, who was in search of materials for his "History of the American Revolution." — EDS.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, June 19, 1784.

My dear Sir, — After I had sent off my last, I called at Portsmouth on my way hither, and was informed by our friend Libbey that he had forwarded letters to me from you last week, which by the forgetfulness of the messenger did not reach me before I left home; so I must have the mortification of not seeing them till my return, which will be next week.

Our friend Aitken's edition of Blair, I find, does not sell well here; and one reason is that the books are not bound. Had he presented one, as I advised him, to the College Library, I am persuaded he would have served himself by it. The President called at Mr. Hastings's shop the other day, and looked on the books, but did not buy one; and H. tells me he has not sold 20. I advised him to send some to Portsmouth. I wish I could do more towards forwarding the sale of them. Some people have got a prejudice against the author, and criticise severely on the performance. I have seen a Mr. Haslett here, from Philadelphia, who speaks much against Dr. Blair (as, indeed, he does against everybody but Dr. Price, Priestly, and Ewing), even so as to disgust people who might have been pleased with him. I have asked him whether he knew you, and find he does *not;* but it is possible you may have heard of him.

The day before yesterday I had an opportunity of seeing *democracy* exhibited in perfection. You may have seen in the papers a proposal to have an alteration made in the government and police of this town. It has been a subject of debate and altercation in several town meetings, and two plans were printed for the inspection of the citizens. Thursday was appointed for the "day of decision;" and much pains were taken to raise the spirit of

the tradesmen and other inferior orders of people against any alteration, as a breach of their privileges. This, you know, is a popular topic, and it took surprizingly with them. The hall, which you know is spacious, was crowded so as to resemble a *pavement of faces;* not a square foot was unoccupied. The leader of the opposition (who is the son of a noted ship's carpenter that figured in Pownall's day) called for "the question." Several gentlemen attempted to speak, but were interrupted with a confused cry of No! No! No! The Moderator was obliged to speak with both his hands raised to his mouth in the form of a speaking trumpet; and all his efforts could not keep order. No debate was allowed. "The question! the question!" was called for. At length, after some consultation in what form it should be put, the Moderator stated it thus: "Whether there shall be any alteration made in the mode of governing the town." Fifty or sixty hands appeared for it, and so great was the clamour against them that it was some minutes before it was possible to put the question in the negative, which being done, the shew of hands put me in mind of Milton's description of the flaming swords drawn and flourished in Pandemonium; for with the hands up went the hats, and three loud cheers, succeeded by shouts and whistlings. This triumph being a little abated, the leader above mentioned moved for a dissolution of the meeting. The Moderator and Clerk informed them that there was *other* business of an important nature to be transacted, which had no connection with what they had rejected; but this did not avail: they would neither suffer the other business to be brought on, nor an adjournment to take place, but the whole meeting must be dissolved. It being impossible to resist the torrent, the question for a dissolution was put, and carried with the same horrid shouts and whistling; and thus the affair ended. The persons who composed this majority, it is computed, do not pay one

fiftieth part of the taxes laid on the town. This, my dear sir, is as just and modest an account of the transaction as can be given; and, if it is not enough to give you and every other man of sense an emetic for democracy, I know not what is. The evils and mischief which arise from the present state of police and internal government in this town are known and felt by every person of the least reflexion; and even the leader of the mob said he wished the power of the selectmen enlarged, and their number increased, but to give up the darling privilege of town-meetings was too great a sacrifice; and they had got a notion unaccountably propagated among them, that all estates would be so subjected to the mayor and aldermen as that none could be sold without their permission. Some things that had been said in the course of previous debates served to irritate; and I believe the gentlemen who planned the alteration did not sufficiently attend to the feelings of the lower class of people. Had they taken two or three of them into their councils, and convinced them fairly of the propriety and necessity of the alteration, it is not improbable the point might have been carried, though with some difficulty; but, since what has happened, it will not be practicable to revive it very soon. I give you this detail, partly because it is a matter which lies with weight on my mind, and partly because I think you will be glad to be informed of every thing which may serve to give a just idea of the principles, manners, and public conduct of the people who form so great and influential a part of so celebrated a metropolis. It diverts me to hear some gentlemen talk of the order and decency always preserved in town-meetings here, and that nothing like this was ever known. I tell them in answer that I have seen similar things before, though not in so great a degree. The truth is that, when they are *all of one mind*, they can talk and vote and act with tolerable order sometimes (though the tea affair in 1773 may be an exception here);

but when there is a difference of opinion, and their passions are touched, they are as disorderly as any people on earth; and, if I wanted to see an orderly meeting, I would look for it in the council hut of any tribe of Indians on this continent, rather than in the town-hall of my native place. Your sincere friend, J. Belknap

I shall write more when the post arrives.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

Philadelphia, June 21, 1784.

Dear Sir, — Oh, yes! I had seen the Doctor's Election Sermon, but did not think of it when I mentioned the Dighton rock. Madockawando would be a good subject of antiquarian discussion, and if it could be found out that *kawando* signifies *descended from* (like the Welch *Ap*, the Irish *O*, and the Scotch *Mc.*) the grand desideratum would be obtained. Perhaps it is best that we should remain in ignorance upon this subject, otherwise we should have to fight the *Welch* as well as the English.

I have a letter from the Freemason. He says he is as cool as a philosopher: *Credat judæus Apella; non ego.* It gives me great pleasure to hear that the Metropolitan's anxiety is removed, and he has got into the rank of fathers: you will have rejoiced with me on the same account before this reaches you.

Only *one* error in *seven* sheets! Very clever: it would have been better, had it been the only one in the whole book. You will now receive the title-page, preface, and table of contents, and will see that your book is entered according to law. Mr. A. don't like the certificate being printed on the back of the title (as the law requires), because it will spoil the appearance of it. I could not get

the Prothonotary to give a shorter one: he would take no pay for it, and says that he never will for any entries of books, as he wishes to encourage genius and science. Your Appendix turns out a very tedious job, and in spite of our teeth will overrun your number between 20 and 30 pages. This occasions a small deficiency of paper, but I believe will not delay it, as it requires a much longer time to compose a sheet of such small print than of such as is in the History.

I congratulate you and Mrs. Belknap upon Mr. Eliot's arrival: I should have been happy to have corresponded with him while in London, but could not find time.

From the appearance of a window I saw in New Hampshire, I thought the talc would not answer, except in cases of necessity.

Mr. Clarke, of Boston, preached for us yesterday morning, but was not approved of. His subject was the story of the young man who had kept the law from his youth up. He said so much about politeness and complaisance, that a lady told me she expected he would have recommended *dancing schools* next. Plain, blunt preaching suits our congregation best; and the more the preacher says about human depravity and the absolute necessity of holiness, the better we like him. Mr. C. said nothing about universal redemption, which I was glad of, as he would have given great offence, had he mentioned it.

Your table of contents has just met with an accident, and got a little blotted.

Mrs. Hazard desires an affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Belknap. She and her son are well, as is yours. Adieu.

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — It is no small surprise to me to be informed by yours of 13th inst. that you had received no letter from me by last week's post, as I sent you by him, in a letter dated May 24, four sheets of the History, O, P, Q, R. The 31st I sent S, T, U; June 7, X, Y, Z; the 14th, Aa; the 21st, the title, preface, and contents; and with this you will receive bb and cc. We hope to finish the printing this week.

Mrs. H. was abroad yesterday for the first time. She has graced my table for some time past, but we thought it not prudent for her to venture out of the house: it is more easy to prevent disorders than to cure them. She has grown very fat, and her son increases in stature. Remember us to Mrs. Belknap. Josey is well. I am, dear sir, your affectionate friend,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, July 2, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I have written you several letters lately from Boston and Portsmouth, and if in them you met with any thing sentimental you may be sure it came *ab imo pectore*, for they were written in such a hurry that nothing could be studied or corrected. I am now settled at home, after having undergone much by the late heats, which were very severe. We have had a drought of three weeks here, and were greatly relieved yesterday by a fine shower. I am concerned how Josey bears the heat of your climate?

I thank you for the account of King or St. Tammany, who is a being of about as much importance to your

bucks as St. Patrick is to the Hibernians, or St. Cuffee to the negroes; *i.e.* he serves to give them a yearly feast; but I dare say his votaries are not content with such fare as St. Tammany himself lived on.

In last week's letter, I enclosed a list of all the *errata* I had then discovered, but I have since found a capital one: 'tis no less than the omission of a half sentence, and should be corrected thus: —

p. 10, line 9, after townships, add, "the other for ascertaining the bounds of them." I know not whether the omission is to be laid to me or the compositor; but I beg it may be noticed, as it renders the sentence incomplete, and indeed makes nonsense of it.

Now, my dear sir, I must attend to the very important question which you put to me, "Why do you consider repentance and holiness as necessary in the universal plan?" If I were to answer you as Relly and his followers would, I should say that all holiness is in Christ; and that by virtue of our union to him, which union is antecedent to our existence, we are partakers of his holiness, and have no acquired habit or quality of our own that can be called so, and therefore such an idea of holiness as implies a personal qualification for heaven is inadmissible. This is the dregs of antinomianism; and, as Murray and his adherents are in this way of thinking, their doctrine is so far, in my apprehension, detestable. But, according to the ideas which I have been led to entertain of the Gospel, the universality of salvation does not destroy the necessity of repentance and holiness, because these are the direct objects which the Redeemer had in view when he gave himself to us, as you may see in Titus ii. 11–14 (which, by the way, is one of the most memorable passages in Paul's writings, and gives as clear, concise, and comprehensive a view of the Gospel as is anywhere to be met with, especially if it be read according to the just construction of the Greek, "bringeth salvation to all

men"). The salvation purchased by Christ is salvation from *sin* and from *death:* the former is effected by *repentance*, and the latter by the resurrexion; the continuance of the one is *holiness*, of the other *immortality*. Both these ideas are implied in Eternal Life, which is a state of perpetually growing conformity to God. 'Tis begun in the world, and though seemingly is not really interrupted by death, but will be carried on by more rapid degrees in the resurrexion state. Holiness, then, is the direct, essential, and indispensable qualification for happiness: indeed, happiness may be considered as a consequential effect of salvation, rather than as the thing itself. To be righteous, to be conformed to God, is the substance or essence of salvation, and the direct end and tendency of all the instructions, operations, promises, threatenings, trials, sufferings, and discipline which God uses or exercises towards moral beings: I mean *such as we are*. This observation will help to furnish an answer to the second question, "Does not suffering the penalty compensate the transgression?" Our transgressions are of such a nature that they can be expiated only by the sufferings of the Son of God. His sufferings have so purged them away that God will forgive them on our repentance. The sufferings which we endure, either in this or the future world, are proper means to bring us to repentance; and, if they were not, I do not see how they could be inflicted by a being of infinite benevolence. If the good *of the sufferer himself* be not directly aimed at by God, I see not how he can, consistent with goodness, place him in a state of suffering. Our suffering then in the future, as well as in the present world, is not to be considered as a compensation, but as a benevolent mean, under the Divine government, of subduing our hearts to himself, and bringing us into that moral state as that we shall be the willing subjects of the Redeemer, and so partake finally of the benefits of redemption.

Your third question is, "Are repentance and holiness upon your plan to be considered as *meritorious* of salvation, or merely as evidences of a change of heart?" If by *meritorious* you mean something that stands in opposition to our salvation being *of grace*, I have no such plan. The Scripture speaks of our being "*meet for the inheritance*," &c., and being *counted* "*worthy*" *of the kingdom of God*, "*worthy*" *to obtain that world*, &c., by which expressions I understand a *subjective qualification* for the enjoyment of the heavenly felicity. *Holiness* is this qualification: it is a necessary ground and foundation of happiness; it is, as I observed before, the *very essence* of salvation, because it is our actual deliverance from sin, our return to God, and dwelling in him, and the state of *holiness* having *immortality* connected with it makes the salvation complete. Holiness, then, is not to be considered "merely as an *evidence* of a change of heart," but as the thing itself, the very change of heart, the subjective ground of happiness, the *sine qua non* of eternal felicity. There can be no happiness without holiness any more than there can be animal pleasure without animal life!

I cannot dismiss this topic without calling you to attend to another very material distinction between Murray's plan of universal salvation, and that which I have adopted. The difference in men's moral characters is so apparent, that, with all his notions of union to Christ, and participating of *his* holiness, he cannot but allow there will be a distinction among mankind at the resurrexion, and that some will rise in a state of horror and distress; but their case will be only like that of a criminal going to the gallows, who receives a pardon by the way, and thus escapes the dreaded execution. This is precisely his idea, as I have collected it from some of his letters and from the information of his friends. But that plan which I have adopted, and which I think is supported by Scripture, is that the *whole duration of that state* into which the impenitent will

enter at the resurrexion is a state of punishment, ending in another dissolution of the union between soul and body by death; and this is the precise meaning of the *second death*. As they have not repented of their sins, they are not in a state of *holiness*, so that there is no foundation laid for happiness; and in such circumstances what have they to do with *immortality?* If they are not subjects of one part of salvation, what claim have they to the other? Their resurrexion from the dead is that they may go into a state of punishment. Punishment is inflicted upon them by *the Redeemer*, as a mean of subduing them to himself, *i.e.* of bringing them cordially to submit to him, and curing them of their moral depravity; but their state of punishment will end no other way but that which is appointed, viz., by death; and, if their sinful habits are destroyed by that severe discipline which they will then experience, it will follow that their succeeding resurrexion will be to immortality. But immortality never will, nor can be, the lot of any but those who are recovered from sin to holiness. An immortality in sin or in misery is an idea which the Scripture does not countenance, if its expressions be genuinely and fairly examined. On the contrary, *death* is the wages of sin, and by *death* cannot be understood *immortality*. Immortality is the reward of righteousness, but no part of the punishment of sin. Misery of all kinds must have an end, and that end is *death*. You will ask then, Does it appear that there will be a resurrexion from the second death? I answer, Because this death is the *last* enemy to the full reign of righteousness, and this last enemy must and shall be destroyed before Jesus renders the kingdom to God, now in what way can death be destroyed but by a resurrexion to immortality?

Thus I have endeavoured to explain these matters as they lie, at present, in my mind; and, if any further information be needed, I am willing to afford it. I mean to be clearly understood, and hope I do understand myself, at

least so far as the Scripture gives me light, and beyond that I do not wish to be wise. There are, no doubt, many things about which we may conjecture and speculate here, which will be completely unfolded hereafter. And I have no doubt that the Spirit of God, in forming the Sacred Canon, has had so much regard to *the curiosity* of good men as to throw out some hints, as it were by the by, which may serve, if not to give full satisfaction, yet as a clue to satisfy us that there are some parts of the grand design not proper for us to be fully acquainted with at present, but which we may amuse ourselves with in the hope of gaining more knowledge hereafter. In this general thought my mind rests, that He who is perfectly holy, wise, and good, would never have permitted sin nor misery to have entered into his world, if He had not designed to bring good out of these evils; and I cannot think He will leave his work so imperfect as, in the final result of all, to suffer any evil, natural or moral, to remain in his system; but every thing that He has made capable of holiness and happiness shall reflect the image of the Author, and shine in glory and immortality.

Saturday, July 3, 4 P.M.

I have just got news of the 21st ult. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Prothonotary Smith; and beg that you would, in my name, present him with a copy of the work, and take at least 25, or as many more as you have occasion for, to yourself, for the care and trouble you have been at in the execution, deducting the same out of the number to be sent to Portsmouth on my account. I have not seen your Pennsylvania law on the subject of literary property.

I am sorry Clarke sped no better. Pray who is your minister? I suppose him to be either Sprout or Ewing. Clarke is a valuable man; rather too volatile, but a true genius and good at heart. The Freemason, however, is

his superior in many respects. I hope this will find Mrs. Hazard on the recovery: please to give Mrs. B.'s respects and mine to her. I hope I may see her, and kiss *your little image.* Adieu, my dear sir, and believe me your devoted friend, JERE. BELKNAP.

Pray is not Murray in Philadelphia? and what estimation is he in?

What will be the difference in the expence between the original 400 pages and the additional ones which are necessary to complete the Appendix?

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — Having received no letter from you by last post, I have only to enclose you another sheet of the Appendix, which has deceived us a second time. The variety of writing it contains renders it impossible to form any thing like an accurate calculation; and, notwithstanding the allowances we have made, we find there will be two sheets after this now sent, for part of which more paper will be wanted. You see we shall considerably exceed 400 pages, but I hope your profit will not be lessened by it, as we shall charge non-subscribers a higher price.

If you have any subscription money on hand, I wish you could contrive to send it on, as Mr. A. is very much pressed in consequence of heavy losses, by the Bible and otherwise. It will not be long now before the book will be ready for subscribers, and then we shall doubtless have large receipts of cash; but it has taken so much more time to print it than was at first thought to be necessary, and he has consequently been obliged to advance so much

more money to journeymen, that he will be much straitened by that time, unless we can contrive to help him.

The new paper, called the American Herald, has already sickened its proprietors, who have concluded to discontinue it, though only five numbers have been published.

We have had a very capital bankruptcy here: one Sluyter, a Dutchman of no property, found means to get credit to a very large amount, and has failed (some say for £160,000) to the ruin of several others. I expect this is only the beginning of sorrows, and that this week will reveal more distressing secrets.

Respects to Mrs. B. Josey is well: so is the family of

Your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — By last post I told you I had received no letter from you by the preceding; but I recollect I was mistaken, owing to yours of June 19, from Boston, coming by the *Tuesday's* instead of the Saturday's post. I am sorry to find that our friend Aitken's edition of Blair does not sell well. It is curious to hear the opinions of people about literary performances. *Interest* sways the judgment in this as in other cases: we can expect candour only from the unbiassed. Mr. Haslett* very probably dislikes Blair because he is a *Christian*, which I am told H. is not. He informed you truly when he said he did not know me; and if by *knowing* is meant any thing more than being able to distinguish my external form from that of any other man, or being acquainted with my character (as I know him), he probably never will know me: for I

* Mr. Ticknor has written here in pencil, "Hazlitt." This gentleman was the Rev. William Hazlitt, of Ireland, the father of William Hazlitt, the author and critic. — EDS.

can have no pleasure or satisfaction in the company of a man who wishes to deprive me of my only foundation of hope for eternity. I have been informed, and that by his friends, that he is a *Socinian*. He came to this city about a year ago, and was advised by a friend who knew his principles to teach a school; but the man's zeal for abusing our common Saviour was so great that *he would preach*. He was supported by a few, who liked the plan well enough; but at length found that denying the divinity of Christ was a very *expensive article of faith* (if you will allow the expression), and left the anti-christian in the lurch. He then proposed keeping a school, and requested permission to use the name of the gentleman whose advice upon this head was formerly rejected. Permission was given, but the gentleman told him it was now too late: had he taught a school at first, he would have succeeded in getting a decent living; but he had publicly disseminated his principles, which the generality of people here held in abhorrence, and very few, if any, parents would commit their children to his care. This information I had from the gentleman who gave him the advice. Since that I have heard nothing of Haslett but what your letter contains.

Democracy operates at Boston just as it does in other places: it would be a good form of government, could virtue be preserved immaculate, and property be always equally distributed; but in our present circumstances it is *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, and would make sad havoc amongst us, was it not controlled by the sovereign power of the Universal Monarch.

This day yours of June 28th came to hand, with a table of errata: it gave me great pleasure to find that so few, and those so trifling, had escaped. We were at a loss for the table; for, though you had pointed out some errors, we supposed we were not informed of all. To print a *partial* table would not do, and we could not keep the workmen

waiting and the press idle for a few more when the *last* sheet was composed: we therefore concluded to go on without it, and, should any thing material be amiss, to print a table separately and paste it in the book. We were proceeding upon this plan, and had got about half through the printing of the last sheet, when your letter arrived. I immediately carried it to Mr. A., who directed it to be composed, and the printing stopped till it was done. It will be inserted in the unfinished ones, but not in the others, as it is not worth while to print a table for the others only: they will therefore appear according to the modern fashion, without any table of errata at all. Those *with* tables we shall send to the eastward, where the errors will be most likely to be discovered: the rest to places where nobody will know but Gorton and Penhallon are right, and will care little about either. The remark about the cake could not be inserted without spoiling the appearance of the page; and as it only tends to prove that the Indians exercise "*savage* cruelties" (which everybody knows), and contains something extremely shocking, I have taken the liberty of omitting it, which I hope you will not disapprove of on reflection. I have but this moment discovered that what Mr. A. and I both read a *cake* is a *babe:* it is well we did not print it, for, if we had, a second table of errata would be wanted; and perhaps it might occasion a second edition of "The Art of Printing Incorrectly," with additions! I dislike the last sheet of your Appendix, because it contains some trifling things, such as Hogkins's Letters and Hutchins's Petition; but we could not help inserting them, as we had got beyond the dates of more important papers, and had nothing else to fill a vacancy in the sheet.

You have taken one step towards fixing upon a time when we may hope to see you here, which I consider as a *good omen.* Least I should forget it hereafter, I tell you now that I live in Arch Street, between 4th and 5th

streets, and nearly opposite the Church Burial-ground Gate.

I send with this the remainder of the Appendix, and the original MSS. which you desired might be returned. Having done with *printing*, we are now going to *binding*, and shall take the earliest opportunity of forwarding your books.

Our little boy is very unwell: I fear dangerously so; and his mother is not a little deranged by her anxiety on his account. Remember me to Mrs. Belknap.

I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

[DOVER, May 19, 1783].*

Do you ever see the N. Hampshire paper? In that of May 10th there is an Address, &c., which is part of a sermon which I preached to my people, exciting them to attend to the Constitution. Some gentlemen at Portsmouth heard of it, and would have it printed. If I can get one of the papers before I close my letter, I will send it. It had a good effect here, and we got 108 votes in consequence of it; whereas, at a former meeting, we could get but 25.†

The Metropolitan never gave me any account of the letters you mention; but you said something about them, and I should be glad to know what they are, but am not eager to pry.

I wish Congress would take up the affair of literary property, and recommend to the States the enacting of

---

* This fragment is the concluding part of the letter of this date ending in this volume at p. 210. The original leaf became detached from the main body of the letter, and was misplaced in the MS. volume. — EDS.

† A copy of the "New Hampshire Gazette and General Advertiser" of this date is preserved among these letters, containing the Address of Dr. Belknap referred to. — EDS.

laws in favour of it. Pray let me know what progress it makes. If you should come across the Connecticut law, and could get me a copy of it, I should be glad.

You have got, by this time, the 1st chapter of my work, and an extract from the 10th; which, I suppose, may be as proper a specimen as any part of it, if it be not too long.

I have not yet heard from Longman.

Mrs. B. desires her cordial respects, and I am, sir,

Your obliged and affectionate friend, J. B.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Evening, July 4, 1784.

Dear Sir, — This morning I received yours of 28th ult. It would be needless *now* to endeavour to abate your surprise at my not *receiving* one of yours of the 13th inst., since you must know that it came to hand while I was in Boston. The communication between here and Portsmouth is irregular and accidental, and some of our "uncircumcised generation" will keep a letter for several days before they will deliver it. This was precisely the case with the letter referred to; and, if I had added "stiff-necked" as another epithet, it would not have been impertinent, since the fellow who had it is a Quaker.

I hope my last letter is on its way and will arrive before the binding of the books, because it contains one material correction which I wish noticed. I wrote to Mr. A., as well as yourself, about it. . . .

I have this day been preaching on the duty of grand jurors, and explaining their oath to them. You may think this an odd subject for the pulpit; but, if you recollect some of my accounts of this part of the country, you will not judge it impertinent. But, like many other sermons,

I suppose it will be disregarded; and I am too much used to this to be mortified about it.

There is no part of my book on which I set an higher value than the paragraph on the back side of the title-page, where *your name* appears in such a connexion as reminds me of two of Pope's lines to Bolingbroke: —

> "Shall, then, this verse to future age pretend?
> *Thou* wert my guide, philosopher, and *friend!*"

I did wish it might somehow be published that I had a friendly connexion with Mr. Hazard, and had some thoughts of contriving to mention it; but you have saved me the labour, and that in a way peculiarly graceful and agreeable. It is only for your sake that I can be reconciled to having the addition which you have put to my name on the title-page. To be, as Pope says, "stuck o'er with titles," is not my ambition. I could even dispense with the humble A.M., and let my name stand single, as does *Oliver Goldsmith* in the title of his "Natural History." But as my good friend, "of his special grace and meer motion" (to use the royal style), has procured the title for me, I am content that he should indulge the pleasure of seeing it annexed to my name.

I thank you for interesting yourself so much in my feelings as always to mention *my son*. I hope he is a good boy, and will prove an useful servant to his master.

Pray do you intend to take an aerial voyage in the new balloon? The proprietors have invited the assistance of everybody to forward their project. If I was acquainted with them, I would write them a letter of recommendation to the Man in the Moon, if they should happen to make a port there in their cruise.

I expect, next week, to set out on a *land* tour to the White Mountains, in company with several gentlemen of a scientific turn. I may write you again *once* before I go; but, if I live to come back, you may depend on such

a description as I may be able to give. I shall wish you one of the party.

Mrs. B. wishes you and Mrs. H. all the comforts arising from the nuptial connexion, and we rejoice in the prospect of your domestic happiness.

I am, dear sir, with much respect, your very much obliged and obedient JERE. BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1784.

This is the ninth day, my dear sir, that I have been confined by the gout. My pain has been great enough part of the time, but I believe the severity of the fit is over. My feet and ancles are yet sore and stiff, and extremely feeble, so that it is uncertain when I shall be able to visit the office. This will prevent me from sending you the newspapers, unless I can pick up one now and then by accident. I send you two *last sheets*. Mr. A. is going on with the binding. Since my confinement, I have been looking over your letters, to see what directions you have given from time to time, that I may compleat your orders when I send your books. I miss one letter, in which I think you told me how many books to send Mr. Hastings. It is probable I may find it when I can go to look for it myself; but, least I should not, I wish you would, by return of post, tell me how many to send him, and how many *you* want, and whether in boards or bound. In the letter with which you sent Governour Belcher's to his friend, about his son's marriage, you say, "It is probable I may send you something more out of them" (the letter-books). Have you yet met with any thing else for me? By the bye, are those books *your own?* Will you want them after you have done your History? If not, will you oblige me by letting them become a part of my collection?

Yesterday a large balloon was sent up, which was intended to carry up a man; but by an accident the ropes by which his chair was suspended were broken, and the balloon ascended alone. I had a fine view of it from my chamber window: it rose, as near as I could judge, about a mile perpendicularly, when it took fire and was consumed. It is said that, had the man gone up with it, he would have regulated the fire, prevented its being burned, and have raised it much higher, which I think probable. It was a grand and pleasing sight. Our child is better. Have not seen Josey lately, but believe he is well. Mrs. H. joins in respects to Mrs. B. with your affectionate

EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. We have had some capital *failures* in trade lately.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — This will probably find you returned from the White Mountains, to which yours of 11th and 19th inst. told me this morning you intended a visit. O that I could have gone with you! It was once my expectation. But I have no right to expect to visit *every* place in the world, and I can fully rely upon the testimony of your senses. Should you not have been disappointed, I dare say I shall have a very accurate description of those famous hills; and, probably, such an account of them as may make a suitable memoir to be laid before the Society. Your "last letter" did arrive "before the binding of the books," and I communicated its contents to Mr. A., who has furnished me with a copy in which there is no such error as you mention; and he says he intends to ask you where you learned to read? He feels quite *funny* about it. But you must know that he was as much mortified

as myself that there should be so capital an erratum in a book with which we had taken uncommon pains; and, rather than correct the error in *the way you proposed*, he has *printed the whole leaf over again*. I assure you he stands very much upon his P's and Q's; and I dare say would have taken three times the trouble rather than his work should appear clumsy to himself. By the bye, have not you directed people to take notice of an erratum where there is none? You say, "page 291, lines 10 and 21, for *from* read *to*." Do look at that again, and tell me what you think of it. *Aversion to!* Suppose we put it in Latin, *Avertere ad:* that won't do. "Avertere *ab*" is right. I think you will find that *Blair* uniformly writes "averse *from*," though I cannot at present point out to you particular instances. . . .

It would be well if grand jurors were more frequently informed of the nature of their oath, and the duties arising from it; for they do not appear to be sufficiently attended to in many places. I had *my views*, in giving you your title; and, indeed, thought it could not with propriety be omitted. It appeared to me that to omit it would be treating the Society with disrespect and ingratitude, which I am sure neither you nor I would be willing to do; and though titles, merely as such, are *vox et præterea nihil*, yet they have a prodigious influence upon men, both learned and unlearned. The former consider them as indications that the person who possesses them has merit, at least in the opinion of those who confer the titles; and, if their reputation is great (as is the case with the Society), the greater will be the opinion of his merit. The latter think a man cannot have a title without deserving it, so that both have a confidence in him; and he derives from his titles a recommendation which he could not so easily obtain otherwise. This, in the case of an author, is peculiarly advantageous, and will lead many to purchase his book who could have no other reason for

doing it. We must take mankind as we find them, and there is no harm in taking an innocent advantage of their weakness.

In mentioning my name, Mr. Smith did no more than what was necessary, as you were not here to enter the book in person; and I assure you it flattered my vanity not a little when I saw it, because it placed me in a very respectable point of view, as the friend of merit and the patron of science.

No, I do not intend to take an aerial voyage in the new balloon; but I am clearly convinced it may be very safely done, if the balloon is properly constructed, and its appendages are rightly fixed. I do not think the subscription will be such as to enable the proposers to make their balloon, for money has become very scarce among us; and every man has as many calls for it, for necessary purposes, as he can answer; and some have more.

I will direct Mr. A. to bind one of your books neatly for General W., and will forward it with your letter, and will take the liberty of ordering another bound for the Philosophical Society, of which I dare say you will approve. They have a kind of claim to the literary productions of their members, whom they honour in return by giving their works a place among their archives. I think it would be well for you to write them a letter to be delivered with the book.

Mr. A. has heard that some folks in New England have censured you for having your History printed here. He says he will bind one *for you*, and if they say any thing you may shew them *that*, and ask them if they ever saw a book printed and bound in that manner in New England.

Mrs. H. is well, and sends respects to Mrs. B. She wishes to see her. Our little boy is much better than he was. Within these last four days I have made out to go abroad twice with my flannels on and my feet *upon* my

shoes. Last Friday afternoon I was tempted to meet the Society at the University, to examine two children who were *lusus naturæ*. One was a mulatto (a boy); the other, a negro girl: curiously spotted, especially the girl. On some parts of her body the skin (or ground) was black as any negro you ever saw, and the spots milk-white; on others the ground milk-white, and the spots black, or a dark brown. Part of her wool was black, and part white. The mulatto was spotted, but not so much. They were brought from St. Lucia: both are very young, and cannot yet speak distinctly.* Now I must bid you adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, August 16, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I am still an invalid, not clear of the gout, and attacked with the intermitting fever; but on the recovery. By this time I suppose you have returned from the White Mountains. What are they like? Tell me all about them. Aitken tells me he has shipped your books. He forgot to call for Garcilasso de la Vega, and I knew nothing of the shipment 'til it had taken place. I suppose the vessel sailed yesterday. You shall have De la Vega, notwithstanding. I hope the books you wanted for your library have been sent, as I gave Mr. A. a list of them. My sickness has made this affair wind up clumsily. As there was no opportunity to Portsmouth, *all* the copies for the eastward are sent to Boston. I have directed Mr. Hastings not to open the boxes till he hears from you. Elliot is uneasy lest his subscribers should get their copies at the post-office, and he be expected to take 40 besides; but I tell him that, should they receive them there, it must be considered as so many taken in part of his 40. You gave no directions about

* See Vol. II. p. 180. — EDS.

insuring the books: perhaps you did not think of it? I understand there are 613 copies. Should they be lost, you will lose between £200 and £300, which will be more than all your profits, so that besides losing your labour you will have money to pay; and as the vessel will probably *coast* it all the way, and we have August as well as September storms, I think it will be *prudent* to insure, especially as it may be done for £6 or £7. It will be better to deduct this sum from the profits than to risque the whole.

In the enclosed paper, you will find the law for the encouragement of learning. Mrs. Hazard and child are well: please to remember us both to Mrs. B. I understand Mr. A. has sent you a copy of the History *elegantly* bound. It was brought to my house for me to see, but Dr. Clarkson had taken me out to give me an airing, so that I had not that pleasure. I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately, EBEN HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — Mrs. Hazard and I had every thing packed up yesterday and a servant waiting to take our baggage to the boat, with a view to pay our friends at Shrewsbury a short visit, and in hopes of recovering our son's and my health; but I was suddenly taken ill with a giddiness in my head and a fever, and a violent storm arose, which would have prevented our going, had I not been indisposed. For upwards of six weeks I have been unable to go to the office, — a very extraordinary confinement for me! I have received yours of 6th inst., by which I find we have not followed your directions about the number of books to be sent eastward, only 613 being sent. Should more be wanted, let me know. I have had £250

insured for you at 2 per cent, so that, should the books be lost, you will be safe enough. My gout seems to be gone, but my feet are swelled yet, and very weak. So long confinement has brought on an universal debility and languor. I have seen one of your books *bound*. It makes a very pretty volume, and I think print and all looks like *London* work. My child is much better. Had he died, I should have had no uneasiness about his future state, as I have long been satisfied that subjection to mortality, the cares, pains, troubles, and sorrows of life, and finally the death of the body, are all the punishment ever threatened for *original* sin. You will say this is a curious sentiment for a Presbyterian elder to entertain; but I must judge of the Scripture for myself. Mrs. Hazard joins me in cordial respects to you and Mrs. Belknap. I am, dear sir, yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, August 30, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I write this in the post-office, to acknowledge the receipt of yours of 16th inst., with the first part of the history of your tour to the White Mountains, which has afforded me much entertainment, and for which I am much obliged to you.

The insurance on your books, which I wrote you about, has been made. I have just got the policy, and paid £5 10*s*. premium; so that, let what will happen, you are safe, and my mind is easy.

I am so fatigued and *fluttered* with my walk that I can hardly write.

We have no news. Mrs. H. is well: the child grows better fast. Josey is well: I saw him this morning and gave him your letter. Will talk with Mr. A. about binding him. Love to Mrs. B.

Yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, Sept. 4, 1784.

Dear Sir, — By yours of 23d ult. I find that I was right in the construction I put on what you said about insurance. I thank you for taking so much care of my interest. I have the pleasure to hear that the books arrived at Boston the 29th ult.; so that, if the underwriters do not choose to tarry till the money can be raised by the sale of the books, I must be further obliged to you for the payment of £5, your currency, to them. I beg you would put this, and the paper, and whatever else there may be, in the form of an account, and send it to me. I have received Mr. Aitken's invoice, amounting to £215 17*s.* 6*d.* your currency. I shall wait to see how *these* books go off before I send for any more. You have not yet told me, nor has Mr. Aitken, the whole number printed, nor what part of the profit of those sold at Philadelphia will be mine; nor have you mentioned whether you have sent a copy to Longman. These things are not to be wondered at: indeed, I wonder you have been able to write at all, considering your sickness, for which I do most sincerely pity you. Mrs. B. feels for you and Mrs. Hazard with a degree of sensibility peculiar to *her* family. She knows what it is to tend a flannelled pair of legs and hands, and even to *lift* 180 or 190 lbs. of mortality from a bed to a chair, and back again. You will not wonder that such a quantity of matter could not ascend the White Mountains farther than *it* did: "the spirit was willing, but the flesh (*i.e.* the lungs) weak." I am glad to hear that your sentiments respecting "the curse" are so similar to my own: that is *orthodox*, for when two *doxes* agree they are *ortho*, and when they disagree they are *hetero*, with respect to each other. I wish all Presbyterian elders, and all other Christians, would learn to use

their own eyes, and not *other men's spectacles*, to read the Bible with.

I am informed that Paddy is in tribulation: his wife and children have come to Boston, and put themselves upon him, under a notion that he was to have been successor to the late silver-tongued Doctor.* The two poles cannot be more distant and opposite. He will get no settlement in these parts. I believe the man has some merit. I wish he had more modesty and more prudence.

What is the issue of the affairs of Longchamps? Is he to be considered as a French or an American subject? Will not the question afford curious arguments on both sides?

I hope by this time you will have recovered your health; at least, so far as to make an excursion into the country. Will not bathing do you good? It seems to me it would quicken the circulation, and remove that debility and languor of which you complain. I have a high opinion of the efficacy of *cold water*, internally and externally used; and have been frequently benefited by it. I do not wish you to undergo the operation of such a *shower-bath* as we had in the woods on the north side of the White Mountains.

Mrs. B. sends a cordial and sympathetic remembrance to Mrs. Hazard, as does your affectionate and obliged friend, JERE. BELKNAP.

The day you mention as a violent storm with you, viz., Monday, 22d ult., was here cloudy and rainy, but no wind; the next day, cloudy and some rain; the next, cloudy and misty; P. M., fair.

---

* "The late silver-tongued Doctor" must refer to the Rev. Dr. Cooper, of Brattle Street Church, who died Dec. 29, 1783. He was succeeded by the Rev. Peter Thacher, of Malden, Jan. 12, 1785. — EDS.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — If my memory does not deceive me, I have seen a preface to Pope's "Essay on Man," in which some readers are represented as being much pleased with it, and at the conclusion exclaiming, —

> "Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
> And write next winter more Essays on Man."

This is precisely my situation upon reading your letters, and was peculiarly so on finishing the account of your tour to the White Mountains. I could not write to you by last post, or I would have acknowledged the receipt of yours of 19th August, containing the sequel of that story. Yours of 26th has since come to hand. I will communicate to Josey such parts as you desire. Should you procure a good map of New Hampshire, it can be both engraved and printed here, and I think will be an acceptable addendum to your 2d volume. The Memoir to the Society shall be presented at their next meeting, with a copy of your book. Should they talk of publishing it, I will assign your reason for wishing that it may not be done. Mr. Cutler shall be proposed. *This* paper is called *foolscap* (and by some *pro patria*), but the name determines only the *size:* the *quality* of such as you want must be fixed by your own choice. Since I wrote the above, the eastern post has arrived, and brought me your favour of 30th ult. I am sorry I occasioned you so much perplexity about the insurance, but hope a second letter informing you it was made has long since removed it. I had it done immediately for fear of accidents, and am happy to find the vessel has arrived safe. We expected to print 1080 copies, which I suppose *was* the number;

but I will enquire particularly of Mr. A., and inform you by a future post, but have not time now, as the rider stays but 2 hours (from his arrival) in this city.

[Part of the letter gone.]

TOUR TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.*

Tuesday, July 20, 1784. Set out from home on a tour to the White Mountains, &c., in company with Rev. Mr. Little, of Wells, Mr. Cutler, of Ipswich, Dr. Fisher, of Beverly, Mr. Heard, of Ipswich, and two young gentlemen, Hubbard and Bartlet, from College. Got to Rochester. Wind, W.

Wednesday, July 21. At a quarter after 7, set out from Rochester. Dined at Copps's, in Wakefield. The upper part of Wakefield well settled. About 4 miles above Copps's descended a steep hill, and came to a large brook, which vents into Pine River, a branch of great Ossapy. *Crossed an old beaver dam* on another branch of said brook. Passed over a mountain in New Garden, Seagel's hill, from whence we had a very grand opening

---

* Dr. Belknap's letters to Mr. Hazard, giving an account of his tour to the White Mountains, are not preserved among the Hazard letters; but the want of them is supplied by the original notes of Dr. Belknap, kept in the form of a Diary, in the Cabinet of this Society. Of three of the gentlemen who accompanied Dr. Belknap, it may be added that the Rev. Daniel Little was minister of the church in Kennebunk, Me., then included in the township of Wells; the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass., was an early member of the Historical Society, and one of the projectors of the Ohio Company; Dr. Joshua Fisher, of Beverly, was a distinguished physician and naturalist, and President of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

The narrative was written on the right-hand pages of the MS.; occasional remarks on the left. These latter, as here printed at the foot of the text, are not distinguished by any name, and will be recognized as Dr. Belknap's.

In the third volume of the "History of New Hampshire," published in 1792, Dr. Belknap gives a brief description of the White Mountains, and refers to the visit made to them by a party of gentlemen in 1784, but with no intimation that he was one of the company. A few additional particulars of the visit are there given.—Eds.

to the N., presenting to view distant ridges of very high mountains, rising behind each other, the farthest supposed to be the White Mountains; but, the air being hazy, could not certainly determine. Wind, S.E.

Distance, 32 miles from Rochester Old Hill to Brown's, at N. Garden, where we stopt.

Joined company at Rochester; Mr. Enoch Wingate and Mr. George Place.

Thursday, July 22. Set out from Brown's. Seven and one-half miles from thence to Great Ossapy Pond, 5 miles in length, and nearly round. Pine River comes into the south part of it. *The Ossapy River runs out of the pond, first northerly, then turns easterly, under a large mountain in Effingham*, formerly called Seven Mountain; now Green Mountain.*

Lovel's fort at the north side of this great Pond, near a small stream.

Rode through pitch pine 7 miles, to Eaton. Dined at Dr. Jackson's. Corua † and White-face Mountains on the left.

Crossed Little Pigwacket River (stopped at Abbot's), then Saco Swift River, then Saco Main River, and got to McMillan's at sunset. ‡

25 miles distance to-day. Found Mr. Whipple § and Mr. Evans ready to go with us. ‖

---

* Crossed Pine River, current N.W., about 4 miles before we came to Ossapy bridge.

† Chocorua. — Eds.

‡ At Conway. — Eds.

On Esq. Merrill's farm the remains of 2 Indian stockade forts.

Esq. McMillan assured me there was snow remaining on the White Mountains, S. side, within 10 days past; the like was told me by Mr. Abbot; both of Conway.

We had, at McMillan's, full-grown cucumbers. At Brown's, last night, new potatoes, about one-half grown.

§ Col. Joseph Whipple, of Dartmouth, now Jefferson. — Eds.

‖ Our pilot, Captain Evans, assured me that when he was on the Mountain, June 19, 1774, the snow was 5 feet deep in one spot near the summit of the Mountain; and that a fortnight before that, some of the people who were then at work with him on Shelburne road, found it 13 feet deep in the same spot.

Friday, July 23. At quarter past eight, A.M., set off for the White Mountains. When advanced about 7 or 8 miles, had a full front view of the great Mountain,* which appeared like a naked rock, of its proper grey color, inclining to brown, the channels where water descends plainly discernible, being whiter than the rest. Crossed the E. branch of Saco River, and the E. branch of Ellis River. Rode up the Mountains, by Ellis's River, which runs down a long descent, and is almost one continued fall. About 10 got to Copps's, the last house;† took some refreshment, and proceeded along the old Shelburne road, full of windfalls and mires, and overgrown with bushes. About 4 o'clock got to the *New River*, which broke forth in 1775; it forms a cascade of upwards of 100 feet, visible at its descent into Ellis River, and has borne down rocks, trees, before it. I ascended above 100 feet, and some of the company higher; the cascade is varied and winding, in some places confined within 2 feet, in others forming a wide sheet, and on some flat rocks a bason.

Three-fourths of a mile further brought us to our proposed encamping ground, which is near a meadow, in which Ellis's River and a branch of Amariscogin have their heads; consequently, we are on the height of land between Saco and Amariscogin waters. Here we turned our horses into the meadow, and built a hut‡ of poles and bark, with an hemlock bed; and, having made a good fire before it, retired to rest. This day fair and cool.

Saturday, July 24. A fine morning. After breakfast,

---

* Subsequently called Mount Washington. — Eds.

† In Jackson. — Eds.

‡ While the hut was building, I walked into the meadow with Mr. Little, and took a view of the Mountain, which appeared in two very high peaks and several ridges, one of which was bare. Mr. Whipple, desiring to set the Mountain with the compass, I went again with him, and fell into a deep hole full of water up to my hips; returned and shifted as well as I could, but received so much damage from this accident that I was ill all night; feverish and weak.

and due preparations, began to ascend the Mountain from the eastern side, our course about N.W. At the first steep ascent, Dr. F., finding a pain in his side, which disabled him, returned to the camp, where Mr. Whipple's negro man attended to take care of the horses and baggage. We then ascended about 2 hours, keeping a large stream which runs off the Mountain into Ellis River on our left.* Having risen many very steep and extremely difficult precipices, I found my breath fail; and, the company having been obliged to make many pauses on my account, and the pilot supposing we were not more than half way to the Plain, a consultation was held, and it was thought best that I should return before we proceeded further. Two of the gentlemen offered to be my company; but, thinking it would deprive them of the pleasure they expected to reap from ascending the Mountain, I concluded to come down alone, keeping the stream on my right. In about an hour and half I got on level ground, and my voice was heard at the camp, where I arrived, I suppose, about 10 o'clock, much fatigued; took some refreshment, and went to sleep.†

Saturday, P.M. Went with Dr. F. into the meadow, and examined a beaver dam, under which the water runs N. into Amariscogin branch; and, at a little distance out of the same meadow, it runs S. into Ellis River. The Dr.

---

* This stream we called *Cutler's River*. We also saw a *brook with a frothy scum, which, on tasting, proved to be saponaceous.*

† In my descent saw and came down *one precipice completely perpendicular, the stones faced and laid as* regular *as a wall of hewn stone, 4 or 5 feet high and 7 or 8 rods long.*

The rocks covered with green moss, and the interstices filled with it, so as to bear our weight, though it gave way under our feet; in some places we slipped through.

Instruments brought out: 2 barometers, 2 thermometers, 1 sextant, 1 telescope, 2 surveying compasses, 1 chain. 1 barometer broke before we got to the Mountains. 1 thermometer rendered useless after we left the Mountains. 1 compass broke, the other barometer broke. These accidents were unavoidable, considering the rough ways we passed through, the rubs and knocks we endured in the woods; though, happily, no person received any greater damage than a broken shin.

saw a blue bird, with a white head, which is said to be a *saw-whetter*, alias *carrion-bird*. As it grew toward night, we secured the horses, picked up wood for our fire, and, it beginning to rain, repaired our tent with bark, took all the baggage into it, anxiously expecting the return of our friends, but they appeared not; we therefore went to rest. The rain increased, and continued all night. Our tent leaked, and our fire decayed; but, by frequent attention, we kept it alive, and so continued to lay as that we avoided being wet.

Sunday, July 25. At daylight it ceased raining.* Our anxiety about our friends was partly removed by hearing the report of a gun, which we answered; it was repeated by them once, and by us twice, and they presently after arrived safe, having been obliged to pass the night on the Mountain, round a fire which they kindled, and which was their only defence against the rain. They had ascended to the summit, but had not so good a view as they wished, the Mountain being most of the time involved in clouds, which rolled up, and down, and in every direction, above, below, and around them. After I left them, the ascent became much more steep and difficult, the growth shorter and shorter, till it came to shrubs, then short bushes, then a sort of grass called winter grass, mixed with moss. The bushes are either fir or spruce. A sort of red berry and blue berry grow on small vines.

The Plain is composed of stones, covered with moss mixed with this winter grass; the moss of a light grey colour (that below is *green*), and so spread over the stones and their interstices as to look like the surface of a dry pasture or common (in some parts the interstices of the rocks were filled with moss; in others, open and dry). In some openings, water appeared. The area of this Plain is an irregular figure, supposed near a mile from the

* Insects very troublesome this morning.

edge to the bottom of the pinnacle.* Sugar loaf is a pile of loose, dark grey rocks, supposed about 100† feet perpendicular height, and not so difficult of ascent as the precipice below the Plain, which, in some places, is inaccessible; especially on the S.E. side; on the E. side they went up. (The degree of heat on the thermometer at the top of the Mountain was more than when they left the tent.) But the exercise of ascending so heated them, that when they came to rest on the top of the Mountain, they felt a coldness in the air which made them shiver like a frosty night in October. The weather was so thick that they could not observe the latitude, though a sextant was carried for the purpose. They cut the letters N. H. on the uppermost rock, and the letters of their names, with a chisel.

After breakfast, Mr. C. went into the meadow and took a base and angles to measure the height of that part of the top of the Mountain visible from thence, which is not the highest pinnacle, but a bluff on the eastern side of the Plain; then, mounting our horses, we set out, about 9 o'clock, for Mr. Whipple's plantation, at Dartmouth;‡ pro-

---

* The clouds prevented their view of the Plain on the W. side, so that they could not determine its extent that way.

† Afterwards, judging by some eminences which they measured, Mr. Cutler and the rest were satisfied the height of this pinnacle [was] not less than 300 feet; but I suspect it is at least 1000, or it would make no figure at all on such an elevated plain.

	h.	m.
From the time of leaving the tent till their arrival at the top of the pinnacle	6	51
Stops deducted	1	38
	5	13
Walking from the 1st summit over the plain to the 2d, or highest	1	21

They set out from the tent at 15 m. after 6 A.M., and arrived at the 2d summit at 1.6 P.M.

Left the pinnacle at	3	57
Descended a precipice; returned and came by the 1st summit; left it at	5	50
Entered the woods	6	33
Encamped by a fire	8	
Arrived the next morning at the tent	6	6
I left the company on my return, at	8	20

‡ Now Jefferson.—EDS.

ceeded down Peabody River, keeping it on our left, after having crossed it near its source. This is the Shelburne road, which has not been travelled for some years, and is grown up with bushes and filled with wind-falls, the bridges broke, and the mires deep. After travelling about 6 miles, at 1 o'clock we found the road cut off by the River, which, in some violent flood, had changed its course more to the E., leaving the old channel on the opposite side dry, as far as we could see. Here we sat down and dined, while our pilot went back to reconnoitre, and soon returned, reporting that the place where we should have crossed the river was about 100 rods back. We then went back, crossed the River, and took another old road, which had once been cut, but was now filled, and travelled with much difficulty, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, one going before with an ax. Met with a shower, which wet us to the skin; found ourselves deceived as to the distance, and were obliged to encamp in the woods, and turn our horses out to browse the bushes. This P.M. we crossed another branch of Amariscogin River,* called *Moose River*.

Monday, July 26. After an uncomfortable night, we were so happy as to find our horses at a small distance from our hut, and proceeded on our journey, supposing ourselves within 8 miles of Mr. W.'s plantation, and that we had rode about 18 miles the day before. Along this road yesterday and this morning we saw the culheags, or log-traps, which the hunters set for sables. They are composed of 2 sticks of about 4 or 5 inches diameter, and 10 or 12 feet long, one side of each made smooth so as to shut close one upon the other; a semicircular inclosure of long chips of wood set in the ground, about a foot in diameter and 2 feet high, covered with bushes;

* In the branches of Amariscogin which we crossed this day I observed a great number of *tad-poles*; there was *in Moose River and in a branch of Israel River wild oats*, which our horses snapt at greedily.

the logs are laid on the open side of this semicircle, and set apart by a small stick about 4 inches long, picked at the lower end, which is set on another horizontal stick, flat on the upper side and round underneath; this is also pointed at one end, where the bait is placed; two other chips are set without the logs to keep them steady, so as the upper one may fall directly on the lower one. The space between the traps is scented by drawing a piece of meat on the ground; the sable is thereby guided to the trap, and, putting his head into the hole between the logs, which is the only place where he can come at it, the motion of pulling out the bait springs the trap, and catches him by the head, or neck, or back.

After riding four hours and a half, and being overtaken with another shower, having crossed the height of land between Moose River and Israel River, and forded the latter and a branch of it, we came to some old felled trees and got to Mr. W.'s opening. Had a full view of the Mountains covered with clouds, and got into a road which brought us to his house.

His plantation is situated on the intervals formed by Israel's River. The summit of the White Mountains bears S.E. from his house. Here we rested and were refreshed after a most tedious journey through the wilderness.

About 2 miles off is a pond where the moose at this season go to bathe, to get clear of the flies, and are sometimes shot in the water. Mr. W. has a pair of moose

---

Remark. If so vast a quantity of snow lodges and remains on the White Mountains, how many more mountains are there towards the N.W. whose frozen summits give the keenness to the wind. 'Tis not the lakes nor the forests that make the N.W. winds so piercing, but the hoary tops of infinite ranges of mountains, some of which, at the remotest regions, may retain the snow undissolved through the year.

The long green moss on the steep sides of the Mountains serves as a sponge to retain the vapors which are brought by the winds in the form of clouds against these Mountains, and there deposited; it also preserves the rain-water from running off at once, and keeps the springs supplied with a perpetual dripping.

horns which extend four and a half feet and weigh thirty-four pounds.

Mr. Hight, who lives on Mr. Whipple's place, told me he had seen snow on the N.W. side of the White Mountains within 3 weeks past.*

From here, as the road goes, 11 miles to the nearest part of Connecticut River, in Northumberland.

The land we passed through yesterday, between Peabody River and Israel River, is called *Durand;* some of it very good.

Tuesday, July 27. Cloudy on the Mountains. About 10 o'clock clears up for about half an hour, so that we had a distinct view of the N.W. side of the White's 7 summits, ranging N.E. and S.W., the heads of 4 or 5 of them bald. From the accounts I have collected from near observers, as well as my own observations, have no doubt remaining that the *sole* cause of the bright appearance which these Mountains make is the *snow* which falls on their bald summits every year as early as September and goes not wholly off till July. The rocks of which the summits are composed are a *dark grey* covered with a yellowish moss; the appearance at the distance of 10 or 15 miles is brown, excepting some streaks, which, at some seasons, are water-courses; these are of a lighter color, and are plainly discernible with the naked eye to differ from the other parts. There are also dark streaks, which, through the telescope, are seen to be the shaded sides of the long winding and deep valleys which are on every side of the Mountains.

This P.M. a thunder shower. The people of this place,

* This information I believe was mistaken, and that instead of 3, he should have said 5 weeks. I have reason to think, however, and was so informed, that the snow lies longer on the S. side, where it is seen at Conway, than on the N. or N.W. side. The N.W. wind blows it over the tops of the mountains, and drives it into the long deep vallies or gullies, where it is formed into a very hard body, 20 or 40 feet deep or more.

who are 5 or 6 families, assembled in Mr. Whipple's barn, and I preached them a sermon, the first ever preached here, from 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20. Mr. Little baptized 8 of their children. Mr. Cutler made the concluding prayer. 38 people of the place were present, and seemed pleased with the attention paid them.*

We attempted to take the height and distance of several of the neighboring Mountains, but they were so obscured by the clouds passing over and rising on them that we were obliged to desist.

Wednesday, July 28. Six o'clock, morning, set out on our return, leaving Dr. Fisher behind, who is collecting birds and other animal and vegetable productions. Passed over part of Pondicherry Mountain, and about quarter past 11 arrived at the Western Notch of the Whites, having crossed Amonoosuck and its branches several times, and seen a bear-trap on the road, constructed like the culheags, but larger and stronger. At the Notch a meadow, through which a brook runs into Saco River. This meadow, surrounded on all sides with mountains, some of them perpendicular, is a singularly romantic and picturesque scene.† Mr. Cutler took an observation to ascertain the latitude. The narrowest part of this passage I measured, from one perpendicular rock to the other, and is 22 feet. The direc-

---

* As we passed through Eaton and Conway, the appearance of so many people, more than ever had been seen at once travelling that way, was very amusing to the people. We had 3 guns and 1 pair of pistols in the company. The barometers were slung across the back of one, and the sextant was carried in a large bag. This uncommon appearance was the subject of much speculation; and the good women, understanding there were 3 ministers in the company, were in hopes we should *lay the spirits* which have been supposed to hover about the White Mountains, an opinion very probably derived from the Indians, who thought these Mountains the habitation of some invisible beings, and never attempted to ascend them.

† The most romantic imagination here finds itself surprized and stagnated. Every thing which it had formed an idea of as sublime and beautiful is here realized. Stupendous mountains, hanging rocks, chrystal streams, verdant woods, the cascade above the torrent below, all conspire to amaze, to delight, to soothe, to enrapture; in short, to fill the mind with such ideas as every lover of nature and every devout worshipper of its Author would wish to have.

tion of the defile N. and S.; on the W. side runs the brook. The Eastern is formed into a causeway and road with great labor and expense; it was formerly only a rough water-course, and not known till, about 13 years ago, two hunters passed through it;* soon after which the proprietors of land at the Upper Cohass formed a plan for a road through it, the only practicable pass through these Mountains to the upper settlements on Connecticut River; distance, 25 miles from Northumberland or Lancaster. The proceeds of a confiscated estate, W. Stark's,† have been applied, £400, toward making this road, which, for 100 rods or more down the southern side and along by the meadow on the top, is a work of great labor. Two streams come down the eastern side of this defile, forming beautiful cascades. One of them is so narrow as exactly to resemble a flume, and goes by that name. These run under bridges in the road, and wind away down its western side into Saco River. For 2 miles from the summit of this romantic pass the Mountains on each side rise almost, and in some places quite, perpendicular, and shew several bare and whitish rocks with polished sides, totally inaccessible. Some of these, especially when crusted over with ice, may have given rise to the fable of the *Carbuncle*, with the help of a little imagination and the reflection of the moon or star beams.

The Mountains continue on each side of the road at the distance of not more than a mile, and, in some places, not so much, for a long way, 8 or 10 miles from the Notch; and Saco River runs between them. This River is well known to rise and fall very quick; its descent is rapid and full of falls. Passed by Sawyer's Rock, down which last summer a moose fell, and 2 men who saw him cut his ham-

* Nash and Sawyer. — Eds.

† Col. William Stark, a brother of Gen. John, the hero of Bennington. He was one of the proprietors of Fryburg. He joined the British at the Revolution, and his estate was confiscated. — Eds.

strings and his throat with a pocket-knife. Several of the branches of Saco River are now entirely dry. In one place the river threatens to cut off the road and change its course, as it has done before. At night got to Enoch Emery's,* and lodged there.†

Thursday, July 29. Breakfasted at McMillan's,‡ parted with Mr. Cutler and company, and, with Mr. Little, proceeded toward Fryeburg. Dined with Mr. Porter. Afternoon rode to Fryeburg; visited Lovel's Pond, the scene of a memorable battle with the Indians in 1725. Lovel's march from Great Ossapy, which is not more than 20 or 22 miles, brought him to the W. side of this Pond, where he saw, on a rocky point of land opposite, the distance of a mile or more, an Indian fishing, with a fowling-piece with which he had just before fired at some ducks. He was not set for a decoy, and has no pretensions to the character of an hero, as has been represented. To come at him they had to march 2 or 3 miles round the N.E. end of the Pond. They met him returning to the Indian fort, about 1 and a half miles from the Pond; he fired and wounded Lovel, and they killed him. They had left their packs on the pitch pine land at the N.E. end of the Pond. While they were gone after this Indian, 2 companies of Indians under Captains Paugus and Nathaniel, who had been down Saco River and were returning, came on their track and followed them to where they had left their packs, which they

---

* In Bartlett. — Eds.

† We encompassed the White Mountains in riding about 70 miles, and, considering the distance at which we were from them in some part of the compass, we judged the base of the Mountains would not be less than an area of 50 miles. The peaks or summits within this space we could not enumerate; but all this body may properly be called one ridge or cluster of mountains, and the range extends N.E. and S.W. to an unknown distance. The form of this cluster which we encompassed seems to be about the form of an isosceles triangle, whose longest extremity is toward the S.

Observed as we came along that the people made little smokes in their cow-yards to defend their cows against the flies and mosquitoes.

‡ In Conway. — Eds.

seized, and by that means found their number 34; their own, 41. (This account I had from Evans, who had it from one of the Indians that was in the fight.) They then lay in ambush for them among the brakes and wind-falls and shrub oaks on the pitch pine plain adjoining the Pond; and, when Lovel's men returned to where they had left their packs, the Indians rose and fired on both sides of them. Lovel and some others were killed; the rest, thinking to secure themselves, retreated (through a bog of 2 or 3 rods width and 12 or 14 long) to the sandy beach of the Pond, hoping to screen themselves behind the trees which grew to the water's edge, or some rising near the beach.*

The place where they retreated is singularly situated. The Pond was in their rear, which here forms a cove; in their front was a bog; on their right, a brook, then unfordable; on their left, a rocky point; from this point, and from the bushes beyond the brook, the Indians enfiladed them, and fired at them from behind the bog. The beach being only a level sand, they were exposed on every side. A few pitch pine trees stood between the bog and the water; but these could afford them no shelter, as the enemy were on three sides of them. The trees still retain the marks of the balls, and the letters of the names of the dead who were buried here. It is astonishing that the Indians ever left the ground, as they had this company completely in their power, there being no possibility of their escape. Their situation was to the greatest degree hazardous and forlorn; more so than can be conceived by any person who has not visited the spot.

Major Osgood told me he was one of a party who helped to run the Province line, some years ago, — the 60 miles end at the edge of the interval on Captain Brown's land.

---

* The Indians immediately drew off from Pigwacket, and left their own dead unburied, and ours not scalped.

They then measured 24 miles to Amariscogin, and 16 miles beyond; 40 in all. I. R.,* who had the direction, would not go farther, because their bread was out, though they had that morning killed a fine moose, and offered to proceed without bread. The end of the 40 miles is on high land, supposed within four miles of Umbagog Lake and in sight; the line would cross it. Shelburne lies 3 miles S. and 3 miles N. of Amariscogin.

Captain Evans told me he lived at Penacook in the Cape Breton war, and that 5 men were killed there in *August*, 1747. The Indians had intended to attack the people in the meeting-house; but, seeing some of them go armed to meeting, were afraid. The next morning they waylaid the road and killed these men, who were going to N. Hopkinton; two months after killed another, who had just returned from 2 years' absence at Cape Breton; one at Suncook.

Grindstones are found at Fryeburg and at Amariscogin, of a fine grit, and hard; will do very well for small tools, and, with the help of rifle-sand strewed on them wet, will grind an ax. Captain Brown, at whose house I put up, has one.

Friday, July 30. At half past six set out with Mr Little from Fryeburg, and rode through Brown's field, chiefly pitch pine land. About 10 o'clock got to the great falls in Saco River. About half a mile above them are 3 hills, and between the hills and the river 2 meadows, a ridge of land between them, over which the road passes. The meadows have a communication by a brook. These hills, I suppose, are Sunday's Rocks. The land not good; pitch pine, mixed with white oak and whortleberry bushes. The falls we judged not more than 40 feet perpendicular, though the descent may be as many rods. Up these falls the salmon cannot go, by reason of a rock

* Isaac Rindge, who surveyed this line in 1768. — Eds.

at the bottom, which projects; they therefore pass up the Great Ossapy River, on which is the remains of an Indian weir, built with stones and wood, for taking them. We crossed this river about noon; our horses swam after a canoe, in which we put our saddles and bags; an old woman paddled us over. Got some dinner on the other side, at the house of one Thompson. From thence 12 miles to the Little Ossapy, the land is extremely good, beech and maple; the lower part of the way well settled, good farms, plenty of grass and grain; the place is called Limerick. In the evening got to Massabesick;* crossed Little Ossapy on a bridge. Lodged at Captain Smith's.

Saturday, July 31. Parted with Mr. Little at Smith's. Got Mr. Burley to pilot me across the meadow and woods 3 miles to Mr. Bunker's; breakfasted there, baptized a child of Gideon Walker, visited Jo. Hamilton, got to Sanford at dinner time; dined Emery's; rode from thence in company with a man from Saco whose wife had run away with the Shakers and carried off 25 of his dollars; he is going in pursuit of her; got home well, about sunset.

Stages and Distances Travelled.

	Miles.	
To Rochester	8	
New Garden	32	
Ossapy Great Pond	7½	
Conway line	13	
McMillan's	4	
Height of Land	18	
	——	82½
To the place where we crossed Peabody River	6	
To Whipple's	20	
the Notch	14	
McMillan's	20	
	——	60

* Now Waterborough, in York County, Maine. — Eds.

Brought forward, ...		142
Fryeburg	8	
Great Ossapy	20	
Little Ossapy	12	
Captain Smith's	7	
Bunker's	3	
Dowty's Falls	17	
Dover	14	
	——	81
		223

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28, 1784.

DEAR SIR,— The enclosed should have been sent you before, but I have lately ordered a new regulation of the post between this city and New York, and cannot yet determine by which day's mail to send letters for you. I write this at a venture. Yours of 4th and 12th are come to hand. I had paid the premium of insurance before I received either: indeed, it was one of the first things I attended to, when I became able to leave my house. You shall have your account as soon as I can get leisure to draw it out. Mr. A. says he thinks there will be above 1000 copies, perhaps 1040. The copy has not yet been sent to Longman, but will be in a day or two, as an opportunity now offers, and I am again able to attend to business. I am glad to hear that Paddy meets with no encouragement: he is unworthy of any. I don't know the issue of Longchamps's trial, nor whether it is yet brought to an issue. . . .

So the Freemason is *initiated* at last. His next letter, I suppose, will be a curious one. A. is an excellent workman: your *snarlers* may say what they please, but they cannot equal him. I am sorry to hear that your mother's

illness encreases. My family are now in health, and Mrs. H. joins in sincere regards to Mrs. B. with your friend,

EBEN. HAZARD.

Can you read French?

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — According to promise, I have drawn out your account, but have forgot to carry it to the office from time to time: however, now you have it. Balance due to me, £18 18*s*. 8*d*. lawful money. You will observe that the 7 rheams paper, bought June 23, cost less than the rest: the reason is that it was *rather* of an inferior quality; but the difference was so trifling that it will not be noticed. (I lent 4 rheams of your paper to the paper-maker, who disappointed us. I need not add, *before he did so*.) He has since repaid it to Mr. Aitken, who is to give you credit for £4, Pennsylvania currency, for it. These, I think, are all the remarks I have to make respecting the account.

I have lately sent Mr. Longman a copy of your History, in sheets, with a letter. I could not find yours to him, and suppose that one of the clerks, seeing it in my drawer and directed for London, has put it into some London ship's bag, and sent it off: however, I constructed mine so as to do without it. I told L. that you had informed me you had made him an offer (through Mr. E.) of the copyright, but that he did not find it convenient to accept it; that, as Mr. E. had commenced a negotiation with him, you considered yourself under some kind of obligation to give him a preference, so far as it could be done, and therefore had desired me to send him a copy as early as possible, that he might have an opportunity of printing an European edition, if he chose it, before any

other person. I told him that, in consequence of a recommendation from Congress, I had had access to the Records of New Hampshire and made large extracts from them; and, so far as the Records were concerned, your History was faithful and impartial; and, from a personal acquaintance with you and your general character, I had no doubt it was equally so when the collections of original papers formed by individuals were the sources from whence you derived your information. I added that you were engaged in compiling a 2d volume, which was intended to compleat the work; and concluded by telling him that, in case he should print an edition in England, I took the liberty of suggesting that Mr. B. was a clergyman with a very small living and a very large family. This was the substance of the letter, which I think it well enough for you to be acquainted with. The last stroke was a *clincher*. Decency would not admit of your striking such an one, and I was determined not to lose any thing through modesty. Mrs. H., who is present while I write, says I must not forget to remember her to Mr. and Mrs. B.; and I suppose, if our little boy could entertain us with his words as he now does with his gestures, he would give a similar hint. He certainly would love you both, if his attachments were influenced by those of your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — In yours of 2d inst. I received the new power, which I doubt not will be satisfactory, but I have not yet been able to converse with Mr. A. about it. Josey shall be consulted, and fully informed of every circumstance previous to his being bound. You judge rightly of Mr. A.'s delicacy in the article of *promising:* it certainly is a good symptom, and I am very confident that you will

not be disappointed in any thing for which you have his word.

There is no printed paper of Rules for the Philosophical Society, except what are prefixed to their first volume of Transactions, which is not now to be got.

If the Academy at Boston does what it "threatens," it will only be paying the tribute due to your merit. I delivered your letter and History to the Society: they were both received as you would wish, and great attention was paid to the Memoir about the White Mountains.* The Secretary has orders to acknowledge the receipt of them. I hope soon to forward you a letter from him. Enclosed is one from Josey. Mrs. Hazard has something of a fever, and her head is much disordered. Our son is well. We all send hearty salutations to your fireside.

I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, November 6, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter to Mr. Aitken, a post or two ago, was a very refreshing cordial, as it contained a bill for 100 dollars, of which he was in great want: it arrived while he was endeavouring to *borrow* that very sum. That which came enclosed in yours of 28th is just arrived. I will carry it to Mr. A., who will doubtless forward the books, which shall be insured; but De la Vega will not be among them, being already forwarded. The "Magnetic Bucket," I believe, is a serious affair. When the Marquis de la Fayette was here, a special meeting of

* This Memoir, or "Description of the White Mountains," &c., was published by the American Philosophical Society, in the second volume of their Transactions, in 1786. In substance it is similar to the account subsequently published in the third volume of Dr. Belknap's "History of New Hampshire." Both accounts are quite different in form from the Diary we publish on pp. 386 *et seq.* — EDS.

the Philosophical Society was called, as the Marquis had something very particular to lay before them. They met, and were entertained by him with a long account of the new discoveries in magnetism. It was while I had the gout, so that I could not attend; nor have I ever heard what he said about it. We have an amazing dearth of news among us, and I fear our first will be bad. Trade has been long so overdone, that I fear we must hear of many bankruptcies soon. Josey says that you will forward the enclosed, if I send it to you. The Secretary of the Society has not yet given me a letter for you. He was not at the meeting last night. I proposed Mr. Cutler for a member, and he will be balloted for at the next election. Love to Mrs. Belknap, from

Your affectionate friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, November 13, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR, — I will now endeavour to answer yours of 1st and 3d inst. from Boston. Mrs. H. has recovered, and we are now all in health. It is distressing to see such near connections in affliction, but I have no promise of exemption from the common lot of mankind, nor any right to expect it. If our afflictions work for us the peaceable fruits of righteousness, we shall have reason to rejoice, and glory in them. May this be their effect. Great caution will be necessary to keep our little son from proving a snare to us; he gains upon us daily; your experience must long since have taught you the meaning of this.

Though I have not yet performed my promise of reading your account of the White Mountains* to Josey,

* This was probably the Diary copied from his note-book, which is here published. — EDS.

I have not forgot it, and have kept the letters separate for that very purpose; but really, my dear sir, if you were to see my hurry, you would not be surprized at my telling you I have not yet *had time;* it seems as if my whole life was to be one scene of hurry. I have lately undertaken part of the administration of Mr. Du Simitière's estate, with a view to prevent his *Museum* (of which you have doubtless heard) from being scattered. It is probable the Philosophical Society will possess the most valuable part of it.

I have been waiting all this time to have one of your books *neatly bound* for General Washington; but Mr. Aitken cannot get a binder. He had one who behaved well for a few days, and after that was almost continually drunk, and spoiled a great many Bibles for him. He is much distressed about it.

I have now concluded to send the General one in boards, with an apology for not sending him one sooner. The date of your letter will shew that *your* attention to him was seasonable.

I am much obliged to you for Dr. Chauncy's book. I have read it attentively as far as to where he begins to answer objections, and so far am much pleased with it. His reasoning is clear and satisfactory, and his criticisms are just; at least, they appear so to me. He has placed many texts and passages of Scripture in a light altogether new to me, and I cannot help thinking his system not only rational, but Scriptural, and that it reflects more honour on the divine character than any I have yet met with. The Doctor mentions *another book* of his upon the same subject: pray is that published? I could not help remarking, as I read, the candour and Christian spirit with which the Doctor writes. Should anybody attack his performance, I hope it will be with the same spirit.

I am glad you thought of giving the two morocco-

bound books to the two branches of your Legislature: it was a good thought, and will probably produce a good effect. Can't you manage matters so as to get them to take a number, by way of encouraging genius? If it could be somehow decently mentioned to Dr. Bracket, he could perhaps engage Colonel Langdon in your favour, and his influence might do the business. Now you have received Garcillasso de la Vega, you will be able to proceed in your Conjectures upon the Population of America.

So the Freemason "looks very poorly." Would it not be advisable for him to go and "see his uncle"? Your information about the confinement of the fellows who stole the iron chest was the earliest received here. I immediately communicated it to the person who was robbed, and he was very glad to hear it. Yours of 3d contained a bill on General Mifflin; as he lives far from me, I cannot present it before the post goes out. You shall hear the fate of it per next.

Mrs. Hazard cordially joins me in best wishes for yourself and Mrs. B.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

EBEN. HAZARD.

NOV. 16, 1784.

General Mifflin has accepted Mr. Eliot's draught on him.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 23, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—I have yours of 8th inst. The bill on General Mifflin will do what you suppose. I have already advanced Mr. Aitken 50 dollars, on account of it. Mrs. H. and family well. She joins me in love to Mrs. B. I have finished Dr. Chauncy, and have had no reason to change my opinion of him, which I gave you before.

Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, 27 November, 1784.

My dear Sir, — Since I wrote you last, I have been honoured with a visit from your friend Dr. Evans,* whom I had never seen before, though I had often heard of him. He seems possessed of "the true milk of human nature." I regretted that he could stay with us but one night, but was pleased to find (as it was Court week) that he was taken so much notice of by the gentlemen who were here on that occasion.

General Sullivan speaks of him in terms of the highest respect; and all the officers of our New Hampshire troops that I have conversed with, as well as the privates, are full of his praises. I wish he may settle somewhere in this quarter. I hear the people of Charlestown have their eye upon him.

After a dearth of three weeks, I this day got two letters from you, and one from Mr. Aitken. I am thankful to hear that the bills are arrived, and hope to hear the second is accepted, as well as the first. I think I asked you whether the Boston bank-bills will do for a remittance. They are good here. When Mr. Cutler is chosen, I wish you would get a testimonial of it in due form, and send it to me. I thank you for your obliging attention to my request respecting him: he is a genuine son of science, and an ornament to his profession. Pray what is the *real* philosophy of the Magnetic Bucket? I am anxious to hear.

It gives me sensible pleasure that Mrs. H. is recovered: may the voice of health be heard in your habitation! The best way that I know of to keep your

* The Rev. Israel Evans, chaplain, during the war, of a New Hampshire brigade. See Lawrence's "New Hampshire Churches," p. 367. — Eds.

child from having *too great* a share of your affections is to divide them equally among his little brothers and sisters, as fast as they arrive, which I guess will be the case. I have no fondness for encouraging parents in making themselves uneasy because they love their children, as if they were in danger of idolizing them. It is natural to love them, it is necessary we should. Reason, prudence, and time will teach us how to set bounds to this fondness; but where is the harm of indulging it, especially at first, when the thing is new? How much more rational to play with a darling child than with a lap-dog, or parrot, or squirrel! Let Nature have vent.

> "Enjoy the present, nor with needless cares
> Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb
> Appal the surest hour that life bestows."

I have administered the same wholesome advice to our good friend the Metropolitan, who has the same fears respecting his child. For my part, I think it is an exercise of gratitude to Heaven for its blessings, to *enjoy* them. As they are sent to sweeten the bitter cup of life, let us taste the sweet, and thank the Giver.

I am highly pleased to find that Dr. Chauncy's book is agreeable to you. The other to which he refers, and of which you enquire, is a volume of dissertations on the state of man before and since the lapse of Adam, and the consequences thereof to him and his posterity, in which all the controversy relating to original sin is handled in as clear and consistent a manner as I think is possible. I have had the pleasure of reading the MS.; and the Doctor told me, when at Boston, that he had about a fortnight before sent it to England to be printed. I shall hope to see it in the spring. You may observe a long note on a verse in 5th Romans, "they *which receive* the abundance," &c. (the word λαμβάνοντες), which the Doctor says was communicated by a learned and ingenious *friend*. That friend

was the late Dr. Winthrop. I wish to know how this performance is relished by your friends, and particularly by Ulysses.

As to my present to our General Assembly, it was accompanied with a short memorial, wherein I reminded them that, by the Constitution, they were vested with "the Patronage of Science," &c. My good friend Pickering undertook the business, and got a respectable committee, of which himself was one, to consider the matter. But the humour of the House having proved rather niggardly in voting the President's salary, £200 only, they thought it best to defer their report to the next session, which will be in February. I have no raised expectations from them. I thank you for the hint respecting their taking off a number of books, and will *ruminate* it before they meet again. I thank you for your letter to Longman, but I have done with all sanguine expectations. I am sometimes of the mind that I shall not venture another volume, certainly not till the first is paid for. Mrs. B. desires her sincere regards to yourself and Mrs. H., and fully joins in the advice respecting fondness for children.

I am, sir, your very affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1784.

DEAR SIR, — Your two favours of Nov. 16 and 27 are before me: the former should have been answered sooner, but — as usual. Yes, Ulysses really exerted himself; but I was mortified by the thought that the same paper which shewed you that, also shewed how little I was able to do *in that way*. So it is "non omnia possumus omnes." Your account with me is settled, and I have paid Mr. Aitken the remainder of the bill, amounting to £25 1*s*. 8*d*., this currency. Boston bank-notes will not pass here:

indeed, we do not receive even those of New York, though so much nearer to us. The report that you were to make great profit by your work must have been raised by some Boston friend, who was made very happy by the idea; and in the warmth of his affection for you has communicated it, that others might participate his pleasure. I am sorry it has injured you.

Aitken shall have Jack Frost, if he will: if not, it may be of use to somebody else. My friend Evans is a worthy character, a man of great integrity and unbounded benevolence: as a *genius*, he is not of the first-rate, and, *entre nous*, I think he has been too fond of *the press*. He has offered too much incense at the shrine of General S. for him not to be pleased with him: I think more than was necessary.

The election of members of the Philosophical Society comes on next month: you shall have notice, if Mr. C. is elected. I cannot yet find out any thing about the Magnetic Bucket: indeed, I have not leisure to enquire about it.

Your advice about loving children is *natural*, but not *prudent;* for, in case of their being taken away, the pangs of separation must be in proportion to the strength of the attachment, and that must be very, very, very great.

Your Assembly are too economical. Don't give up the idea of a 2d volume, but prepare it for the press: *finish* it before you leave off, even if you don't intend to print it. In that case, you may hope that Mrs. B. and the children may reap some advantage from it in case of your death. We have no news. My family are all in health; and the best part of it feels the same warmth of attachment to Mrs. Belknap and yourself as your friend,

Eben. Hazard.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22, 1785.

MY DEAR SIR, — Last night we had a meeting of the Philosophical Society for the election of new members, when a number were added to our list; and among the rest Mr. Cutler, of Ipswich, whom I proposed in consequence of what you wrote me some time since. Our secretary tells me your certificate is ready, and that I shall have it with a letter soon. I will endeavour to get Mr. Cutler's at the same time.

I send you the enclosed papers to shew you what our Assembly propose doing for their citizens with respect to the public debt, and the opposition which some make to it. With love to Mrs. Belknap, I am, dear sir, yours sincerely, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, Feb. 11, 1785.*

DEAR SIR, — After very long but *not patient* waiting, I was so happy *last night* as to get yours of the 17th ult., enclosing one from General Washington, which, I suppose, from the character I have formed of him in my mind, though it is short and expresses but little, means something very pertinent and interesting. I shall, as you guess, rank it among my valuables.†

Your very kind mention of my Josey, from whom we had not heard since some time in November, was extremely refreshing. The heart of a parent is very susceptible of impressions, especially when children are

---

* This is the only letter of Dr. Belknap for the year 1785 preserved among the Hazard correspondence, except that on pp. 329–332. — EDS.

† See this letter in the "Life of Dr. Belknap," p. 137. — EDS.

at a distance. You cannot do a more acceptable kindness to me or Mrs. B. than by frequently mentioning him. His *growth* is a circumstance that might naturally be expected: I wish he may improve in moral qualities and in his capacity for usefulness, as he rises in stature.

What was the reason that Aitken did not accept my Jack Frost? I expected he would, and in my last to him suggested an alteration of one line. Instead of, "I flew out sometimes, but I flew very high," I would have substituted, "I ventured abroad my fortune to try." I see you have made some amendments, for which I am obliged; but Francis Bailey has made a mistake in the last stanza but one, which I suppose was owing to his not being used to my hand. He has put *pies* instead of *fires*. I suppose I made the *fi* too much like *p*.

Do I know the author of the Sketches of American History? or do I mistake, if I suspect the hand of Joab in the plot? I wish I had one of Bailey's Pocket Almanacs.

I have been very anxious to have a just and full account of Captain Cook's last voyage, principally because I think it must give a great clue to the resolution of that long-laboured problem, the population of America. Mr. Aitken sent me *Ledyard's* Journal of it. I have since read an account of it by *Ellis*, the surgeon of one of the ships. But there is another *yet*, some extracts of which I have met with in a loose magazine; and, by what I can recollect of it, it is more particular and circumstantial than either *Ledyard's* or *Ellis's*. Your Robert Bell printed one; but whether it is one of those I have seen, or the other, I know not. I wish, if you have the means of information at hand, you would let me know; and, if it is the one I am in quest of, send it to me *with the price*. By the way, I think it an enquiry worth making, whether if Columbus had attempted his discovery of a new world from the eastern parts of Asia eastward, and traced the American west-

ern coast from north to south, there would have been so much difficulty in accounting for the population of this continent? Or if the inhabitants of it had been suffered to remain in the state they were at first found to this day, whether it might not have been possible to trace their origin with much greater precision than it was when America was first discovered on the eastern shores? There is one enquiry I would be glad to have resolved; and that is, whether what we call *Indian corn* be common in Tartary? The emigrants to America must have brought it here, or it must be indigenous. If the latter, it must be found *somewhere* wild, like the wild oats and rice that Carver speaks of, and which, by the way, I last summer saw growing in some of the branches of the Amariscogin and Connecticut Rivers, northward of the White Mountains, and a dainty repast it proved to our poor horses.

How one thought makes way for another! Did you observe, in a late paper, that a sort of grain, the produce of a perennial shrub, had been discovered in Chili? Is it so, or not? Now comes another question. What is the perpetual motion of Kentucky?

Your account balanced gives me much satisfaction, and I am most sincerely obliged by your exertions in my favour. I wish Mr. A.'s account was as well settled. I have sent him 5 guineas in one letter, and Mr. Libbey has sent 2 guineas, and one Jo in another. I hope to hear they have arrived. I shall be able to pay him *only by such driblets*, and how long time it will take no mathematician can calculate. Many subscribers are yet deficient, even of those who paid the advance. I wish you would put A. in mind of his promise to send me his account current. I shall then know what he has received of subscribers in your quarter. I think I ought to make an apology to you for asking so many questions and favours of you; but, when you recollect that I am placed in such a sequestered spot, and have so little communication with the world, and yet

have an insatiable curiosity, and, I hope, an *honest* desire to do things right, you will form the apology yourself. If you should see my Josey, please to tell him we are all well the 17th February. Mrs. B. joins in affectionate salutations to you and Mrs. H., with your much obliged friend, JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1785.

DEAR SIR, — I have been so irregular a correspondent of late that I hardly know which of your letters have been answered; but, as I find some in my *unanswered* pocket, I shall take it for granted I am in your debt for them.

The 5 guineas you sent, and the 2 guineas and 1 Jo from Mr Libbey, have got safely into Mr. Aitken's hands. Cannot answer your question about the *Tree Toad.* You seem to have misunderstood me respecting the 2d volume of your History. I do not wish you to *contract a new debt* by printing it, but only to get a second volume *ready for publication.* This will be advantageous in two points of view: in the first place, should you live and find it adviseable at any time hereafter to print, the work will be ready as soon as the time arrives; in the next place, should you die, leaving it in MS., your family may be benefited either by printing or selling the MS., as circumstances may direct. I wish to hear whether your General Court have given you any patronage. It would be of great use to us, were we to follow Dr. *Price's* advice; but we seem in general more fond of *leading* than of following. I have long thought there was something singular and peculiar in the American character. In many things, we act like other folks; but, if any thing is to be done by us which excites the expectation of the European nations, I will defy them altogether to guess *how*

we will do it; nor can we ourselves tell long before the moment for action arrives. The Confederation should be strengthened by vesting greater power in Congress; but I fear that the jealousy of some of the States, and the narrow prejudices of others, will prevent it, until necessity compels them to it. Yes, we are to have a federal town, and I believe it will be a public benefit: it is disreputable as well as inconvenient for Congress to be running about from State to State, as they have done for some time past. Ambassadors could never know where to find them. Should they fix in any of our capitals, their councils would be in great danger of being influenced by the politics of it. A federal town will be a kind of centre of union, out of danger from local politics, and, if properly managed, may be made to pay something clever in discharge of our national debt, by the sale of the lots, which will be greatly increased in value by every house built in the town. I should be very glad if Congress were enabled to pay their debts; but the money expended for a federal town would give each creditor so small a sum as not to be worth accepting. The conduct of the Spaniards on the Mississippi *must* "kick up a dust:" if Congress don't take the matter up, the settlers in the neighbourhood will. I should not be at all surprized at hearing that they had taken New Orleans from the Spaniards.

If I can possibly redeem time enough, I will enquire about *furs*, though I apprehend it is rather late in the season. I know the *beaver* is very scarce here, and therefore would command a good price.

Your Jack Frost was not offered to Aitken, because he does not print a newspaper, and it was not large enough to print by itself. I told him of your intention respecting him, for which he was obliged to you. Had I told you this, and waited to hear from you before *Jack* made his appearance, he would have been out of season; for you know he was intended for New Year. I therefore gave

him to Bailey. The hand of Joab was not in the *Sketches* of American History. You do not know the writer, though I have sent you several of his performances. *Freneau* is supposed to be the person.

I will enquire about Cook's Voyage. It would be difficult to say, with any degree of certainty, what could have been done towards accounting for the population of this continent, had Columbus steered a different course from what he did; and perhaps it will not be more easy to determine whether, if the Indians had been left *in statu quo*, we could trace their origin with more precision than now. We should have only their traditions about it, and *they* would be so enveloped in fable that it would be impossible to get at any thing like truth. Romans, in his History of Florida (which, by the bye, is a paltry performance), says that the Creeks or Choctaws, I forget which, shew you a fissure in the earth, through which they say their nation rose into existence at once, and frightened the preoccupants of the country almost to death by their sudden and extraordinary appearance.

If I meet with any one who can give me information about Tartary and Indian corn, I will make suitable enquiries, and send you the result. I never heard of Indian corn being found growing wild.

If I saw in a late paper the account of the grain discovered in Chili, it has escaped my memory. *Perpetual motion* has always appeared to me too much like an absurdity to be worth thinking of. That of Kentucky, I apprehend, must be the *restlessness* of the inhabitants.

I will remind Mr. A. of his promise to send your account current: he has either seen or heard all those parts of your letters, in which you discover your anxiety to settle with him; and, as he is convinced of the honesty of your intentions, he bears the disappointment like a philosopher, though he is much in want of money. You need never be uneasy about asking me questions: it will

always give me pleasure to answer them, if I can. Only remember this, that, if I omit taking notice of any, it must be ascribed to that distraction which a constant hurry and great variety of business naturally occasions. You may guess at my present situation, when I inform you that this letter has continued on the anvil till the night of the 11th, though begun on the 9th of the month. I am again interrupted, and must take a new heat at another time.

12th.

Some time since, Congress resolved "that the post-master general remove on or before the 21st of March," in consequence of which I expect to set out for New York next Thursday: when there, I shall endeavour to get permission to return and remain here till the federal town is built. If I fail in this, my family and furniture must be removed too, and New York be the place of our abode till the federal town is ready for us; so you see *we* are pilgrims and strangers here. None of my family likes the idea of a removal, but we must stick to our bread and butter. Your Josey is very hearty and well; so are all my family, who join in sincere regards for yours, with your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1785.

You remember, my dear sir, that I informed you I was ordered to remove to this city on or before the 21st inst. Last Saturday I arrived here, but *solus*, and in hopes of being permitted to return and remain at Philadelphia until the federal town should be built. Disappointed in this expectation, I am to remove my family as soon as roads, &c., will permit, and to become a New Yorker again. Your letter of 21st inst. went to Philadelphia, and was returned to me with the specimen of copper

ore, which I will endeavour to have assayed. Mrs. H. took out and sent the letter for Mr. Aitken. From your account of Mr. Cutler, I am persuaded that I shall have no reason to be ashamed of having recommended him, nor the Society of their choice.

Mr. Dudley is not in Philadelphia: he left it privately and disreputably. I believe he is in the State of Rhode Island. He is an ingenious man, but has had *full credit* for his ingenuity. Before I left Philadelphia, I bound Josey, and now enclose you his indenture. I particularly explained to him the obligations he was about entering into; and, having done it, asked him "if he was willing to be bound; whether he liked the trade, Mr. A., &c." He answered all my questions in the affirmative, and we compleated the business. Mrs. H. and family were well a few days ago. I am (in haste), dear sir, yours,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1785.

DEAR SIR, — Yours of 15th ult. has lately come to hand. Pray, whose characters have suffered by the scrutiny, in consequence of their attempts at the *Sella Curulis?* and why? Who is placed in the chair? Although your General Court did nothing for you in their last session, may be they may in their next. I rejoice with you, my dear sir, in the remarkable preservation you have lately experienced. May you live to see many happy years yet, and in them may you be eminently and extensively useful! I have been above a month in this city, *dancing attendance*, but expect now to set out for Philadelphia to-morrow, to remove my family. I am "a man *under* authority," and must do as my masters order; but, I assure you, it is by no means agreeable to drive about the world, with a family and furniture at one's heels.

The enclosed ought to have been sent you sooner; but I have been kept in such a state between waiting on the great men, and providing myself with an house, that it has been forgotten. Should you pay New York a visit, you may expect to find me at No. 55 in Queen Street, where I shall be happy to see you.

My cordial respects to Mrs. B. I am, dear sir,

Yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, December 10, 1785.

MY DEAR SIR, — Nothing very special has occurred since my last. I sent our friend Robert a state of your account, as per enclosed, and remitted him £2 10*s*., Pennsylvania, in full for the Albany, and Mr. Breese's subscriptions. He sent me the enclosed pamphlet for you. Mrs. H. laughed about the molasses. "No, no," said she, "I'll be bound he won't forget that." She is beginning to think of preparing for Christmas. That is our grand pye season. From your account of matters, I suspect your General Court act more from their *feelings* than from *principle*. The Doctor's Cornelia has replied to Miss Sally, so that the challenge is fairly accepted; and I believe the old gentleman himself would like that you should throw down the gauntlet; for, in a late letter, he says, "No letter yet from Mr. Belknap, to inform us of his safe arrival at home." * Mr. Matthew Clarkson's

* On the 17th of September, of this year, Dr. Belknap left home on a journey to Philadelphia, which he had so long contemplated. He spent some time on the way, at Boston, Providence, Newport, and New York, where he saw his friend Hazard. At Philadelphia he was the guest of Mr. Aitken, with whom his son Joseph was apprenticed. In that city he made the acquaintance of the eminent physician, Dr. Gerardus Clarkson, the "Ulysses" of this correspondence, and of other well-known persons. He was absent seven weeks, reaching home on the 5th of November. A full account of this journey, largely narrated by himself, is told

daughter was married, the 24th ult., to Mr. Ralston. I have sent our *John* to his mother, and in his stead we have got a German boy and girl: the former has nine years to serve, and the latter six. I bought them for 25 dollars each, which I think was very reasonable. They have been with us about ten days, and hitherto have "behaved to a charm," as General Burgoyne said. My mother and Mrs. H. desire that I will never forget to send their love to you and Mrs. B. when I write; they are well; so is Sam; he is fatter, if possible, than when you were here. My love always accompanies my wife's.

I am, dear sir, your friend and humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR, — I must write now, not only *currente*, but *volante calamo*. John Bull pleases me; and, as I naturally suppose myself a man of taste, I take it for granted he will please everybody else. He will accompany this. Enclosed, you will also find some of Josey's communications.

We are just setting the stages going, planning a communication by post with Canada, thinking of another to Fort Pitt, &c., &c.; so you may judge of my situation. I suspect I owe you a letter, but the confounded stages have given my brain such a whirl that I can hardly be sure of any thing, except that I and my family have a great regard for you and yours, and that we wish you many happy years, and that I am your friend, EBEN. HAZARD.

---

in the admirable "Life of Dr. Belknap," by his grand-daughter, Jane Belknap, now Mrs. Jules Marcou, published in 1847. — EDS.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

January 10, 1786.

Dear Sir, — Yours of the 10th ult. has arrived (4 weeks after date), enclosing the accounts and books: one was a copy of my History, bound by my son; and I wish he had sent it *open to you*, that you might have judged of his proficiency in his business. In the other, viz., an address on the abolition of the Bank, are some very striking and important sentiments, and I have sent it down to Portsmouth to have some paragraphs respecting *the scarcity of money*, &c., reprinted in our papers. There is one thing in the pamphlet which I wish you would explain to me as particularly as you can. It is said, I think in the first page, that "the judges in New Jersey were obliged to declare a certain law of their State unconstitutional." What was this law? Who were the judges? When and upon what occasion was this declaration made? and what were the consequences? We have laws here that *ought* to be declared so, but I much doubt whether any of our judges would make the declaration. That you may see what sort of magistrates we have among us, I shall enclose you a verbatim copy of a — something — issued by one of them since the late law, empowering a justice to decide matters of £10. I must also give you some account of the man and the circumstances of the case. The man is a person of middling understanding; a blacksmith by trade; very conceited, I need not say ignorant; one that has been labouring for 12 or 15 years past under the old and new governments to get a commission for justice, but never could succeed till the great man for this present year, finding him very useful *as a runner*, to sound his praises and obtain votes for him in the town where he lives, *created* him a magistrate. Now for the case. *Batchelder* lent

or let his mare to *Murray*, who exchanged her with one *Tuttle* for another horse, and then took a French leave of this part of the country. B., knowing his mare to be in the possession of T., got the warrant, of which you have the copy, and went with the constable to Tuttle's, found the mare and carried her home. Tuttle then applied to an attorney, who issued a writ against the new magistrate; and the poor wretch, finding himself in a sad hobble, afraid to have the matter go to law, and be laughed at for his first magistratical essay, very prudently consented to give Tuttle one of his horses and pay the charges. Thus his ten-pound action has cost him about 50 dollars. Pray let Mr. Breese have this story: it may relieve him, if he should happen to be in the dumps.

I promised you another copy of my Election Sermon,* of which I expected to have a number of copies reserved for me. I have applied to the printer, who tells me he delivered them all to the secretary's office. I have wrote to the secretary, but have as yet had no answer. When I get one, I will forward it.

I am very glad you have got a new boy. I think if he and the girl prove good, you have an excellent bargain. We have no such privileges here, and the natives of our soil are in general too proud to make good servants.

When I was at New York, you told me that commissioners were then setting out on a treaty with the Western Indians. Pray inform me whether they are returned, and what was the result of their expedition; as many particulars about it as your time and information will allow.

I must now ask another question. In the table of currencies which you drew up, the value of a dollar in South Carolina is 32*s.* 6*d.*, and in Georgia 5*s.*; but, in a Phila-

* This Election Sermon was preached on June 2, 1785, by appointment of the General Court of New Hampshire, and a copy was requested for the press. — Eds.

delphia almanac for this present year, the value of it in both these States is said to be 4*s.* 8*d.* Pray is there any mistake, or what is the reason of the difference?

Monday,* the 2d inst., between daybreak and sunrise, we had here a very distinct shock of an earthquake, which came from the N.W. and went off at the S.E. It continued, as near as I could judge, about two minutes. No mention is made of it in the Boston paper of the same day: whether it extended so far I have not heard. Ever since Christmas, we have had a severe and unrelenting frost and frequent snow-storms: the snow is now above two feet in the woods and pretty level.

Jan. 12, 1786.

Last evening arrived yours of the 21st ult. (in a shorter passage than the other), enclosing one from my son, and two pamphlets, for one of which I thank you, and the other our good friend Ulysses. You speak of having sent me "A Plan for liquidating the Debts of Pennsylvania." I have received no such pamphlet. I *do* wish to have a critique on my book from Dr. Blair; and, if you could procure it for me through Dr. Erskine, I should be much pleased. If you have a spare copy, please to send one to him, and I will replace it. Your very friendly advice about the continuation shall have due weight with me: it has the approbation of my *privy council*, which is an additional sanction. But there is one difficulty to be got over; and that is, after the treatment I have received from our rascally G——l C——t, to apply to them *again* for the use of their Records. This will certainly be a very mortifying circumstance. Would they *offer* it of their own motion, I might be tempted. As to Bull, I intended it only as a *present* to Aitken. If you think it worth his acceptance, I will proceed in it; and it will serve for a by business, when I *feel* right for it, which is

* The very same day 2 years ago, and within 3 hours of the time, we had such another shock. — *Belknap's Note.*

not often. Such things must be done by the impulse of the moment. The parts which you have were run off at two sittings. I might, at another time, sit and scratch my pate a whole day, and not produce a page.

Some delay has happened about a muff and tippet, which I was to send from Boston to Mr. Aitken's daughter, which on account of the freezing of the Delaware may oblige me to order it to New York. In that case, I beg your care to forward it by land: you will receive a letter concerning it and the vessel in which it comes.

As to the *dark day* in Canada, I have not sufficient information to be able to "make up my mind" (if you quote Burgoyne, I may quote Lee) upon the matter. It seems there was a thunder-shower, and this always brings darkness, sometimes in a very great degree. It was not a continued darkness, but light and darkness preceeded each other several times. In this respect, it differed from ours in the year 1780. As to "subterraneous effluvia," which somebody calls in to account for it, there must be some farther evidence before this idea can be admitted. It is a pity there could not be a collection of accounts from different parts of that country, that might be depended on. The days on which it is said to have happened were very clear and pleasant where I was; viz., sailing up the Sound to New York. It was the same here at Dover, as I find by a journal which I desired might be kept in my absence.

I am sorry you cannot find a Linnæan correspondent for Brother Cutler. If Dr. Clarkson cannot, then he must ride his hobby-horse alone!

Is there not one *Bartram* in Philadelphia, who is remarkable in that way?

Mrs. B. joins in love to your mama, and wife, and little Sam, with your affectionate friend,

JERE. BELKNAP

State of New Hampshire. Strafford.

To Joshua Foss, juner, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for the County aforesaid, Abraham Batchelder of Northwood, in the County of Rockingham, husbanman, in behalf of the State of New Hampshire aforesaid complaineth: That James Murry cordwinder in said Northwood, in the County of Rockingham aforesaid, hath a black mare with a star of white in the forad, and sum white on the nose, which mare the said Batchelder purshased of Durben Taler of Hampton in the County of Rockingham aforesaid, in the year 1781, in his Passision or disposed of the same, which mare belongs to the said Batchelder, and said Murry refuses to deliver up said mare to the damage of the said Batchelder as he saith teen pounds.

ABRAHAM BATCHELDER.

November 21st, 1785.

Strafford st.

To the Sherriff of the County of Strafford, his under-sheriff or Depty, or Cunstable of Barrington, greeting. Complaint having bin maid as above, you are hereby requested in the name of the State of New Hampshire, you are to take said mare, if she may be found in your precinct, and deliver the said mare to the said Batchelder, or the said mare bring before me, the subscriber, one of the justices of the peace for said county, to be disposed of according to law, for dueing whereof this is your warrant, given under my hand and seal at Barrington, this 21st day of November, Ad 1785.

JOSHUA FOSS, juner.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, February 22, 1786.

DEAR SIR, — I don't know how many weeks after the date of yours of Jan. 10th and 12th had elapsed before I received it; but I believe I have not answered it. From your manner of writing about Josey's binding your History, I judge that you are pleased with his proficiency, and I feel no doubt that you will yet enjoy much greater pleasure arising from the same cause. I cannot answer any of your questions about the judges in New Jersey, as I never knew the particulars of the affair you allude to, but have only understood, in general, that upon a trial, in consequence of some act of the New Jersey Assembly,

the judges refused to decide according to the act, because they considered it as passed in violation of the Constitution of the State. I think Squire "foss" will never make a very respectable figure in history: *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.* Had I been constable, as the thing was so civilly *requested* in the name of the State, I would most certainly the said mare have brought before the squire, even if he had been in the *Prætorium.* I sent the warrant to *our* judge, to make him laugh. Our boy and girl prove a valuable acquisition. I do not understand that the commissioners have yet returned from the Indian country: their success, I suspect, is rather doubtful. My tables were composed during the war, and at that time the value of dollars in South Carolina and Georgia was as there mentioned; but, since the peace, they have been fixed at 4*s.* 8*d.*, and I understand that all money transactions in £. *s.* *d.* are in *sterling.*

Our winter hitherto has been remarkably moderate, and last week a man offered me wood at my door, at a lower price than I paid for my winter's stock in November. I was in doubt whether I had sent you a plan for liquidating the debts of Pennsylvania, or not; however, I now do it. Shall watch an opportunity of sending my copy of your History (the only one I have) to Dr. Blair, and try to get his opinion of it. Were I in your place (with my present sentiments), I would not hesitate a moment about applying to the G. C. for the use of their Records. Feeling the treatment you have received *so* sensibly as to let it operate either to your own or your family's prejudice is making them persons of too much consequence: besides, you may save your feelings by applying to a different House from the one which offended you. This is not what the Virginians call "*whipping the devil round a stump,*" because in the eye of the law the present House is not the same as the last, though it may consist of the very same members.

I say, continue the History. Should the muff and tippet come to my hands, due attention shall be paid to them. I will write to Dr. Clarkson about a correspondent for Mr. Cutler. Our Assembly is sitting and hammering upon a money bill. There are not nine States yet in Congress.

We are all well, and think and speak affectionately of you and Mrs. Belknap. Sally is gone to Philadelphia on a visit to her friends: we expect her home in a day or two. Little Sam knows most of the letters of the alphabet: his grandmother has *played* him into a knowledge of them.

I send you a New York Register, and with it the love of all my family, as well as that of your friend,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Secret.*

It has appeared to me very probable, my dear sir, for four years past, that I should not long continue in this

---

* There is no date or address to this letter, but it was probably written in the early part of 1786.

Dr. Belknap was settled as minister of the parish in Dover, N.H., in February, 1767, on a salary of £100 a year, "lawful money," or what may be expressed in dollars and cents, $333.33\frac{1}{3}$; but the obligations of his people for the payment of even this small sum were not responded to, and it was the source of constant and extreme embarrassment to him. In the year 1778 he thus writes to a friend: "I scarcely think, from what I have experienced, that I shall be able to obtain the necessaries of life another year, without the most strenuous exertions of those who are my friends from principle; and their influence will not prevail on others to do their duty, so that my support is absolutely become a burden to a people who, I used to think, bore it cheerfully. . . . I am actually obliged to plant my own bread-corn this year, and expect to handle the hoe as a common labourer, as my wife is forced to do the wheel, to the great injury of her health and the neglect of the other necessary business of the family. . . . These things are a continual source of vexation, both of body and mind; they take off my attention from my proper business, and unfit me for the duties of my station."

These troubles "kept his mind in perpetual agitation," until he finally dissolved his connection with the parish in September, 1786. Some details of this unhappy state of things may be seen in the "Life of Dr. Belknap," from which the above extract is taken. — EDS.

place. The probability has been increasing every year; especially at this time of the year, which is the usual season for settling my annual accounts. I need not trouble you with a detail of reasons; some of them may be obvious; others are of such a kind as I should not choose to commit to paper. This I am determined upon, — not to have any controversy with the people; and, if possible, not to say any thing which might have a tendency to discourage another person from settling with them, for I really wish them well, and they have at present no suspicion of my intentions. My principal concern is to be usefully employed in such a way as shall not be a hindrance to literary improvement, and to provide a decent maintenance and proper education for my family. These latter cannot be had here, nor is it possible for me here to indulge that strong relish for the conversation of men of sense and learning, which has been growing upon me for years. Should I remove, there is no certainty that I shall prefer settling again in the same employment. The *indelible character* does not appear in the same light to me as to many others. But this I am certain of, that I shall prefer some capital town to those rural scenes with which I was so delighted in my younger years, and a return to my native place would be extreemly eligible. But prudence requires that, before any decisive step be taken, there be some eventual encouragement to my acquiring a livelihood in such a way as may suit my capacity, and be no hurt to my reputation. I have neither the art nor the ambition to be rich. A thought has lately come into my mind, which I will disclose to you. Suppose there should happen a vacancy in the Post-office Department, in the place above mentioned, and no more suitable person should be recommended, would not my friend bestow such a gift on me? Indeed, I am unacquainted with the requisite conditions and probable emoluments; but, supposing the former attainable, and the latter *not* adequate,

might I not, with the addition of some other matters, which would not be out of my line, do as well for myself and family, and be as usefully employed, as I have any prospect of in this place?

Whatever remarks you may make on this reverie, be so kind as to put on a separate piece of paper.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, March 9, 1786.

My dear Sir, — I have received yours of 22d ult., inclosing a "New York Register," and a "Plan for liquidating the Debts of Pennsylvania," &c.; also, one since, inclosing some communications from Dr. C.'s family to mine; and, I assure you, I do much rejoice in the connexion, formed and forming, between us and that very worthy family, for the introduction to which I am greatly obliged to *you*. Lately you have been in a great hurry. Have you got through with the new plan, and got matters going so as to answer the end? and what do you think will be its success?

I want to ask you a question, to which, from your situation, I believe you can give a satisfactory answer. A worthy friend of mine (in the clerical line), whose support is small, has a mind to remove from under the sweep of Ursa Major towards the more fertile and enlivening regions of the S.W. He has a large family to provide for, a turn for agriculture, can occasionally practice in the medical way, or officiate as a tutor, if requisite. His present object is the *Ohio country*, and he wishes to know on what terms land can be obtained, for what species of pay, what is the *real* state of danger from the Indians, where the best scite for such a person, and whether one of his *abilities* (which are above mediocrity) and turn of mind would meet with encouragement from any gentlemen or

set of gentlemen who are connected in that quarter.* Now, my dear sir, as he has applied to me on this subject, I have promised to make enquiry for him; and I beg the favour of you, when you can attend to it, to enable me to give a proper answer.

Do you see how lavish our North East printers are of *blacking*, and how wantonly they lay it on poor Dr. Whackum, as they have named him? Have you ever seen, or has anybody seen, any specimen of his work? Has he obtained any subscriptions at the southward, and what sort of a business is it likely to be on the whole?

Oh! my country! To what an alarming situation are we reduced, that Congress must say to us, as Joshua did to Israel, "Behold, I set before you life and death." I really pity the members of that honourable body. Like a company of old Indian sachems (who have no *real* authority), sitting over the council fire and smoking their pipes, surrounded by belts of wampum, the emblematic remembrancers of treaties and negociations, calling upon the *young men* and warriors, advising, exhorting, and remonstrating, while those who *ought* to hear and obey are determined to do as they please, and to mind the counsels of their fathers only when their interest or passions do not urge to the contrary. Is this picture heightened? or do the States really resemble a set of giddy, unrestrained youth, bidding defiance to the admonitions of age and experience? We want such a rousing publication as the *Farmer's Letters* were in 1768. We want more such writers as Ædanus Burke in South Carolina. In short, we want some imminent common danger pressing hard upon us, to make us feel our need of union; and I always thought, as I believe I have more than once expressed to you, that, when such a pressure was removed, internal repulsion would succeed. We must be drove to our duty, and

* Dr. Manasseh Cutler is the person here referred to. — Eds.

be taught by briars and thorns, as Gideon taught the men of Succoth.

Pray how is the appointment of Mr. Temple relished by your great men, and how does he conduct in his now *unequivocal* situation?

I rejoice in your family prosperity, and the growing felicity attendant on the advancing state of Mr. Samuel's intellects. I wish he may be as really a *man of letters* (not in Dr. Byles's sense of the phrase) as his father, and have all the engaging and obliging qualifications of his mother. His grandame cannot be more happily employed than in teaching his "young ideas how to shoot."

Your repeated advice, about the continuing my History, is under consideration, and has great weight with me; but, from what I have already experienced, I cannot heartily adopt *one* of your ideas, viz., that the neglecting it would "operate to the prejudice of my family." If ever I undertake it, it must be in the exercise of self-denial and disinterested benevolence. Since you left Philadelphia, I scarce ever see any of the papers from thence. Would it be too much trouble to ask Mr. Bryson to put up a few now and then, if any spare ones should be thrown into his office? Having got a little acquaintance with the run of political matters, and public characters there, I am loth to quit it.

How does *fulmen eripuit* conduct, and how is he approved in his curule department?*

Mrs. B. begs me to join her name to mine, in the most affectionate salutations to Mrs. H., your mamma, son, and self.

My best respects to Dr. R. and lady, not forgetting the "*bill to bill.*" I am, my dear sir, with the truest regard, your very affectionate and much obliged friend

JERE. BELKNAP.

* Dr. Franklin, having returned from Europe, was now President of Pennsylvania. — EDS.

P. S. Did you see in the papers a pompous proposal of a fellow at Dartmouth to turn the sea into fresh water by means of an artificial waterspout? Poor Pater West! that Israelite indeed, has been the dupe of a wretched swindler, who, after imposing on his credulity, and cheating another person out of 100 dollars, which he gave to be let into the secret, has absconded. I am not fully acquainted with the nature or manner of the deception; but it was done by putting fresh water *privately*, and salt water *visibly*, into a hogshead of sand, then drawing off the former, and leaving the latter.

The enclosed for my son contains Dr. Watts's set of catechisms, lately reprinted here. I hope the bulk will not be inconvenient for the mail. You will see, by our papers, that our Major General has resigned his offices. The big fellows cannot agree. J. L. has got his brother, W. L., made a judge, *vice* Whipple, deceased. S., though one of the council of appointment, was not present when it was done: they took advantage of his absence to do it. This nettled him, and brought on the resignation. I suppose he expects to be biggest of all next year, and there will be a pull for it between him and J. L.* Our G. C. quarrelled among themselves, and broke up. Some wanted the Navigation Act repealed, and others the Tender Act; but neither are done. Fine times!

We are advancing fast towards aristocracy.

Have you seen Abbé Mably's letters?

---

* For a better understanding of New Hampshire politics at this time, and the questions which divided its prominent men, — including those referred to in this and the following letters; namely, John Sullivan, John Langdon, Woodbury Langdon, and Samuel Livermore, — see "The Military Services and Public Life of Major-General John Sullivan," &c., "by Thomas C. Amory," Boston, 1868. — Eds.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Dover, March 25, 1786.

Dear Sir, — This is the first time it has been in my power to send you my Election Sermon since my return from the southward. I know not by what policy my quota of copies was detained from me; but, after trying several ways to get them, in vain, I at length made use of a person whom I knew to be indefatigable in the pursuit of any and every thing he undertakes; and, by his means, I got 20 copies. The person I allude to is no *less* than General S., who stands at present candidate and competitor with J. L. for our curule chair.

Would you believe it, there is a party here who got S. L. chosen to go to Congress, and pressed and urged him exceedingly to go; and, now he is gone, pretend that he has vacated his seat as Chief Justice, and want to get W. L. into his place. If you are at a loss for quacks and jockies, in the science of government, we can abundantly supply you, and be no losers.

If it be not too much trouble, please to forward, by the mail, one of these copies to Dr. Styles, at New Haven, and one to Rev. Mr. Eliot, of Fairfield; the others are for Dr. Rogers and yourself.

Mrs. B. joins in affectionate salutations to Mr. Hazard and lady, and mother, and Sammy, with

Your truly respectful, obedient, and obliged friend,

Jere. Belknap.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, April 15, 1786.

Dear Sir, — Since mine by last post, I have received yours of 25th ult., with two of your Election Sermons. One I delivered to Dr. Rodgers, who thanks you for it, as

I do for mine. There seems to be curious shuffling and cutting among you; but I suspect S. L. will take care not to be ousted, as I understand he has returned home. I forgot to tell you, in my last, that Aitken has printed a 2d volume of the American Philosophical Transactions. I have seen part of it: it will be clever. I observe they have got your account of the White Hills in it, though I told them, when I gave it in, that you desired it might not be published. I suppose they forgot this, but, as they have given you credit for it, it cannot be deemed piracy, if you should reprint it in the 2d volume of your History. Pray, can you tell me in what forwardness the philosophers of Massachusetts have got their intended volume of Transactions? The enclosed came to hand this morning. I see the Massachusites are now attacking Bishop Seabury *manibus, pedibus, unguibus, et rostro:* it seems as if they thought no game under a D.D. worthy of their pursuit. We are all well, and join as usual in love to Mrs. Belknap and yourself.

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mycall yet.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, May 31, 1786.

DEAR SIR, — I have been here about 3 weeks; and, finding that Dr. G. had recommended me to his people, and they were desirous of my help, I have preached to them two Sabbaths, and expect to be there again the next.* What farther may turn up I know not.

Yesterday I was present at a meeting of the American

---

* This was the parish over which the historian, Dr. Gordon, who returned to England this year, had been settled for some time. — EDS.

Academy. Business was conducted with great propriety, under the truly amiable and worthy gentleman who presides. Dr. Williams read us a long lecture on the "*motion of heat*," that the heat is communicated from the sun to the earth, and goes off from the earth into that part of space which surrounds it. If all the heat communicated from the sun had been retained, the earth must have been long since burned up: it goes off in exhalations, which form clouds; those at the polar regions exhibit the appearance called Aurora Borealis and Australis. One observation I never heard before, viz., that the magnetic needle is affected by these Auroræ, both in its variation and dip, being in a vibratory motion during the continuance of the vapour. We shall have the whole, some time or other, I suppose, in print. Pray was you a subscriber for the Transactions of this Academy? Let me know; and, if not, I will contrive to get you one of the books. If you were, I suppose the printers will send it. Some letters from you may have passed me, and gone on to Portsmouth. In that case, I shall probably get them next week. Pray to what part of the city are you removed? and how does your lady like her new situation? My love to her, to your mother and son. I am in an unsettled state, which, after so long domestication, is rather unnatural; but the voice of Providence must be obeyed, and the advice of friends regarded; and certainly no man ever had more valuable ones, here and elsewhere, than

Your truly affectionate and obliged

JEREMY BELKNAP.

The inclosed I send open, and beg you will forward it, when you write yourself.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, June 3, 1786.

Dear Sir, — If you know the custom of this city, you will not wonder that your favour of 8th May has remained so long unanswered. It is our invariable practice to hire houses until *the 1st May;* that is, our year terminates then, and all who are to remove *must* do it on that day, unless some particular circumstance (such as the houses they leave not being rented) fortunately allows a little respite. The enormous rents demanded by landlords last year obliged an unusual number of tenants to remove this year, and me among the rest. The whole city was in an uproar, and some streets almost impassable for carts loaded with furniture. Each house exhibited a scene of confusion, some furniture going into it, some coming out, at the same time, and none in its proper place; heads and servants of different families in each house, taking care of their own effects, and each watching the other, as if suspicious of theft, to prevent mistakes about the furniture; the ideas of every person as much confused as his house. From these hints, let your imagination paint the situation of New York upon the 1st of May. But the confusion is not of so short duration, for you go into a *dirty* house, and it must be cleaned from top to bottom before you can fix your furniture. Then comes whitewashing, scouring, scrubbing, and perhaps painting, washing windows, &c., &c. In the house I came to, two good hands were fully employed for nine days (equal to one person 18 days) in this pretty business. Then comes the putting up the furniture; and, after that is done, a fortnight, at least, is necessary to get your brains in order.

> This is the lot of all who move
> Upon the first of May.

Some have severer trials; for it happens, in many cases,

that the Mysteries of Lucina are to be celebrated about that time. This had nearly happened in my family; and I really feared that the thoughts and anxiety about moving, or the *mental* fatigue attending the operation, would have made "confusion worse confounded;" but, fortunately for me, there are philosophers among the women, as well as the men, and my *daughter* Betsey did not make her appearance before the 26th May, the very day on which her brother was two years old, by which time we had got pretty well prepared for her. This business has been in hand above a week; and, so far, has been satisfactorily conducted. Other matters have called for so much of my attention that my office is even yet in some measure deranged; and, when my brains will be settled, time only can determine, but I hope it will be before the 1st of next May. In the midst of the confusion, I received several things from our friend Dr. Clarkson, for you, which I now forward. In one of his letters, he intimates that he was rather behind his friend B. in polite attentions, and requests me to apologize for him; but, to you, who know the man, I fancy very little apology is necessary. I hear nothing of M. Abbeville and your books yet, but shall pay proper attention to them when they arrive. Dr. Ramsay *has* a copy of your History: he insisted on my selling him mine; but it will make no odds to you; for, as I shall buy another, this will make it exactly the same as an exchange upon the principle you propose. The proceeds of your sales here shall be remitted to Mr. Aitken, as you desire. I am extremely mortified and vexed at your giving up the 300 dollars; not by the goodness of heart which you discovered by the action, but by the villainy which made it necessary. Oh, how happy should I be, were it in my power to fix you among more honest folks! I have written to our friend the Doctor on the subject, but no prospect opens yet which even flatters us with promises.

When your books arrive, I will perform your promise to Dr. Styles. My mother and Mrs. H. (who, according to the stale reply, is as well as can be expected) join me in very sincere regards to yourself and Mrs. Belknap, and I am, my dear sir,

Your friend and very humble servant,

EBEN. HAZARD.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that your long political letter of March 3, 1784, has lately appeared in the New Haven Gazette, No. 13, with the following introduction by the printer: —

"The following letter is from an unknown hand. The sentiments are important, and deserve consideration: they therefore ought not to be concealed from the view of the public."

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, June 21, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR, — By your description of the 1st of May at New York, it resembles the hurry and crowding occasioned by a great fire, and is as complete a contrast to the manner of celebrating the same day in the suburbs of Philadelphia, as can be conceived. When I began to read it I was in pain for Mrs. Hazard, lest she should have been surprized in the midst of it, but am extreemly happy to find by your account that she passed that trial, and has in your new *quieted* domestic scene presented you with a daughter. Pray accept, both of you, mine and Mrs. B.'s cordial congratulations on that glad occasion.

I have lately seen in some papers several parts of a letter which I wrote to you on the state of the country, and was wondering how they got publick. Your last informs me that the New Haven printer has published the whole; but pray how came it in his hands? Can you send me

his Gazette of the 11th of May; for, if it *is* printed, I should like to see it; and, if it was done by *your judgment* and permission, I have not a word to say against it, though without my knowledge or consent. Had I prosecuted my John Bull plan, I should have enlarged upon the fable of the clock and 13 hammers; but other things have put fables out of my mind for the present.

Pray give my best regards to the worthy Ulysses, and thank him in my name for the valuable books he sent me through your hands. I would write to him, and write largely on the subject of the Common Prayer, Articles, &c., on which we discoursed at his house; but he must excuse me for the present, and so must you, from being very particular and punctual, until I get the grand affair of my removal from hence fully accomplished. The etiquette of removing a minister from a parish in New England is as tedious as obtaining a divorce in the spiritual courts; and I am now in the worst part of it, viz., consulting and debating and waiting the answer of the parish to a proposal which I have made, either for *their* formal dismission of me or the calling a council. If I should not have my brains at liberty to frame a letter to you for a month to come, pray forgive me, and rest assured that I am, in all circumstances and places,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

JERE. BELKNAP.

Mr. Libbey will enclose you an 8 dollar piece, which please to forward on my account to Mr. Aitken.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR, — For the old reason I have two of your letters of old dates which are yet unanswered. When

shall I be able to be a punctual correspondent again? It pleased me when I was informed that business was so well conducted at the Academy. I *was* a subscriber for their Transactions, and at the request of the secretaries received subscriptions from others; but not a book (that I know of) has been sent to either of us. Mr. Guild was here some time ago, and I mentioned it to him: he promised to attend to it when he returned, but I have heard no more of it.

You want to know what part of the city I have removed to. I live now at No. 58 in the Broadway, very near the Oswego Market, which, you may remember, is opposite to the small street you went down to get to the ferry from this city to Paulus Hook. We like our new situation much. "Ma'am" says, the house we live in is like a *Philadelphian* house. There is a great deal in *that*, you know. "De gustibus non est disputandum." *Now* I will tell you how your letter came to be published, though at the time it was done I did not choose to do it, that I might preclude the *possibility* of discovering the writer. The sentiments it contained were just; and, as the state of the Union (even so long after the letter was written) still continued the same, I thought the publication might be the means of producing effects which would be of advantage to the public. With this view I determined upon it. There was no name to the MS., nor was the name of the place from whence it came mentioned in any part of it; and, as it came *enclosed*, even the name of the person to whom it was directed did not appear. Under these circumstances there was but little danger of the writer's being known; and, to increase the difficulty, I gave the MS. to the clerk in the post-office, without letting him know from whom it came originally, and directed him to send it to *New Haven* to be printed, without informing the printer from whom he got it; and, when printed, it was to be returned, as it has been. This is the history of the publi-

cation. I did not consult you about it, because it appeared unnecessary, as your name was not to be known. I have tried to get one of Meigs's Papers for you, but failed in the attempt.

July 29.

Four days ago I began to write to you, but was obliged to make a pause: now I go on again. Your letter to Dr. Gordon shall be forwarded, when I write. A letter from him, dated London, June 6, informs me of his safe arrival. How goes on the affair of your unsettling and resettling? Are you fixed, or likely to be so? The half Joe from Mr. Libbey was received and paid to Mr. Aitken.

Your books arrived here, and have been advertised; but not *one* of them is sold yet. I suppose it is owing to the scarcity of cash. I dined yesterday with the President of Congress, and the literary productions of the country formed one of the topics of conversation. Your History was mentioned, and approved by those who had seen it: those who had not were informed where it was to be sold, and I thought some of them spoke as if they intended to purchase. Have you done with the Lamentations of Deborah? I have just received *my* certificate from the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia; and, as my friend tells me it was sent "*with others*," I suppose yours and Mr. Cutler's are on their way. Mrs. H. has not *quite* recovered yet. However, she joins with the rest of us (who are well) in very cordial attachment to yourself and Mrs. Belknap.

I am, dear sir, your friend,

Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Portsmouth, Sept. 27, 1786.

My dear worthy Friend, — I am perfectly ashamed that I have so long not answered your favour of (if I re-

member right) July last. Never was I in such an unsettled state since you knew me, and now more so am I than ever. The prospect I had of a settlement with my people is all vanished, and I am now wholly freed from them, and have been preaching for two Sabbaths past at Exeter; but no prospect as yet opens for a resettlement.

You will doubtless, before this reaches you, have heard of the insurrection in this State, which, by the very firm and prudent conduct of General Sullivan, has been happily suppressed without blood, and in a manner which will tend to strengthen government (such as it is, and a poor one is better than none at all), but especially to fix our militia on a respectable footing. Sullivan has really done himself honour, and the State service. But the spirit of knavery is so subtile and powerful, that I am afraid we have much more difficulty yet to go through.

I really long to be able, with a quiet mind and a free pen, to sit down and write you a serious letter. When shall I again feel settled? To remove, and be an itinerant for any length of time, will be a very disagreeable circumstance to one who enjoys domestic scenes like me.

My best regards to Mrs. Hazard. Pray, my dear sir, continue to write to me; and, if I am not so punctual in my returns as I ought, attribute it entirely to my unavoidable circumstances.

I am, my dear sir, with the purest affection and respect,

Your obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

DOVER, October 25, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR, — I may very well begin this letter, as you did your last, with this exclamation: "When shall I be able to be a punctual correspondent again?" My time

for 5 or 6 weeks past has been divided between Portsmouth, Exeter, and Dover, and I am now preparing for a journey to Boston, after next week. Since I quitted the pulpit here, I have been employed in preaching at the second parish in Exeter, late Father Rodgers's, who died last winter. Things are in an uncomfortable situation in the other parish; but, if there could be an accommodation, or rather settlement, with their minister, I imagine he would quit them, and there would be a junction. How this matter will end, I am not able to say; but at present there is no prospect *here.** The reason of my introducing the matter, however, is this: I see by the papers that it is in contemplation to establish a post-rider from Boston to Concord, and from thence to Portsmouth; in that case, you may think it proper to have a post-office *here,** and I would beg the favour of you to ask *me* to recommend some person to you for a post-officer. It may give me an air of consequence among the people, and serve my interest, and I trust it will be so conducted as not to disserve the revenue; especially, as I would consult our approved and faithful friend *Libbey* on the subject. You will pardon my meddling with your business. I hope you will not deem it an impertinent intrusion.

I remember, when you removed your family to New York, you complained of the inconvenience. I now can, more fully than I could then, adopt the same language and entertain the same feelings. Once I could be at home anywhere. From the time I went to college till my settlement at Dover I had near as many removals as Mother Rowlandson (this is a New England comparison, and will make Mrs. Hazard laugh). I could take up my chest and march at any time, and feel as happy in one place as another; but, having been so long used to a settled life, it is irksome to *be obliged* to be on the pad. I say *obliged*,

* Though I began this at home, yet I am obliged to continue and finish it at Exeter, and thus exemplify what I say in the beginning. — *Belknap's Note.*

for a voluntary exercise of the locomotive powers is perfectly agreeable to me; but I must submit. I thank God I feel perfectly willing to be continued in His service, if He will appoint me a portion of His vineyard to labour in, where I shall not be obliged to have recourse to *law* and distraint to obtain my support. I think a minister's relation, or rather connection, with his people, ought to be upheld by mutual love and good-will, and not *vi et armis*. I have experienced the ill consequence of this latter method so fully, that I had rather remove into the desert and begin on bare creation than have recourse to such means. But enough of this, *infandum renovare dolorem*.

Your papers I happen to have in my pocket book, and therefore inclose them with my thanks. In looking for them, I find the following extract, which I took last spring, as I was searching some of the Records at Boston: it chords with your conjecture concerning the fate of Philip's wife and son.

"At a General Court *specially* called in Boston 6th Sept., 1676. (N.B. This was about 2 or 3 weeks after Philip's death.) There being many of our Indian enemyes seized, and now in our possession, the Court judgeth it meete to refer the disposal of them to our honoured Council, declaring it to be their sense that such of them as shall appeare to have imbrued their hands in English blood should suffer death here, and not be transported into forreigne parts." *

I intend, in case I have no call to preach abroad the approaching winter, to set myself about the continuation of my History. Pray, my friend, have you sent any of the copies to New Haven? You remember I promised one to the College Library, and a dozen to Dr. Stiles, for

* The case of Philip's son occasioned much anxiety and discussion among the magistrates and ministers; but it was finally decided that he should be sold. See Davis's Morton's Mem., p. 455. — Eds.

sale. I have lately sent Aitken about 20 dollars, and I think the debt is reduced to about £50 L.M.

I enclose you General Sullivan's Proclamation for Thanksgiving, which he did me the honour to ask me to draught. Some of the expressions are Mr. Mansfield's;* but, if you show it to Mrs. Hazard, she will immediately suspect one expression marked —— to be mine, because it includes *molasses;* however, I seriously declare I did not think of that precious commodity till after the Proclamation was printed, and I had determined to send you a copy.

The General is now gone a month's tour (as far as the upper Cohass) to review the militia. We could not have had a better *military* governour, and certainly one of this character is necessary at this day. Massachusetts suffers for want of a militia, and a little more *spunk* in her Executive. They have, I hear, made a Tender Act, and been obliged to suspend its operation, owing to the clamour of the Bostonians against it. This will furnish a new argument with the conventioneers against the sitting of the G. Court in Boston. What are we coming to? Republicanism must give way, and what will succeed?

Pray write me your mind on public matters. I love to have your thoughts, because you are in the centre of politics, and can form a good judgment.

I am ashamed that I have not written lately to Dr. Clarkson, and acknowledged the receipt of the books he sent me; but, really, my embarrassments have been such that I have not been able to write such a letter as I ought.

---

* The Rev. Isaac Mansfield, for eleven years minister at Exeter, N. H. Since the sheets in the former part of this volume were printed, it has been suggested to the writer that Mr. Mansfield was probably the person intended by "the Democritus of Exeter," referred to on pp. 43, 44, and 46; and that the speech of the "pro tempore speaker," preserved by him, was made by the Hon. John Dudley, afterwards Judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, whose charge to the jury on one occasion is preserved in the "Life of William Plumer," by his son, at pp. 153–155. —Eds.

Pray give my most affectionate regards to him and his worthy family; also the same to Mrs. Hazard and your good mamma. I am, dear sir,

Your very sincere and much obliged friend,

J. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, December 2, 1786.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Our correspondence has been for some months greatly interrupted by the instability of my affairs; and, when I shall again feel myself settled, Heaven only knows. My last, I think, was from Exeter: since that was wrote, I have been at Jamaica Plain, at Weymouth, and now I am here for about three weeks, engaged to the society of which Mr. Annan was late minister, which society have lately voted themselves a Congregational Church.*

I am such a flutterer that I suppose you hardly know where to take aim; but, my dear sir, if you should find time to write within the above mentioned period, please to direct to me here.

Well, my good friend, you will hear, perhaps before this reaches you, that old Massachusetts has come into the old maxim, "Better late than never." I have been telling

* This was originally, 1727, a Presbyterian Society, composed of a number of Scotch-Irish families from the north of Ireland. Their meeting-house was on the corner of Bury (Berry) Street and Long Lane, now Federal Street. Their first minister was the Rev. John Moorhead, who died in 1773. From his death to the year 1783, when the Rev. Robert Annan was settled, the troubles of the Revolutionary war intervened, and the Society had no regular minister. Mr. Annan was dismissed in 1786, and Dr. Belknap was invited to succeed him, the Society having become Congregational. He was settled April 4, 1787, and continued there till his sudden death, June 20, 1798. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. S. Popkin, July 10, 1799, dismissed Nov. 28, 1802. Rev. W. E. Channing was settled June 1, 1803, died Oct. 2, 1842. Rev. E. S. Gannett was settled (colleague) June 30, 1824, died Aug. 26, 1871. In 1867 the Society removed to a new meeting-house on the Back Bay, corner of Arlington Street; and the old Federal Street building, erected in 1809, gave way to the demands of business. — EDS.

my friends here for some time that they must, *for once*, follow the example of New Hampshire, and send their military inquisitors to surprize the insurgents when they are scattered and think themselves secure. This week has afforded a proof of the justice and propriety of this advice. A party of horse was despatched to Groton, where 3 of the leaders of insurrection were taken, and among them the proto-rascal Job Shattuck, who fought singly with two of his assailants, and did not surrender till a third joined in the assault. His heroism was worthy a better man and a better cause. He received a deep wound in his knee with a sabre, which it is supposed will make him a cripple. The mode adopted to apprehend these fellows is to issue a warrant, and send the sheriff with an armed posse to execute it. Another posse is now gone on the western road, to visit Wheeler and Shays. I am afraid they will meet with more difficulty; but, if they do, they will be reinforced. The Government seems to be awake, and determined to exert its strength; and, if the matter must come to a bloody contest, our good old General Lincoln is to take the command: he has resumed his uniform and cockade on this occasion.

My family were well last Sunday evening. It is very painful for me to be separated from them so long; but duty and interest call me, and I feel a conscious satisfaction in being able to say, with the pious Dr. Watts in his version of the Psalms: —

> "I to the Lord my ways commit,
> And cheerful wait His will:
> Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet
> Shall my desires fulfil."

Present my best respects to Mrs. Hazard and your good mamma, and believe me, my dear sir,

Your affectionate and obliged

JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, January 20, 1787.

My dear Sir, — It is unfortunate for me that your troubles and mine come at the same time, because I may appear to neglect you in a trying season, when even the *sympathy* of friendship would administer consolation. Ever since August, I have been up to the eyes (aye, and deeper) in business, without more help than when you were here. I have been obliged to send twice for Mr. Bryson, and to go once to Philadelphia, which detained me three weeks from home. Such work sending the mail by stage makes!

Your situation has given me not a little uneasiness, and I have often wished it was in my power to help you; but I fear I shall not be able to do as much as I could wish. The trifle you request respecting the appointment at Exeter should be granted immediately; but Mr. Hastings has contracted with me for the route by way of Concord, and it lies with him to make appointments. In a letter dated October 5, 1786, Doctor Gordon writes me: "Methinks I should like to hear that our friend Belknap is my successor at the Plain. When you write to him, let him know that 19 copies of what were sent are unsold, and that it is the opinion of Messrs. Dilly & Longman that it would not be adviseable to depend upon the sale of any number of copies of the 2d volume in Great Britain. I will make enquiry soon what the printing of a similar volume with the 1st will cost, if only 250 copies, and if 500, and send his brother Eliot word." How came this extract to be inserted here? Why, just because it happened to pop into my head, and I feared it would be forgotten if I wait for a proper place for it. "So, as I was going to say," you left a good name in Philadelphia, and

there are some folks there who have almost as good an opinion of you as I have.

Mr. M. Clarkson and I laid our heads together about you. You must know that some time ago he wrote me that a magazine was established at Philadelphia, and the proprietors proposed to employ men of genius as writers, and to pay them for it; and asked me, "Could not your friend Mr. B. be helped in this way?" I found, upon enquiry, that the proprietors could hardly form a conjecture how much they could afford to give writers, as they could not yet judge what encouragement they themselves should meet with. When I was at Philadelphia, I conversed with Mr. Clarkson upon this subject, and in the course of the conversation he suggested a new idea: that it would be worth while for the proprietors to have a proper person for *editor* of the Magazine, and make it worth his attention. This was a good thought, and it led to another: that it was very probable that, if you were the editor, we might find means to get you appointed Keeper of the Library in Carpenters' Hall, which is worth about £60, Pennsylvania currency, per annum. When we had so far digested the plan, I got Mr. C. to go at once to Mr. *Cary* (who seems to be the acting proprietor), and broach it to him. This produced an interview between Mr. Cary and me the next day. Mr. C. had referred him to me for particular information about you. I informed him that I could not tell what your views and intentions were; but, from the attachment to Philadelphia which you had discovered, I apprehended you might be removed thither, if suitable encouragement were given, and that I thought you would be a valuable acquisition. He said they could hardly determine yet what encouragement they could give, but had thought of 2 guineas for each original piece of 4 or 5 columns (2 pages or $2\frac{1}{2}$), and he supposed that would be their offer for one piece a month; however, when they met, he would let me know what they deter-

mined on, and at that time he would suggest to them the idea of an *editor*. I told him that you were a perfect stranger to the whole of this business, and did not know that any thing respecting you was in contemplation; that the matter had originated with Mr. C——n and myself, who, from the opinion we had of you, wished to make you a Pennsylvanian; and that, if the offer was such as I thought would be an inducement, I would see what could be done. He said it could not be expected that the undertaking, especially in its infancy, would enable them to offer a sum equal to the support of a family; but, if Mr. B. could follow some other employment too, this might be a valuable addition; however, whatever it was, he would let me know. I must add here that Mr. Cary proposes publishing a *Musæum*, upon the plan of Almon's Remembrancer, which is intended as a repository for good fugitive pieces, which would otherwise be lost. This is to be a distinct work from the Magazine; and, indeed, I find Mr. Cary is not to be concerned in the Magazine after March next.

This Mr. Cary was one of the proprietors of a newspaper printed in Dublin (I think the Volunteer's Journal),* and was persecuted by Government as such. He appears to be sensible and smart, and has very reputably conducted a newspaper in Philadelphia.† Mr. Spotswood is a bookseller in Philadelphia, who, as well as Mr. Cary, came to America since the peace. Mr. Trenchard I know nothing of. Mr. Cist is a man of sense, and a scholar; he is a printer, who has lived a number of years in America, married in Philadelphia, and is among the foremost in his profession. You may see a specimen of

* Probably the "Freeman's Journal." — Eds.

† The celebrated Matthew Carey came to Philadelphia in 1784, "with scarce a dozen guineas in his pocket." He established the "Pennsylvania Herald" in 1785, and afterwards the "Columbian Magazine" and the "American Museum," and other works. By printing and bookselling he amassed a fortune. He died in 1839, aged seventy-nine. — Eds.

his abilities in a pamphlet styled "Observations on the American Revolution," published by a Committee of Congress in 1779, of which I think I sent you a copy. Now all this long story will serve as an introduction to the two enclosed letters, which will give you farther information.

You see the proprietors offer £100 (266⅔ dollars) per annum, "writing included." This expression must either mean that, *if* you write any pieces for the Magazine, you shall not make an extra charge for them, or that, besides being the *editor*, you should be obliged to furnish a piece each month for that sum: of this I shall desire an explanation. Now think *all* over, and make up your mind about it. All that is positively offered is £100 per annum. You may perhaps get to be Librarian, — £60. This will assist you much, both as a writer and editor. It is also probable that you may get something from Cary for assisting him in furnishing materials for the Musæum. But all this will not be enough to maintain your family in Philadelphia: if something in addition could be thought of, it might do, provided it is not incompatible with the others. Perhaps your invention may suggest this. How would keeping a school, or being a tutor in an academy, do? After all, may be you may say, "Why does my friend H. trouble his head so much about the matter? I have not given him any hint that I wish to go to Philadelphia?" It is very true: perhaps I have gone farther than I ought, but I was led to it by considering your unsettled situation, and a wish to make you more comfortable; and, if any hints I have suggested will produce this effect, I shall be very happy. I thought of *Philadelphia*, because I know you like the place, and I know no other where you will be so likely to meet with encouragement. A removal will be troublesome and expensive; but it would be worth while to remove, if you could *be sure* of a comfortable settlement afterwards. To obtain this certainty is the difficulty.

What I have proposed will go some way towards it, but not far enough. Your own thoughts may supply the deficiency. The expence of living in a plain but decent style in Philadelphia, I suppose, will be about £400 that currency per annum; but, then, there are many ways of getting money in such a city, which *Dover* knows nothing of; besides, it is probable that, after you became acquainted there, you might put your children to learn trades, and thus make your family less expensive. After all I have said, I cannot *advise* you how to act. You know the place, you have some little acquaintance with the genius and manners of the people, and you know your present situation and prospects. Judge for yourself. Be your determination what it may, I wish to hear from you soon, that I may have something to say to Mr. Cary; and, when you are about it, I wish you would write me *separatim* such a letter as I may enclose to him for his information: the communications which confidence in a friend may dictate should be another sheet of paper. Had I not told you the situation I have been in, I should be ashamed to acknowledge that your books are not yet sent to New Haven; but you may depend upon their being sent soon now.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, February 2, 1787.

My very dear Friend, — It is impossible for words to convey the feelings of my heart on receiving yours of the 20th ult. I thank you, sir, I thank Mr. Clarkson, and I beg you will communicate my thanks to him in your own words. I remember the benignity that beamed in his countenance during the very short and only opportunity I had of conversing with him at his house; and it led me to wish for a farther acquaintance with him. There is something singularly good in that worthy family, and that

peculiarly engages my affections and esteem. I shall never forget the Doctor and his amiable children. Inclosed is a letter, which my daughter wishes forwarded to the *little Roman.* I am almost afraid the Doctor will think me ungrateful that I have not written to him; but the unsettled state of my affairs, and consequently of my mind, for several months past, must be my apology for this omission.

I have been here, my dear friend, about three months. So long an absence from home is to me a very great *novelty;* but, with all my taste for novelty, this would have been intolerable, had there not been a consciousness of duty and a prospect of usefulness to support me. And now, to speak in the clerical style, "this brings me to" what I intended to say at my first setting out. The society to which I have been ministering here have unanimously given me an invitation to settle with them.* They are small in number, 30 families, and, excepting 3 or 4, not opulent: the encouragement they offer is therefore not large, but is about equal to the editorship and librarianship united, as proposed in your letter; viz., £125 L.M. for a *certainty*, with a promise of increase in case the society should increase, of which there is a good prospect. Now, my dear sir, if, in addition to this, the proprietors of the Magazine and Museum will employ me to collect for them in this quarter, the douceur of a few guineas would not come amiss; and I think my opportunities for usefulness in this way would be considerable, if I am fixed in Boston. Pray is the Magazine begun? If it is, I beg to have the numbers that are out; if not, let me have a subscription paper for that and the Museum, and I will do the best I can for both.

My fondness for Philadelphia is indeed great; but nothing, my dear sir, can exceed my attachment to this place.

* I enclose a copy of the call, that you may see something of the spirit of the persons. — *Belknap's Note.*

Here are my natural, original friends, whom I have loved from my infancy; here are Mrs. Belknap's friends; here are the companions of my childhood and youth, and every one whom I meet is expressing such cordial satisfaction at the prospect of my settling among them, as gives me a pleasing hope that the remainder of my days will be spent in the midst of social endearment and affection. Not that I expect to be free from trouble. I have lived long enough in the world to know what sort of a place it is, and what is to be looked for in it. I think my expectations are moderate; certainly they are, if regulated by experience.

But, however strong my attachment to Boston, I shall always wish to keep up the social intercourse with New York and Philadelphia; and I hope and trust that my opportunities for this will be more frequent and less embarrassed than while I resided in the semi-barbarous region of the North. To you, my dear friend, I shall ever have the strongest attachment; and if, in any way, it shall ever be possible for me to serve you, or any of your connexions, I shall take a supreme pleasure in it. You will please to present my best respects to your wife and mother. By a letter from Mrs. B. I learn that my family were well the beginning of this week.

Now for politicks. The interposition of divine Providence in favour of the Continental Arsenal at Springfield is worthy of notice. You will see by the papers how the force of the insurgents was divided. *Shays* had written to *Day* that he would make an attack on *Shepard* Thursday P.M., at 4 o'clock, on one side, and desired him to attack at the same moment on the opposite side. Their united force was superior to Shepard, and, by dividing his attention, they might have succeeded by a *coup de main*. Day wrote an answer that he should not be ready for the attack till Friday, but would then commence it at the same hour P.M. This letter of Day's was intercepted and brought to Shepard. Shays advanced at the time *he* had

appointed, expecting a co-operation, but found the whole force of Shepard directed against him alone, and retreated. When Lincoln's troops were crossing Connecticut River to West Springfield, the sheriff *read the Riot Act*. Whether the insurgent guard on the shore *heard* this animating lecture, is uncertain; but on *sight* of two pieces of the *ratio ultima* they took to their heels.

The two armies, by the last account, were within ten miles, *sending messages*. I suspect that Lincoln is too much fettered by his instructions. The General Court are now coming together, and, if they do not *increase* his embarrassment, it will be well. They ought to *declare*, what everybody knows to be a fact, that a rebellion exists, and then to "let loose the dogs of war," who, from the animation they have already discovered, will soon seize and worry these ravening wolves. This expedition is supported by a loan to Government from the merchants of Boston and the other sea-ports. £5,000 was subscribed here in about a week. From your former connexion at Jamaica Plain, I think you must know John Tyler: he is adjutant-general under Lincoln, and led the van at West Springfield meeting-house. He advanced within pistol-shot of the enemy before they gave way. I hear he has made prize of Luke Day's sleigh and pair of horses. These insurgents appear to be governed by an enthusiastic frenzy. They intended to arm and equip themselves out of the Continental magazine, to subsist by plundering the country, and to pay themselves out of the Boston Bank. Was there ever a scheme so romantic? Is not their attack on the Arsenal a declaration of war against the United States? and ought not Congress to take them in hand, if this Government should fail of their duty? They appear to be far more dangerous enemies than the Ohio Indians, against whom the United States are sending a force. Let us have peace at home before we engage in war abroad!

I enclose such a letter as will do to communicate to Mr. Carey, with some thoughts on magazines, which are the result of my own observation: they will do no hurt, if they do no good, as the doctors sometimes say of their *medicines*. Should any news or other matters occur before to-morrow, I will add; if not, I now take my leave, and am, dear sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged friend,

JERE. BELKNAP.

February 3.

Lincoln is endeavouring to divide the insurgents from their leaders, by offering to interceed with the Government for the pardon of the *privates* who will lay down their arms. It is said that one of their captains, with 50 men, have deserted them, and taken the oath of allegiance; and that a convoy of provisions, with a guard of 60 men, have fallen into the hands of Government troops.*

Dr. Gordon has written to Mr. Eliot what he intended. There is no encouragement from that quarter to proceed. Will Boston bank-bills answer to remit to New York or Philadelphia? Can they be exchanged?

CALL TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LONG LANE, BOSTON.

BOSTON, January 30, 1787.

REVEREND SIR, — Our manifest wants have long pointed out to us the necessity we are in of a Gospel Minister. The character we have had of you, and our own good opinion of your talents and ability, have induced us to come to a serious resolution of calling and inviting you to

---

* For an account of these proceedings it is hardly necessary to refer the reader to the well-known "History of the Insurrections in Massachusetts in the year 1786," &c., by George Richards Minot. — EDS.

become our Pastor, which we now do, in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the great Head of his Church, and on the behalf of our Society.

We promise to love and obey you in the Lord, and assure you that you shall be as honestly welcome to us in all well-timed admonitions as in your administrations of comfort and consolation in our distresses.

Suffer us, we pray you, to subjoin the obligations which we have laid ourselves under for your comfortable support, so long as the Lord shall be pleased to continue you to be our Minister.

We are, sir, with love and esteem, your most obedient and humble servants,

Simon Elliot,
Robert McNeill,
Robert Wier,
Jno. Boies,
Moses Black,
Archibald McNeill,
Thomas Lamb,
} *Proprietors' Committee.*

To the Rev. Jeremy Belknap.

Boston, January 28, 1787.

At a meeting of the proprietors and others of the *Congregational* Church in Long Lane, Captain Robert Wier, Moderator, voted unanimously: That in case the Reverend Jeremy Belknap settles with us as our minister, we will oblige ourselves to pay him, for his support, from the time he commences his charge, the sum of two pounds eight shillings, L.M., per week, or quarterly, if he chooses it, during the whole time of his ministry among us; and, in case our Society shall increase, and the pews be all occupied, the salary shall then be increased to a comfortable support. Robert Wier, *Moderator.*

Communicated by one of the Deacons, with the following note: —

My dear Sir, — I am happy to have an opportunity to present you the enclosed paper, and hope Divine Providence will afford you that "wisdom which is profitable to direct;" and, be assured, sir, that nothing in my power shall ever be wanting to make the connection happy. I am, Yours, &c., Francis Wright.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, February 3, 1787.

Dear Sir, — I wrote you lately a long letter about *printing* and *publishing;* since then, I have heard again from Mr. Carey, who writes me, January 23d, as follows: "At a meeting of the proprietors of the Magazine, held the 10th inst., it was determined to offer Mr. Belknap £100 for the editorship of the Magazine per annum, including writing, compiling, and revising. If that salary, which appears to me a liberal one, and worthy of him and them, be sufficient inducement for Mr. Belknap's removal to this city, the sooner he makes it convenient to come, the more agreeable it will be to them. It will doubtless prove an additional inducement that they engage themselves for one year certain. I have to add, on my own account, a further reason. If no one anticipates me, I mean to publish an American Annual Register, and to begin as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements, which I presume will be in five or six months. For the historical part, I shall chearfully allow Mr. Belknap, if he undertakes it, about 20 guineas per annum. This, joined to the other salary, would, independent of what a man of Mr. Belknap's talents would be able to provide otherwise, in such a city as Philadelphia, afford a pretty genteel income."

As the above may assist you in forming an opinion, I think it necessary to transmit it, though I have nothing

more to add than that, with sincere regards to Mrs. B., in which Mrs. H. joins, I am,

Yours affectionately,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

February 7, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — I wish the enclosed may go on as soon as possible, as it relates to some things which I have sent by sea, and I wish it may arrive before the vessell.

Since I finished my other letter, the General Court have done their duty by declaring a rebellion to exist. Shays decamped from Pelham Saturday night, his post having been reconnoitred the day before in order to an attack. He is fled northward. Lincoln is pursuing, has taken many prisoners, but none of the greatest rogues yet, as we have heard.

I am this day setting out for Dover, to bring my family here in a sleigh, and hope to be here again next week.

My best regards to Mrs. Hazard and your mother, and I am, dear sir, Your affectionate friend,

JERE. BELKNAP.

I have seen "Alderman Hazard" mentioned in the papers under the New York head. Pray who is he?

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, February 16, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — I arrived here safe with my family the evening before last; and this day Mr. Hastings delivered me your favour of the 3d inst., which had been to Portsmouth, and returned here by that worthy, good, and obliging friend, Mr. Libbey.

The answer which I gave to your former letter on the subject of "printing and publishing," and removing to Philadelphia, and which you had not received at the time of writing *this*, necessarily supersedes a particular answer to *it*. I cannot, however, forbear expressing my satisfaction with Mr. Carey's plan for an "American Annual Register." It is what I have long projected, and wished to have a hand in accomplishing; and, as my situation in this metropolis will give me an opportunity of acquiring considerable information, if Mr. Carey thinks proper to employ me, I will attend to the matter *in earnest*, as far as I am able, and shall be glad to hold a correspondence with him, if he shall think proper to begin. Please to present him my respectful compliments.

Mrs. Belknap joins me in the most cordial salutations to Mrs. Hazard. Your kind attention and concern on my account make a deep impression on her heart, as well as on that of, dear sir,

Your very affectionate and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. What I have said above is not intended as if I would *decline* having a *share* in the Magazine, but the *editorship* I cannot undertake. Pray let me know how long the Magazine has been set a-going.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am happy to learn by yours of 2d inst. that you are once more likely to be settled again. My anxiety on your account has not been small; but I pleased myself with the thought that ere long I should see you decently fixed in Philadelphia, as the offers from thence were growing more and more respectable. In this

I have been disappointed. However, Providence orders matters best; and, though you might probably have got more money in Philadelphia, you will have the satisfaction of being among your relations and intimate friends in Boston, which could not have been the case there. The enclosed, which you see contains an *additional* offer, came to hand I think the very day I received yours informing me of the call. I wrote by first post to Mr. Carey, and enclosed your *extra* letter, desiring him to communicate the contents to Mr. Spotswood, lest he should be disappointed by waiting for your answer. I think you should answer his letter, notwithstanding. The salary the congregation gives you is small; but I doubt not they will add to it by kind attentions in a private way, and I hope to get some guineas for you from Philadelphia, too. Carey must have had my letter upon this subject a day or two; but there has not yet been time for me to receive an answer. Five Nos. of the Magazine, and one of the Musæum, have been published: I send you the latter, but have ne'er a spare copy of the former. I am happy to find that the rebellion in Massachusetts is so nearly crushed: it will have a good effect throughout the Union. Boston bank-bills will not answer to remit, either to this city or Philadelphia; but we can turn them in this way: If I knew the amount, I could draw on you for it, payable in Boston, and receive the money here for my draught; I could then order payment of the same amount to be made in Philadelphia. If this will answer your purpose, let me know what sum to draw for, and it shall be done.

Yours of 7th inst. arrived in good season. I sent the enclosed for Josey to Philadelphia a few hours after I received it.

"Alderman Hazard" is one of my cousins; he was put into office at the last election.

This, I suppose, will find you *at home* in Boston, and Mrs. B. with you: if so, congratulate her, in behalf of

Mrs. H. and myself, upon her resettlement in a Christian country. My mother joins us in wishing you both (with your family) health, happiness, and every other blessing. I am, dear sir,

Yours affectionately, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, February 27, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your kind favour of the 17th inst. came to hand Saturday evening, inclosing one from Mr. Spotswood, and No. 1 of the Museum. I think it will be in my power to contribute largely toward that work. Mr. Spotswood's letter shall be answered. Had I not received my invitation from the congregation here previous to the letters from you and from Philadelphia, I should have been strongly tempted to a removal southward; but it seems as if Divine Providence had laid a prohibition on a farther removal, and I believe it is best, for I have a prospect of being continued in a line of usefulness which grows more familiar and agreeable by experience, and from which I cannot think it expedient to depart on account of any lucrative views, though I have not such an idea as some gentlemen have of the indelible character annexed to the clerical profession.

I have one special inducement to form a connexion with the Brethren of the Type in Philadelphia, which you will easily guess, when you reflect on the situation in which my son is placed. An attachment to the parent may be of some service to the son: therefore, my dear sir, whatever opening these gentlemen may give me shall be improved to the best purpose, and I wish for your influence and advice in the matter. With respect to the bank-bills, I did not ask because I had any sum by me, but merely to know whether that species of pay would

answer, as it is so easy of transportation. When I sell my interest at Dover,* it is probable I shall be able to make some kind of remittance: at present, all the loose coins must be employed in necessary alterations and additions of domestic matters incident to the difference between a Dover and a Boston living. The rebellion is not entirely crushed, though the troops which were first enlisted are returned: *their month was out.* Another body is to be enlisted for *four months;* so we go on, as in the beginning of the war with Brittain. A standing army is now seriously thought of; and I was told, a few days ago, that a famous fifth of March orator was engaged to deliver an oration on the next fourth of July, in favour of what has been reprobated for sixteen years past in these annual exhibitions: so true is that saying, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis." The justices of the Supreme Court are to go immediately in Circuit through the rebellious counties. "Pay well, and hang well," was Oliver Cromwell's maxim of government: a little more of both than we have as yet practised may be serviceable.

Mrs. B. joins in the most cordial salutations to yourself, wife, and mother, with, my dear sir,

Your affectionate and obliged friend,

JERE. BELKNAP.

February 28.

Yesterday, after I had finished the above, I learnt, by a letter from a friend at Keene, in New Hampshire, dated Sunday, that a certain "Silas Hardy, who left Lake Champlain on the preceeding Wednesday, in the morning, met on that day three or four sleighs, with several men and one woman, which he supposed to be fugitives. On his coming to Pitsford, in Vermont, he received certain intelligence that Shays, Wheeler, and one more, left that town on Monday, on their way to Canada." The

* Dr. Belknap sold his house in Dover in 1789. — EDS.

woman is supposed to be Shays's wife, who left home, and passed Northampton on her way to Vermont the week before. Spotswood's letter went, this morning, by a vessell to Philadelphia.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, March 10, 1787.

My dear Sir, — I have this evening received your short favour of the 3d inst., inclosing a New York Register, for which I am much obliged to you, and will send you a Massachusetts one in return, along with one of Mr. Clarke's funeral sermons on Dr. Chauncy. I am glad that the proprietors of the Columbian Magazine have got an editor, and hope he is one that will make the work respectable. Is it in your power to get me on the list of writers or compilers for either of the works which have been mentioned, Magazine, Musæum, or Annual Register?

My instalment is appointed on the 4th of April: It was deferred to that time by my desire, that I might get my family settled. We have been here now about three weeks, and are not yet gone to housekeeping, but are cantoned at different quarters among our friends, waiting the arrival of a vessell, on board of which our household goods are.

To one that has so long been used to a family life, this scattered situation is rather disagreeable; but we have the satisfaction of enjoying the utmost kindness and attention that genuine friendship can afford. The house which I have taken for the present is near Fort Hill, in a very pleasant situation, almost wholly surrounded by gardens, and not overlooked by neighbours: this, you know, is a convenience not always to be had in such a compact place.

With respect to public matters, I cannot say much more than what you will see in the public papers. We are all

agog about elections. What a miserable business is this of annual elections! how unstable the exercise of government, and what compliances are even good men obliged to stoop to, if they mean to keep in place! But it is republicanism, and it is treason to say a word against it. The letter in Meigs's paper (which I received this week from you) has, by a particular friend of mine, been offered to our printers, and they dare not publish it. There is but one person in town that knows I am the author; and it would make me very unpopular, were it known abroad. Our great men cannot bear a word against the present republican system, though some geniuses, particularly of the military order, are frequently condemning it, and setting up a more decisive and efficacious mode.

It is said that the justices of the Supreme Court are not fond of their tour to Berkshire. One of them has said, in a private company, that those who have been taken in arms, after having sworn allegiance to the State, ought to have been hanged on the spot, by court martial.

We have had a very tedious winter, but the snow is now partly liquidated and in motion; so much of it, however, remains consolidated in the streets, that I do not expect to see them wholly cleared for a month to come.

Mrs. B., who quarters with me at her brother's, joins in the most cordial salutations to your good self, wife, and mother. Pray how does Master Sam come on in the interlocutory way, &c.? I am, my dear sir, with much respect, your truly affectionate and obliged friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

P. S. We hear much of Mr. Hamilton's speech in your Assembly, on the Impost. If it is printed, pray let me have it.

11 P.M.

Since writing the within, I am informed that this day the General Court presented the Governour a bill for re-

ducing the Governour's salary to £800. His answer was that, as the bill was directly in the face of the Constitution, he could not pass it into a law; but that, if *he* was chosen for the next year, he should accept the office, that he might perfect the good work he had begun, and should be content with £800 for *his* services. I need make no remark on this, but I sincerely hope he will be chosen. He is intrinsically a good man, in every sense of the word. The Court have, in consequence, cancelled the bill.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, March 14, 1787.

My dear Sir, — Yesterday I was rummaging some old pamphlets (an amusement which is to me what the opening a mine is to some other people), and among them the inclosed, I think, will afford you some materials for an hour's hilarity, when you are fatigued with office cares. The correspondence of the Mason Catechism with one that I formerly gave you is very remarkable, only this is fuller and more particular. *This* I wish you would return, when you have got it by heart, so as to perform the office of catechist upon some younger brethren. The other, on "Health," you may keep, for the benefit of *your health*, and the information of any novice in the medical art who has not yet learnt his decalogue. I can get a duplicate of this curious performance. I am, dear sir, with much esteem,

Your affectionate friend,

J. Belknap.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, 28 March, 1787.

Dear Sir, — I hope this will find you recovered of the pain in your breast which you mention in your last, and which, I suspect, is the consequence of a too close application to business, especially *writing*. Had you not better take to your stirrup for a while, now the spring opens?

The letter from Aitken was, as you supposed, a letter of complaint. I send you my answer open, that you may judge of the propriety of the remedy which I propose; and, if you approve it, I leave it to you (as a friend) to back it with your advice. Such matters are extreemly painful, in addition to all the other pains I have endured for a year past; but, 'tis true, as honest Bunyan says: —

> "A Christian man is never long at ease:
> When one plague's gone, another doth him seize."

Mrs. Hazard's opinion is, I think, well founded. I think I am in the way of my duty to be here, and I always found that the way of peace and safety.

My love to her, and Mrs. B. joins me therein, as well as to yourself. Yours most affectionately,

Jeremy Belknap.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, 22 April, 1787.

My dear Sir, — Yours of the 11th came to hand, with the bundle from Philadelphia. Dr. is a common compliment from foreigners, and means nothing. I have frequently been dubbed so. The two numbers of the

Museum which you desire to have returned are lent: as soon as I can get them, you shall have them.

Last Friday evening we had an awful proof of the old observation that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master." A malt-house got on fire, and, had there been no wind, would have perished alone; but a dry north-easter spread the flakes with amazing rapidity, and, in about three hours, 70 or 80 houses, with the meeting-house, at the south end of the town, were consumed. I will give you a more particular account of it in my next. Both sides of the Main Street above Liberty Tree are in ruins, and several cross lanes.

My brother Eliot has desired me to inclose to you a number of letters, for which he has paid the postage at the office, and which he wishes may go by the British packet. Be so kind as to let me know, as early as possible, whether they come safe to hand, and when they are forwarded. I am, dear sir,

Yours affectionately,

JERE. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, April 23, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — I don't know when I shall be in a situation to write you such a letter as I wish to write; such as I have formerly written you; however, I will begin, and, if I should be interrupted before I have half done, and finish it abruptly, you must excuse it.

In the first place, I must make an apology to you for presuming to inclose letters to you in your official capacity. My connexion with you is as *a man*, not as an *officer of the United States;* but some of my very good friends here do not *feel* the distinction, as I wish they did. They know my intimacy with Mr. Hazard, they

know Mr. Hazard is postmaster-general, and they think they may make use of my private connexion with you to expedite letters, &c. You must know that such a situation is delicate. I cannot wound them by a denial, and I am loth to trouble you with their importunity. You have candour and goodness enough to see my difficulty, and excuse the trouble I give you in this way. Last evening I was suddenly called upon by a very worthy friend, as you will see by the last mail, to inclose letters for the packet. He had the *justice* and *generosity* (eminent traits in his character) to pay the postage at the office, and then bring the letters to me: his *sole* reason was that he might know from you, through me, of their being received and shipped in the packet. I was anxious for *Hastings's* feelings on the occasion, and did not know but an impression might be made on *your* mind to *his* disadvantage, as if they* could not trust their letters to New York with *him;* and why they could not, without my cover, I *know not.* But so it was, and I could not refuse covering them. I give you this particular detail that, in case any thing of the kind should happen hereafter, you may be able to excuse what might otherwise be deemed impertinence in me.

Now, my dear sir, I will give you some account of the fire on Friday evening. I could (as is usual on such occasions) tell you what *I* did, where *I* was, how *I* worked, and waded through the dock at low water, and all that; but I believe a general account, with a small plan or sketch, will be as much as you will want to have. I was on the spot the next day, and with my pencil marked its progress; a copy of which I will inclose. The wind was a dry north-easter, and had prevailed two days; the houses, with only one or two exceptions, *wooden*, and *shingled.* It began in a malt-house; and, had there been no wind, the malt-house

* I here speak in the *plural*, because there was another gentleman in company with Mr. E. — *Dr. Belknap's Note.*

West bay
Vacant Ground
Cap.t Wier
Arnold Welles
pulled Down
pulled Down
Steeple
Dr. Byles
Hollis Street
Bennets Street
Pipes
Mr. Amory
Johnsmoth
Orange Street
Capt. Tellous
Hayburn
Baker
Knapp
Barn
Dock
New Lane
a Women's Shop
Pearce
Beach Street
Fish market
Patten's House & Malthouse
Liberty Tree
Essex Street
Troy Lane
Wm. Fisher
Pleasant Street

and dwelling-house adjoining would have silently consumed without farther mischief, and about 100 legs of bacon, which were taken in to smoke, would have been all the *general* damage. But the wind carried the flakes of fire over the dock into some barns and out-houses adjoining to the Main Street; and, so rapid and irresistible was its progress, that between 6 and 9 in the evening it destroyed between 70 and 80 dwelling-houses, with Mr. Wight's * meeting-house, and other smaller buildings in a S.W. direction, as far as there was any thing to be burned; and, had the town extended 10, 15, or 20 miles in that direction, and wooden houses in the way, dry as they then were, the fire would have been equally extensive. No lives were lost, though much substance; but I have the pleasure to assure you that a very curious and valuable *orrery* constructing by Mr. Pope, watchmaker, was carefully and happily saved. Dr. Byles's house was in imminent danger: his hoards of books, instruments, papers, prints, &c., &c., were dislodged in an hour from a fifty years' quietness to an helter-skelter heap in an adjoining pasture. He removed for the night to a neighbour's house, and returned the next day. This morning I made him a third visit since the fire. One of his daughters observed that "her pappa was the first *thing* they thought of moving." Upon this he begun to distinguish between *persons* and *things*, and would have brought on a long criticism, if I had not changed the discourse to some enquiries about the great fire in the year 1711, which he remembered. You know he is a curiosity. I will give you one story, which he told me to-day. "Daniel Burgess preached upon the story of the demoniac who was dispossessed of devils, which entered into the swine. *He* observed that this piece of history would furnish three doctrines, which he could express in three English proverbs: —

* Ebenezer Wight, minister of Hollis Street Church. — Eds.

1. The Devil will play at *small game* rather than be idle.

2. He must run whom the Devil drives.

3. The Devil always brings his pigs to a bad market."

So much for Dr. B. and Boston.

You observe in your last letter that Congress have in contemplation a removal to Philadelphia. Had they not better alter the motto on the Federal arms, and have this text: "We have no continuing city." The *loaded* eagle might still be their emblem; for, if they take their flight to another city, they must take their treasury board, secretary's, and post-office, and what not, with them; then my friend will return to Philadelphia, and his *good lady* will not be sorry. You say she gives proof of the "soundness of her judgment," and I hope you will not dispute it on this occasion. My love to her, and tell her I wish most earnestly to see her again. I hope this will find you relieved of the pain in your breast, and your daughter recovered of the small-pox. Is your salary *reduced* by the late oeconomical arrangements? or are you so *ill* paid as to be unable to hire an assistant? Clipping the wages of the officers of government is a poor way to pay public debts. If we do not adopt some better mode, what will become of us?

April 25.

By an estimate and account taken by the selectmen, the loss sustained in the fire is as follows: —

56 dwelling-houses, 13 stores, 1 meeting-house, 8 barns, 86 families burnt out; loss of property in round numbers, £20,000.

I saw General Lincoln in the street to-day; so suppose the business of pardoning insurgents is over, but have not heard particularly; some are condemned.

This day the General Court is coming together to chuse a treasurer, in the room of *Thomas Ivers, deceased.* Per-

haps they will advise either to hanging or sparing the condemned.

Called off abruptly, so conclude.

Yours, J. B.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, 29 April, 1787.

Dear Sir, — Since I wrote last, I have received from you a short script, covering a letter from Aitken, and containing a postscript from him respecting Josey's coming here on a visit. Aitken is really honest and good, but too much (for a man of sense) under the influence of his children. I am of the mind that he has tried the *rigid* discipline, and finds it will not do, and now gives way too much, in *some* particulars. Well, good soul, I pity him and love him, and I hope Jo will stand the trial, and that it will be of advantage to him.

Heaven bless you, my dear friend, and confirm your health, and bless your dear wife and family, and grant that I may again see you and them. I am in a station *now* which requires great exertion and activity. I can get little time for study, and yet ought to do a great deal at it. My *new* friends are attentive and respectful, and my congregation increases. One man belonging to my congregation (though I have never seen him) is daily expected to arrive at New York in a ship from the East Indies. His name is James Magee. He had the command of a ship, and sailed in company with another, which carried Major Shaw. I wish you could give me the *earliest* notice of his arrival, as it would afford me much pleasure to announce it to his family. I have nothing from you by last night's post. The Musæums which you sent me I return, and thank you for *them*. If there be any chance of my *getting* any thing by collecting for that and the Magazine, I will do it; otherwise, shall content myself

with being a buyer and reader, as long as they shall hold their credit.

Mrs. B. joins in affectionate regards to yourself and family with, dear sir,

Your obliged friend and humble servant,

JERE. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, May 4, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since I sent my last, I have received a letter from Mr. Spotswood, to which the inclosed is an answer; and I send it open to you, that you may see the connection which is forming. The piece (unfinished) to which I allude is my *John Bull;* and they have offered me a guinea for three pages in the Magazine. But I must not be known as the author; for I shall take great liberty, and tell some sad truths, in pretty coarse language. I shall pass it through your hands.

Pray can you tell who they have got for an editor? He has £50 more than they offered me, and yet Spotswood says, concerning the work: "All it *now* wants, to give it permanency, is a *capable* editor, who will take its interests warmly in hand." He also speaks of continuing it till the year is expired, and then "it will shew how far it may be worth while to persevere; and, as the volume will be completed, it may be declined with greater propriety."

Are not these symptoms of decay and discouragement? However, if any thing is to be gained, I must make hay while the sun shines. With much respect and affection, and with Mrs. B.'s and my love, as usual, I am, dear sir,

Your obliged friend, JEREMY BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, May 5, 1787.

My dear Sir, — The 1st May is past, and we are settled in our new house in the Broadway, opposite to where we lived last year; an elegant and pleasant situation.

There was no need of an apology for sending your friend's letter under cover to me, *as the postage was paid.* My only objection to receiving letters under my cover is that I consider it as done to save postage, which injures the public revenue; and, considering my situation, it is treating me with great indelicacy and rudeness, because it is, at least, an attempt to make me a party in the roguery. In such cases, I feel no difficulty in lodging the letters in the office and having postage charged on them; but, where the postage is paid, nothing more than a piece of common civility is requested from me, which every man owes to every other; but you and your friends have a right to more. I must observe, however, that people have a wrong idea about letters that are sent to me: they think they will come more *safely*, and be delivered *sooner.* The postmasters are under the same oaths and bonds respecting *all* letters, as they are with respect to mine, so that the same attention must be paid to all. You know that my office is quite distinct from that at which the letters are delivered: indeed, I am but seldom at the latter, and my letters sometimes lie there 24 hours before I go or send for them. Here, you see, there will be a delay in case of enclosures; but there is danger of a greater one from my forgetting them through the multiplicity and crowd of business by which my mind is constantly distracted: so that, in fact, enclosing letters to me has a direct tendency to defeat the intention of the writer. Those you sent for the packet came safe to hand, and

were duly forwarded. The postmaster opened your letter, in consequence of the note on it, and took them out.

I am sorry to hear that your town has suffered so much by fire: would it not be wise to use brick or stone (instead of wood) in case of rebuilding?

The idea of Congress's removal is not yet given up, as I understand. I am not informed what their reasons for removing are, but it can hardly be supposed that they would act without a reason in a case of so much importance. The pain in my breast has left me, and I *believe* my daughter has had the small-pox; but, as there is some doubt about it, she is to be inoculated the *third* time. My salary is not reduced; nor need it be, for it has been too low *ab initio*. It will not maintain my family and pay house rent, &c., and consequently will not enable me to hire a clerk. I do not know the reason of it; but, although my department is the only one which pays its own expenses, it is the only one to which no clerk is allowed; and yet the salary is so low that the committee have not thought it right to lessen it, when almost all others are reduced.

Yours of 29th ult. has come to hand, with the Musæums. Yes, Aitken is really an honest, good man; but, like all other good men, he has his infirmities. This must be expected.

A vessel arrived from China last night, and this morning I have enquired for Captain Magee, and find he was to sail in about five weeks after this ship.

I wrote to Carey about you some time ago, and received the following answer, dated April 10th: "With respect to Mr. Belknap, I can only say that, for the Musæum, I never expected to receive any original pieces. Its plan don't require them. And the engagement made by the proprietors of the Magazine with their present editor supersedes (as far as my information goes) all need of assistance, except from *volunteer* writers. If Mr. Belknap chooses to

accept the offer I communicated to you a considerable time ago, viz., 20 guineas per annum for writing the historical part of an Annual Register, I should wish to receive a line from him on the subject." I believe I never mentioned the *Annual Register* to you, because Carey talked of it merely as a *possibility*. However, you now have his offer. Write to him about it. Mr. Breese is here, and joins in best wishes to Mrs. B. and yourself, with my mother and wife, and

Your friend,

EBEN. HAZARD.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter to Spotswood will go on Monday. His offer appears to me to be considerably less than what Carey offered when he was a proprietor; and I suspect that "giving up the idea of *profit*" is what we call *making a poor mouth*. This, you know, is done with different views, — sometimes to excite compassion, sometimes to make a good bargain, &c. However, a guinea is a guinea, and every little helps: this beginning *may* introduce something better. *I am told* their editor is a John O'Connor, Esq., an Irish counsellor at law. If he is, I do not wonder that "a *capable* editor is *now* wanted;" for I have no great opinion of *his* abilities.

My newspapers and pamphlets would furnish an amazing fund for either a magazine or musæum, and I have lately been in treaty with Carey for the whole collection. I offered him the newspapers at 6 dollars per volume, and the pamphlets at 2 (taking the whole together, and paying me in specie on the delivery of the books to his order); but, though this was in many instances less than first cost, he declined, — I suppose from the same reason that I made

the offer, want of money. Such a collection would be valuable in a public library, and perhaps the funds of Harvard University will admit of such a purchase. If you think this scheme can be executed, I wish you would try it. I would not have a direct application made to anybody; but you may find opportunities of mentioning, in suitable companies, that I have a curious collection, of about 60 volumes of newspapers and 50 of pamphlets, and, if I could be induced to part with them, they would be a valuable acquisition. You understand me: there is a great difference between will you buy? and will you sell? Mr. Breese has left us. Your name was often mentioned, with pleasure, during his stay here. He asked me if I had heard any more about Justice Foss, and said he had had an exactly similar case to decide on, which diverted his family much. However, he did not order *the mare to be brought before him.* My family join me in love to yourself and Mrs. Belknap. I am, dear sir,

Yours, EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, May 18, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you for the hints in your last, in answer to what I said about inclosed letters, and shall make a proper use of them, when any more such favours are requested of me. Those which I send through your hands to Philadelphia would *not* go by the post, but wait some private opportunity, if it were not for the favour of your friendship. I have now frequent opportunities of sending thither by sea, and yesterday despatched a packet, of the contents of which I must beg leave to give you a detail.

By the last letters received from Aitken and Josey, I find the breach is grown so wide that they *both* desire a

seperation. A., by *his own* account, has made a very free use of "the fist" and the "knotted cord," both very bad instruments of reformation in the hands of a perfervid Caledonian.

This, with Master Bob's mode of correction, has entirely disgusted Jo, and alienated his affections. One cause of complaint is that Jo once absented from the afternoon and evening meeting. Jo says it was in consequence of a blow received from his master's fist, on the Sunday noon at dinner, which gave him a black eye, and unfitted him for a *decent* appearance in any worshipping assembly. Neglect of business, and company of *bad* boys, form another complaint. Jo says his almost only companions are Oswald's apprentices, and that they are *not* bad. He also says that A. has had six apprentices, and that but *one* ever served his time out, and that he has shown him marks of the old man's cruelty. A. has appealed to Dr. Clarkson, and says that the Doctor thinks I had better remove Josey. In this state of the controversy, I feel myself very unhappy that *I* cannot be on the spot, that *you* are not on the spot, and that I am not able to converse with you but by this dilatory method of writing. To remedy, as far as possible, these inconveniences, I have taken advantage of the permission which passed through your hands to me, from A., to let Jo make us a friendly visit. I have agreed with a Captain Dagget, who is now under sail out of this port, to convey Jo hither. I have written to Dr. Clarkson and Mr. Ball, desiring their advice about Jo's returning to Philadelphia after he has been here, either to serve out his time with A., or go to some other master there. If they advise to his not returning at all, then I have desired them, after examination, to certify as much as they can in his favour, that he may be recommended to some person here. But I had much rather he would return to Philadelphia, if matters can be accommodated with A., or he can get another master. I have also written with

great moderation to A., and have advised Jo to make all proper submissions and acknowledgments, and, if possible, part in peace. Now, my dear sir, as the vessell which carries my letters may arrive at Philadelphia about the same time that you can get a letter there, in consequence of this, I should be very much obliged to you if you will write to Dr. C. and give him your ideas of what you deem best. This will, in some good measure, supply the place of your presence at the consultation which may be had among them, and will, no doubt, have great weight. I am sorry to trouble you or the Doctor with such a matter, but know not how to avoid it.

By your advice, I will write to Carey upon his offer, and inclose the letter unsealed to you.

It is said our insurgents are mustering again, either to rescue those culprits ordered for execution, or commit predatory mischief. Lincoln has gone up again this week, to keep peace, if possible. He is a worthy citizen and officer. Several of the Conventioneers are elected Representatives, and *one* Drury, who was imprisoned last winter by a State warrant. Shattuck is to have his trial at Concord, this week. I wish the whole affair of the insurrection may wind up before Bowdoin leaves the chair, which to my great mortification he must, the last Wednesday in this month.

I hope that the third inoculation will prove demonstrative with regard to your daughter.

Mrs. B. joins with me in kind salutations to yourself and Mrs. Hazard. I am

Your very affectionate friend and humble servant,

JER. BELKNAP.

Particular remembrance to Judge Breese and lady.

Friday evening.

Since I wrote the foregoing, yours of the 12th came to hand; and I happened this P.M. to be in company where

the conversation naturally led me to make such enquiry as I wished, relative to your request. The result is this: Dr. Gordon, some years since, proposed to the College that a committee should be appointed to collect all sorts of written and printed materials, for the use of some future historian, and deposit them in the library; but, though he was one chosen for the purpose, nothing has been done.

Some of the gentlemen in the government of the College are anxious to revive the matter; and, if they put it forward, I shall expect that part of the business will fall upon me, for I have often experienced that, where there is much labour and little profit, I am not out of employ; and you know there is a set of men who, when they see a person willing to work, will always put enough upon him to do. Should any thing of this kind take place, I shall remember you. In the mean time, you had better let me have a specific catalogue of such things as you have to spare. I must add that several persons here have collections of newspapers; and one man, a book-binder, has a complete set of Boston papers from 1763, bound each year by itself, and has offered it for two dollars per volume. I know another gentleman, who has a large collection of political tracts, which he would be glad to sell, as he is in debt. I know but little of the college funds; but, from some conversation that has passed at Overseers' meetings, two of which I have attended, I observe that they are obliged to apply to the General Court every year for grants to the college officers, and meet with difficulty in procuring them. I shall get more acquainted with these matters bye and bye. I find the station I am placed in is likely to be a busy one; it is, on the whole, very agreeable. I am fond of employment, provided it is not attended with perplexity. Adieu, my dear sir. Let us cheerfully serve our generation while we are capable; for what else are we sent into the world for but to do good? J. B.

I have sent, by sea, the first part of my Bulliad, which I have called the Foresters,* to Spotswood; enough to make three pages in his Magazine; with express directions not to insert it, unless it be considered as worth the premium. Must O'Connor be the judge?

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

PORTSMOUTH, May 28, 1787.†

DEAR SIR, — Being at Portsmouth, I would not omit the opportunity of writing by this post to tell you that I have received the printed paper you left with Dr. Bracket, as well as the bundle you sent to Mr. Libbey's care. I shall observe your directions concerning them and the MS. you left in my hands. Am very sorry you are going to Philadelphia, because it may deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you at Boston. However, I will, if I can, contrive to put off my going there till your return; and, so strange a creature am I, it is not certain that I shall go there at all. I shall depend on hearing from you from Philadelphia. Do bring Governour *W.'s instructions* at large, and let me have the perusal of them: it will save you the trouble of abridging them, and will gratify me more. However, do as you list. I fear I shall not be able to learn your Chesterfieldian lesson of *suaviter in modo*. I feel my own incapacity in that respect, but am happy sometimes in having the defect supplied by the kindness of my friends, and particularly Mr. Hazard, who has much of the affections and regard of his much obliged, though at present hurried (as you'll see by the scrawl),

JEREMY BELKNAP.

---

* This humorous story was first published in the "Columbian Magazine," in numbers. It was afterwards published in a volume, entitled "The Foresters, an American Tale," Boston, 1792. — EDS.

† This should be 1781. See p. 99. — EDS.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, July 29, 1787.

Dear Sir, — The letter which you inclosed to me was from Mr. Carey, in answer to what I wrote to him, and passed open through your hands, on the subject of his Annual Register, wheh he *now* thinks a work of more magnitude and expence than when he offered me 20 guineas for the historical part. He seems now to have *almost* dropped the design, both on account of the expence of collecting materials, and his precarious state of health.

I have heard nothing from you since I wrote by Brother Cutler, and sent Jo's indenture. I wish that affair was closed.

You mention your design of writing me soon. I impatiently expect it.

Our friend Waters desires me to inclose some pamphlets, of which he begs your acceptance.

Mrs. B. joins me in affectionate regards to all your family, and I am, dear sir,

Your friend and humble servant,

Jere. Belknap.

Don't forget to inquire about *Magee*. His friends are in the depth of anxiety and distress.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, August 2, 1787.

My dear Sir, — I think Dr. Clarkson and Mr. Ball determined wisely in the affair between Mr. Aitken and Josey. As there was no prospect of an hearty reconcilia-

tion, it was certainly best that a separation should take place.* A variety of occurrences prevented my sending on the indenture to Dr. Clarkson as soon as I could have wished; but it was sent, and I have not since heard from him, though it is probable I shall soon.

You doubtless know, before now, that J. Bull *has* made his appearance; and I suppose he has made a second e'er now.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with Carey to know if he is equal to the task of conducting an Annual Register. There is, in my possession, a *spare* Musæum for March, which came enclosed in a perfectly blank cover, so that I do not know the design of it; but I seem to have some recollection that you formerly, in an open letter sent to me, desired C. to send you one. I therefore forward it.

You have gratified me much by introducing Dr. Cutler to me. I had not as much of his company as I wished, but was well pleased with what I had. He was successful in the business he came here upon, which I consider as a matter of great importance, not only to the Adventurers, but to the United States. The Doctor was introduced to Dr. Clarkson, and speaks feelingly of the attention he paid him.†

I hope your children have perfectly recovered by this time. You are right in keeping my catalogue out of sight 'til something is seriously determined on by the Cor-

---

* After leaving Mr. Aitken, Joseph Belknap returned home. In March, 1789, he was apprenticed to Mr. Mycall, a printer, in Newburyport. On becoming of age, he set up in that business in Boston. The names of Belknap & Young and Belknap & Hall appear as printers of some of the early volumes of this Society. Joseph died on the 2d August, 1800, in Petersburg, Va., in the thirty-first year of his age, and was buried in the graveyard of the Protestant Episcopal Church there. He was Dr. Belknap's oldest son. — Eds.

† The history of Dr. Manasseh Cutler's agency in the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company is told in an interesting article, by William Frederic Poole, in the North American Review for April, 1876, entitled "The Ordinance of 1787, and Dr. Manasseh Cutler as an Agent in its Formation." — Eds.

poration. If they conclude to make a collection, and appoint a committee, with power for the purpose, there will then be some prospect of success; but I think it will hardly be worth while to say any thing about it before then.

I do not know Mr. Dallas, but think I have heard him mentioned as a lawyer. Magazines and Musæums are not sent free by post, and therefore do not go by post at all. As to what concerns yourself, you need not be uneasy, but freely make use of me, as you have done; what I wrote formerly related only to such letters as you mentioned in the one I then answered.

Captain Magee has not arrived yet: some of the owners begin to be uneasy.

Mrs. Hazard and two of Judge Breese's daughters left me on Saturday, and I have since heard that they had a fine passage to Shrewsbury. Such of us as are left behind are well. My mother joins in cordial salutations to Mrs. B. and yourself with, my dear sir,

Your affectionate

Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, 16 August, 1787.

My very dear Friend, — Since I wrote you last, I have been engaged in the *busy* work of *moving:* we can do it here at any time of the year, without confining ourselves to May-day. The house where I first lived was pretty good for summer, but would not do for winter. I am now in one which, though it has not so many gardens round it, yet is better accommodated in the material articles: it is on the S.W. side of Summer street, or, as it is commonly called, *Seven Star Lane*, between Trinity Church and the Main Street. Your attention to my request about

Captain Magee is truly obliging. I had not the pleasure of first announcing his arrival. A vessell which met him at sea, off Sandy Hook, brought the news here a day or two before your letter arrived. His friends now wear a better countenance. We have 7 French men-of-war here. A whole rabble of officers, from the Admiral downward, to the number of about 100, passed us to-day, as we were coming out of Thursday lecture, on a visit to the Governour, to drink punch and *parler français*. The country people expect to raise the price of butter and cabbages. The merchants and tradesmen are enquiring what good bargains they can make; and *thus* we are shewing our love to our good allies!

Yesterday, I am told, there was a very extensive and violent *whirlwind* in the county of Worcester: the particulars I have not heard. The inclosures you will know how to dispose of. Pray have you got Jo's indenture? Cutler passed homeward on a *Saturday*, so I did not see him. I expect he will emigrate. Mine join me in love to you and yours. Your affectionate friend,

JERE. BELKNAP.

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1787.

DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to our friend Colonel Waters for his polite attention, and beg you to thank him for the pamphlets, which will be added to the *farrago*. I wish I could send him something from hence in return, but our sterile soil produces nothing worthy of attention.

Josey's indenture was sent to Dr. Clarkson, whom I desired to make the exchange, and he promised to attend to it, which I am sure he will do, but suppose other matters have interfered to prevent it as yet.

My sweetheart has returned, having spent a few weeks

very agreeably, and enjoyed perfect health during her absence. She left the family well, except the Judge, who was in the gout.

So you have been *moving?* is not it pretty business? If my masters will let me alone, I think I have done with it for one while, as the house we are in suits us very well.

The French men-of-war coming to Boston will bring you some money, but I do not think they will mend your morals much. I see, by the papers, that you begin to make a fuss with them; and I suppose some *Chastellux* among them will tell us in print, bye and bye, which of you gave them the best dinner, and had it served up in the most proper manner. The "enclosures" were disposed of as you wished, and I suppose the needful has been done with them e'er now. I shall probably know this certainly to-day. I am of your opinion respecting Cutler's emigration: he has fairly entered into the spirit of the Western business, and I think will find it profitable. I hear the most flattering accounts of those lands from all quarters; from persons who are not interested, as well as those who are. The actual settlement of the lands will encrease their value fast; and settlers, who have a little cash to spare, will doubtless have opportunities of making advantageous speculations. I have become a subscriber for one share in the company, in hopes of either making a little money for myself, or that the lands will be valuable to my family hereafter.

Since Mrs. H.'s return, both our children have been very sick, but have got (like a certain Colonel *after an alarm was over*) "considerably chirk *now*." We all retain a very sincere affection for yourself and Mrs. Belknap, and I am Your friend, Eben. Hazard.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, September 12, 1787.

Dear Sir, — Your letter of the 4th is clever, and like yourself; it notices every thing I had said and wished to have noticed. Waters is pleased with your acceptance of his pamphlets. He takes a pride in being a friend of Mr. Hazard; and he is capable of being a very sincere friend, as I have a long time experienced. I do most earnestly wish for the indenture, as I think there would be an impropriety in binding him again, before the former obligation is formally cancelled. If the Doctor does not send it soon, pray give him a gentle hint. I am glad to hear that your "sweetheart" is well, as Cutler told me she was *not* when he was there. He is over head and ears in the Ohio. Last week he spent 3 or 4 days here in town on the business, and was so deeply engaged that I charitably believe he told me the truth when he said he could not get time to call and see me. I wish we may reduce the Continental debt by selling lands.

Moving is not admirable business, especially in dog-days. I and my family were so beat out with it that it took us nearly a week to recover.

The French are going from us. An express arrived yesterday from France, and to-day they are in motion. They have behaved very decently and politely; and there has been but one fray since they have been here, which was among their own sailors.

Burglary is very common. Two attempts have been made within three nights past to rob Governor Bowdoin, but both were defeated: the culprits, however, escaped. Yesterday a fellow was discharged from the bar of the Sup^{r} Court on account of insufficient proof of burglary, and last night he broke open a vessel, and this morning

was committed again. A poor fellow is under sentence of death for a like crime.

I hope this will find your children recovered. We have a tolerable share of health in our family at present.

As yet I have not found a convenient opportunity to introduce any thing relating to the Farrago. It is a business which (now Dr. Gordon is away) nobody seems to care about. I know not what may happen, but shall watch opportunity.

Pray have any of my books been sold at New York? Have you learnt any thing relating to the editor Dallas? What about the Fæderal Convention? or is it *really* secret? I send you, for your perusal, a sermon of John Murray's. It is a jewel in its kind, — as complete a specimen of a twisted, tortured, hunted metaphor as ever I saw. As I have but one, you will please to return it to me.

Mrs. B. joins me in love to all your good family.

Your affectionate friend,

JEREMY BELKNAP.

Do you hear any thing said about the *Foresters?*

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

[Fragment.] NEW YORK, September 14, 1787.

Carey is here procuring subscriptions for his Museum, and meets with great success: he talks of visiting Boston on the same business, next spring. I had some chat with him about the Annual Register, and find that he has by no means given up the idea of publishing one; but, for a work of such magnitude, a number of previous arrangements are necessary. When these are made, he will begin it. He intends to devote himself wholly to that and the Musæum. In the conversation, he said you had thrown out some important hints, which would not have occurred

to him. I find he has an high opinion of your judgment and abilities, and hope it will prove advantageous to you.

Enclosed is a letter from Dallas. We are told that the Convention have at length finished their business, and that their express is to leave Philadelphia next Monday, with the budget. Such has been their secrecy, that I believe not an article of the Constitution is known; but, if it should prove only a *tolerable* one, I think every friend to the peace and happiness of America should give it his support. Several attempts have been made, by evil-minded persons, to burn this city: in consequence of which, the inhabitants of every ward have had a meeting, and determined to guard the city themselves in turn. The good effects of it are evident already. Many disorderly and vicious persons, who probably lived by plunder or by prostitution,

[The remainder wanting.]

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, September 25, 1787.

Dear Sir, — Now for an answer for yours of 12th inst. From the character you have more than once given of Colonel Waters, as well as the personal acquaintance I have with him, I shall be happy both in having him for my friend and in being his. His attachment to you strongly recommends him to me.

The indenture has been forwarded, as you doubtless are informed e'er this by the receipt of it; so that your difficulty must be removed.

I dare say Cutler has had his hands full. I have not heard from him since I saw him. He promised me that he would speak to somebody about the *Academy's Transactions*, but I hear no more of it. I feel a little hurt (not by Cutler) about that business. You must know that when I lived in Phila-

delphia I received a printed letter from the committee, requesting me to procure subscribers for the 1st volume. I did so, and returned the list by the time appointed: my own name was in it. Since the volume has been published, I have seen Mr. Guild in this city, and mentioned it to him: he promised to attend to it immediately upon his return to Boston; but, to this day, I have not been able to get a copy for myself, nor do I know if one of the gentlemen who subscribed with me has got one. I see they are advertised *for sale* in Philadelphia; but, as I am bound by my subscription to receive one from somewhere else (and do not want two), I can get none. The sale to the Ohio Company will make an hole in our domestic debt, and a new deduction from it is making by the sale of Western lands here. The first day they sold from 10*s.* 9*d.* to upwards of 40*s.* per acre; and for 172 acres, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre was given. I suppose the sales of that day averaged about 20*s.* per acre; since that, I am told, they have sold from 8*s.* (a dollar) to 10*s.* per acre. The first day's sales were chiefly on the river; the others lie a little back.

Has the French fleet sailed? I suppose it is expected that the disturbances in Holland will make it necessary for the fleet to be in Europe. Several attempts have been made to burn this city; one so lately as last Friday night. We can make no discoveries yet. I told you, in my last, that Carey was here: he saw my collection, and says he is determined to have it (the newspapers) as soon as he can muster money to pay for it, which he thinks will be soon. I told him it *must* be, as I expected the Corporation had a purchase in contemplation by this time, as I had desired you to make them the offer.

Allen tells me that only *one* of your books has been sold here. I am amazed and vexed at it. Carey could tell me but little about Dallas; but, upon the whole, I picked up that he has studied law, and appears to have the assiduity and perseverance necessary for a compiler and editor.

He has lately requested me to procure him the armorial bearings of the several States. I have sent him some, among which are those of Massachusetts. Can you furnish me with such a description of those of New Hampshire as will enable an engraver to engrave them properly?

The Convention have done their business, and, considering circumstances, *I* think have proposed an excellent Constitution. You will have it before this can reach you, or I would send it.

I have read part of Murray's sermon, but *can* not read it all. I hate such trifling. In a sermon which Mr. Carmichael preached to Captain Ross's independent company, at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, he says: "Above all, my friends, be careful not to jar the blessed unison of the American Harpsichord, which is so well set to the tune of Liberty by those grand artists, the American Congress." This would do; but such a mess as Murray gives is absolutely intolerable.

I hear nothing about the Foresters, for which reason I suspect that but few of the Magazines sell here.

We are all well, and join in love to your good family. I am, dear sir, Your friend,

EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, 29 September, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 14th, enclosing the indenture, &c., is come to hand; and I am much obliged by your conducting that whole affair from beginning to end. I hope the change will, on the whole, prove beneficial. My only connexion with A. now is as Dr. and Cr., and I suppose I owe him about £50, which cannot be paid but by sale of the books; and of that I see no prospect. Pray are any of those which were sent to New York sold?

You ask me what the Ohio Company did at their meeting? I think there was an account published in some of the papers, about the beginning of August, of something done at their meeting. This could not have escaped you; but, if you cannot find it, I will look up one of the papers and send it. Yesterday I dined in company with Major Sargent, who told me that they had agreed to send a number of people thither this fall; that the old Indian fortification near the mouth of the Muskingum was to be the scite of the new city, which they talk of calling *Castrapolis* (a name invented by Mr. St. John), in memory of the Indian fortified camp; that the people who are to go this fall are to build a number of houses, and inclose them with a stockade; and that next spring is to be a grand emigration. Each proprietor is to have a city-lot, a 67 acre lot, and other lots farther removed from the city. Two families from Cutler's parish, *Sawyer* and *Porter* by name, passed through here yesterday on their way to this *Indian heaven*, with two or three waggons, built in the Western stile. Some people pitied them, as sheep going to the slaughter; others wished themselves in company. So different are the opinions of men, and I may add *women*, on the subject. Cutler and Sargent are enthusiasts in the cause; and, really, some degree of enthusiasm is necessary to all great undertakings. I hear a bad account of the Kentucke people. They are said to be almost as savage as the Indians, and make it their constant practice to kill every Indian they meet with. Major S. told me yesterday that a person from *Wheeling* had gone into the Indian country, and was piloted back by two Indians; that all the influence and authority of one of the principal men at that settlement was not enough to protect these two friendly Indians from being murdered by the people, but that he was obliged to conceal them, and in a dark night to conduct them out of the place on their way homeward.

Query. Whether the neighbourhood of such a set of rascals will not be injurious to the Muskingum settlers? Will the Indians make a distinction, *if* the New England people should behave differently towards them? Have they a good title from the Indians to the land? or, if they have from *some*, will not others put in a claim?

You say Dr. Clarkson is to be at New York the beginning of next month. I wish I could be there at the same time. I dare say there would be a social triumvirate. Dr. Rush has lately sent me a copy of his piece on female education, which gives me an opening to write to him. I shall enclose it to Dr. Clarkson, and hope it will find him at your house.

Did you ever hear the etymology of the word *bumper?* A gentleman, at a table where I lately dined, said it rose from the custom of the Romish clergy, who, when they drank the Pope's health, filled their glasses to the brim, and toasted him by the title *bon père*, good father.

30th, Saturday evening.

Yours of the 25th is just come to hand. I will let Mr. Guild know what you say about the Memoirs. The matter has been conducted very injudiciously, and the Academy are much in debt, while great numbers of the books remain on hand. I am glad you have a prospect of disposing of your collection of papers. From the very great indifference which reigns among our gentlemen to *exert* themselves (of which the dilatory proceedings about the *Memoirs* is a specimen), I imagine it would be a long-winded, and perhaps ineffectual business, to set on foot a collection of dead materials for the use of a future historian. They acknowledge the utility of such a thing, and that is all. However, what has been said may serve your purpose with Carey. I inclose you the seal of New Hampshire, cut out of the Gazette. A view of the seashore, a ship on the stocks, a felled pine, and a rising

sun, constitute its device. I know not in what colours it is, or ought to be, blazoned, nor did I ever hear any more of it than that such it is as appears in the newspaper. If it is necessary to enquire more particularly, I will do it. It is observed, by woodsmen, that the pine ought to have the undermost branches crushed by the fall.

The attempts to set New York on fire are truly alarming. I wish the rascals may be detected. We have a parcel of very bad people here, but no *such* attempt has been made.

Yes, I have seen the Federal Constitution, and am pleased with it, as are most of my acquaintance. I am afraid, however, that we shall be divided about it in this State. They have hardly had time to open upon it in the newspapers. What a vent of foul vapours these literary vehicles afford! like the fermenting of a cask of liquor, which, if close stopped, would burst!

Adieu, my dear sir. Mrs. B. joins in the most cordial salutations to you and yours, with

Your affectionate friend,

J. Belknap.

I wrote to Cutler yesterday, and mentioned what you said about his writing to you.

But one of my books sold at New York!

HAZARD TO BELKNAP.

New York, November 17, 1787.

Dear Sir, — I am in your debt, but hardly know how to pay. It seems as if the business of contracting is never to have an end. It has been, and I doubt will be, a troublesome job. I am not fixed yet, but shall, at any rate, save the public 4000 or 5000 dollars next year, which *I* think worth attending to.

Mr. Cutler has been here lately, and has returned again. He was kind enough to bring me a copy of the Academy Transactions. I could hardly help laughing at your mentioning my "moments of relaxation:" both you and I would be puzzled to find them. I had not my shoes on all day yesterday.

The Fæderal Constitution is but little talked of here, but the presses attack and defend it with spirit: whether it will be adopted or not, must rest with the conventions. I wish to see some government; for, I declare, I am sick of anarchy.

Your enclosures were duly attended to. You will save me a sheet of paper now and then, if you will only let me know who your packet is for, and leave it to be *directed* by me.

I was closely attacked t'other day. A gentleman was with me to collect materials for an American geography. I mentioned, in the course of conversation, that there was a very good History of the first settlements (as far as it went) in the Columbian Magazine, though the story was ludicrously told. He said yes, he was much pleased with it, and asked me if I knew who wrote it. I told him I did, but was not at liberty to tell who it was. He said, as I was not at liberty, he did not wish to ask me, but had supposed it to be Mr. Hopkinson. I said he was not the writer. Then he should guess Dr. Clarkson. No, nor he: however, don't guess any more, least you should embarrass me; so he left off.

Dr. Gordon, I suppose, is up to the eyes in business: he was to begin to print the latter end of last month.

We are all well, and *send* love to you and yours.

Adieu. EBEN. HAZARD.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, December 8, 1787.

My dear Sir, — The inclosed is for Mr. Dallas, and I have, as you desire, left it to be directed by your own hand. It remains with the editor and proprietors to say whether the story shall be continued or concluded. What you wrote me concerning the gentleman who guessed for the author is all that I have seen or heard from any person about it. May I ask who that gentleman was, and for whose geographical work he was collecting materials? Was it Jedediah Morse, or one employed by him? My reason for asking is this: I have been thinking of an American Gazetteer, and have made some preparations for it; but much remains to be done. However, I think with some assistance I might push it through in a year or less. You can tell me whether it is best that I should pursue this plan, or whether the work which you mention will anticipate it. Did you laugh at my mentioning *moments of relaxation?* I believe you are fully employed, and I am sure I am much more so than ever I was in my life. I am in a truly busy scene, and yet I am *obliged* to find some time for exercise, or I should be sick every three or four days. The weather has been so fine all this week, till yesterday, that I have spent an hour each morning, before breakfast, in the mall; and really it was as pleasant a walk as in the month of May. Yesterday came snow and rain, which has deprived me of this enjoyment for the winter I suppose.

Aitken has sent me a bundle of pamphlets as an apology for a *dun*. I have spoken to two or three persons who have had the books for sale, and have collected for him 10*s*. only, as yet.

Pray have you received any thing, or can you come at any thing, for the books at New York or New Haven? if

so, do let him have it. I am about to send some to Norfolk, in Virginia, by a friend, who is bound thither. General Sullivan says he intends to bring the matter again before the N. H. assembly; but I have no raised expectations from that quarter. If some liberal gentleman should introduce it, there will be some loquacious or artful demagogue, whose sole importance depends on *saving his constituent's money*, and he will have influence enough to quash it, as before. We have been all agog here about the Constitution. The papers teem with federal and anti-federal pieces. Caucus meetings have been held, and a coalition effected previous to the town meeting, which was yesterday, when 12 members were chosen for this town, whose names (if you please) you will see in the papers. We are here more afraid of your State than of any other, though there will certainly be much opposition to it here.

I suppose every officer of the United States does, with you, wish for *some government*. We have never yet suffered our best men to do all the good they would do, but we have suffered our worst men to do a great deal of mischief, and when the mischief has risen to an extravagant pitch we have then been *obliged* to call for our best men to restrain it: witness the insurrection here last winter. Now, is it not better to let good men *prevent* evil than to do thus? The present Constitution strikes at the root of such evils as we have suffered by the madness of *Sovereign* State Assemblies; and, if the Congress themselves will not adopt the same sort of madness, I wish they may have the power to restrain and controul all the 13 Sub-Sovereignties, and exercise such a government over the whole as "that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty."

O that the time would come, when men would govern themselves! Then we should need no other government. But, while the world continues as it is, there must be a restraint laid on the lusts and passions of mankind; and

such a government as will do this in the most effectual manner is the most salutary. We have seen the time when the Ruler has been "a terror to good works, and not to the evil;" but Heaven grant that such a burlesque upon government may never be exhibited again in America.

How does your good family? Is your 3d a-coming? I want to spend an evening by your fireside, and to have you and Mrs. Hazard here. We have a number of worthy friends, and my new people are very kind to me. They seem to be more like one family than any congregation I am acquainted with.

Adieu. Mrs. B.'s love, with mine, to you and yours.

Your affectionate friend,

JERE. BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

BOSTON, 27 December, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR, — The inclosed is for Mr. Aitken, and I wish you would direct it, and also send him the amount of the bank-bill, with an addition of whatever sum may have come into your hands from the sale of any of my books. It really fills me with distress that I can send him no more; but it is better to pay a little than to neglect paying at all. I know of but two books which have been sold the summer and fall past, though they are dispersed in a dozen or fifteen places for sale. Some are returned as unsaleable articles; and what will be the winding up of the business I know not.

A vessell from France, yesterday, tells us that the Dutch war is closed, by the submission of the patriots to the Prince of Orange, and *their* payment of the king of Prussia's bill of expence. I am, dear sir, with my best regards to Mrs. H. and family,

Your affectionate friend, JEREMY BELKNAP.

BELKNAP TO HAZARD.

Boston, January 2, 1788.

My dear Sir, — I wish you a Happy New Year. It has come in very moderately. I rode, yesterday, about ten miles out, and home. The ground bare, dry, and hard as a mill-stone. Last evening came a flight of snow, but it will not lie. Inclosed is a packet, which I beg the favour of you to direct, and forward to Mr. William Spotswood: it is in answer to his request for "another guinea's worth" of matter for the Magazine. You may remember that I, some time since, had thoughts of an American Biography, and made some preparation for it. The papers have lain by till now; and perhaps I may never bring them to a better market. I hope to be able to continue it, in this piecemeal way (if it is approved), for some months, and should be glad of any assistance that may lie in your way toward it.

Next week our Convention is to meet, and then! what? Why, we shall have 3 or 400 more men in this town, and what will they do? Ay, there is the rub! but you shall know as fast as it rises. What will *your* great men do? I am, dear sir, with mine and Mrs. B.'s love to you and yours, Your affectionate friend,

Jeremy Belknap.

P. S. If you look into the *Centinel* of this day, you will see a specimen of clerical fulmination against Jemmy Freeman, an *honest* Unitarian, who has taken his Orders from the Brethren in violation of the "uninterrupted succession."